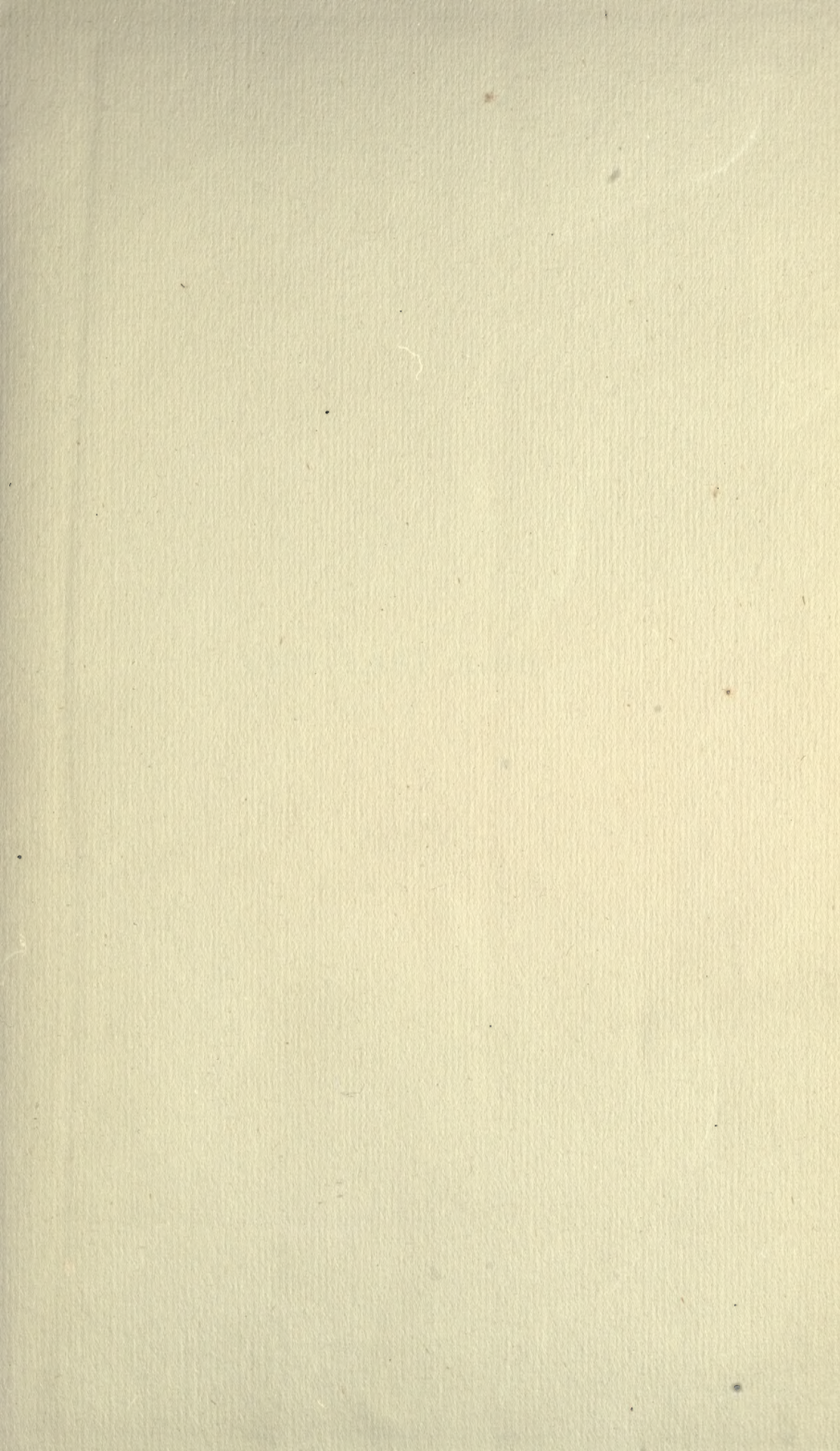
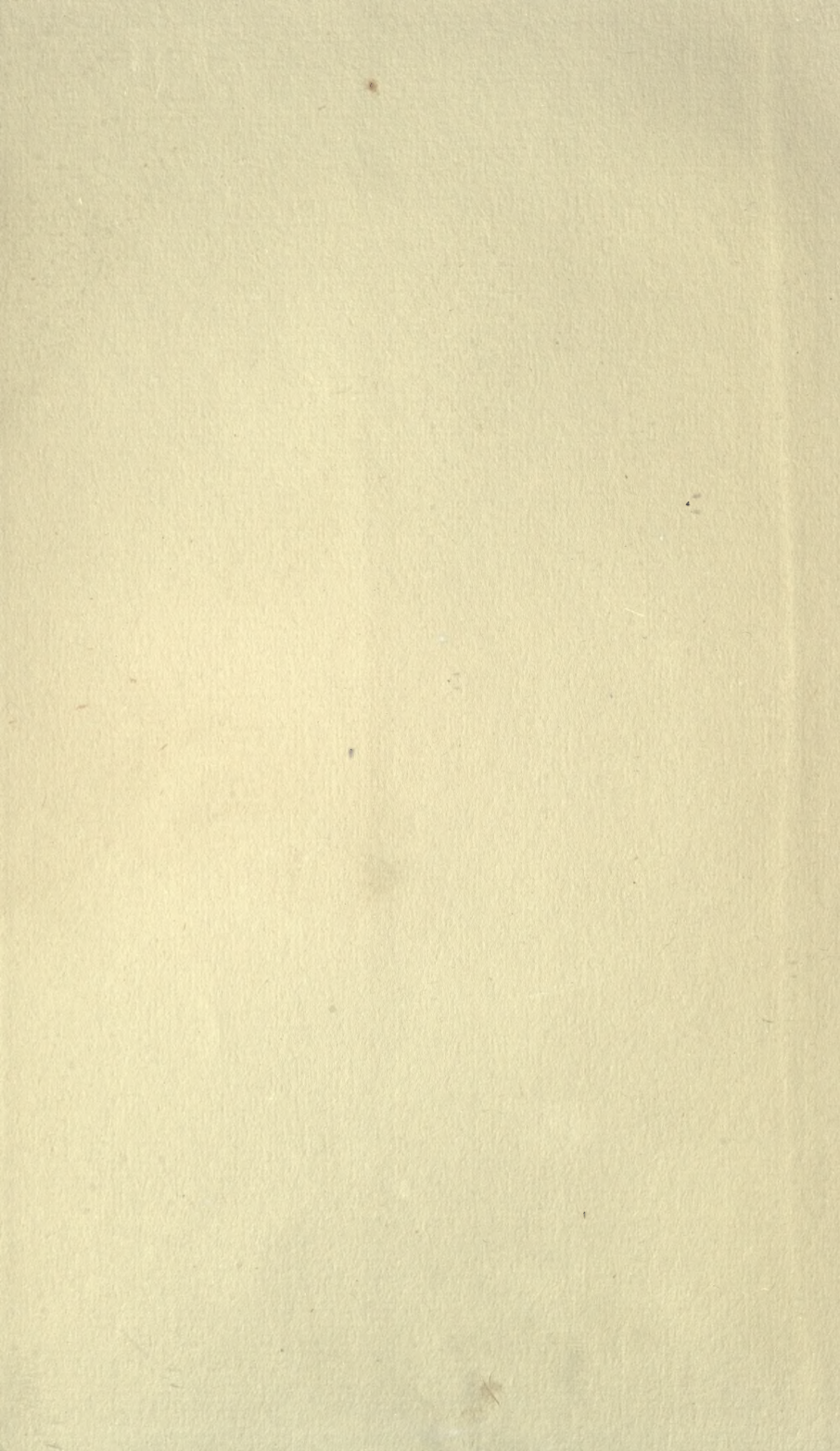


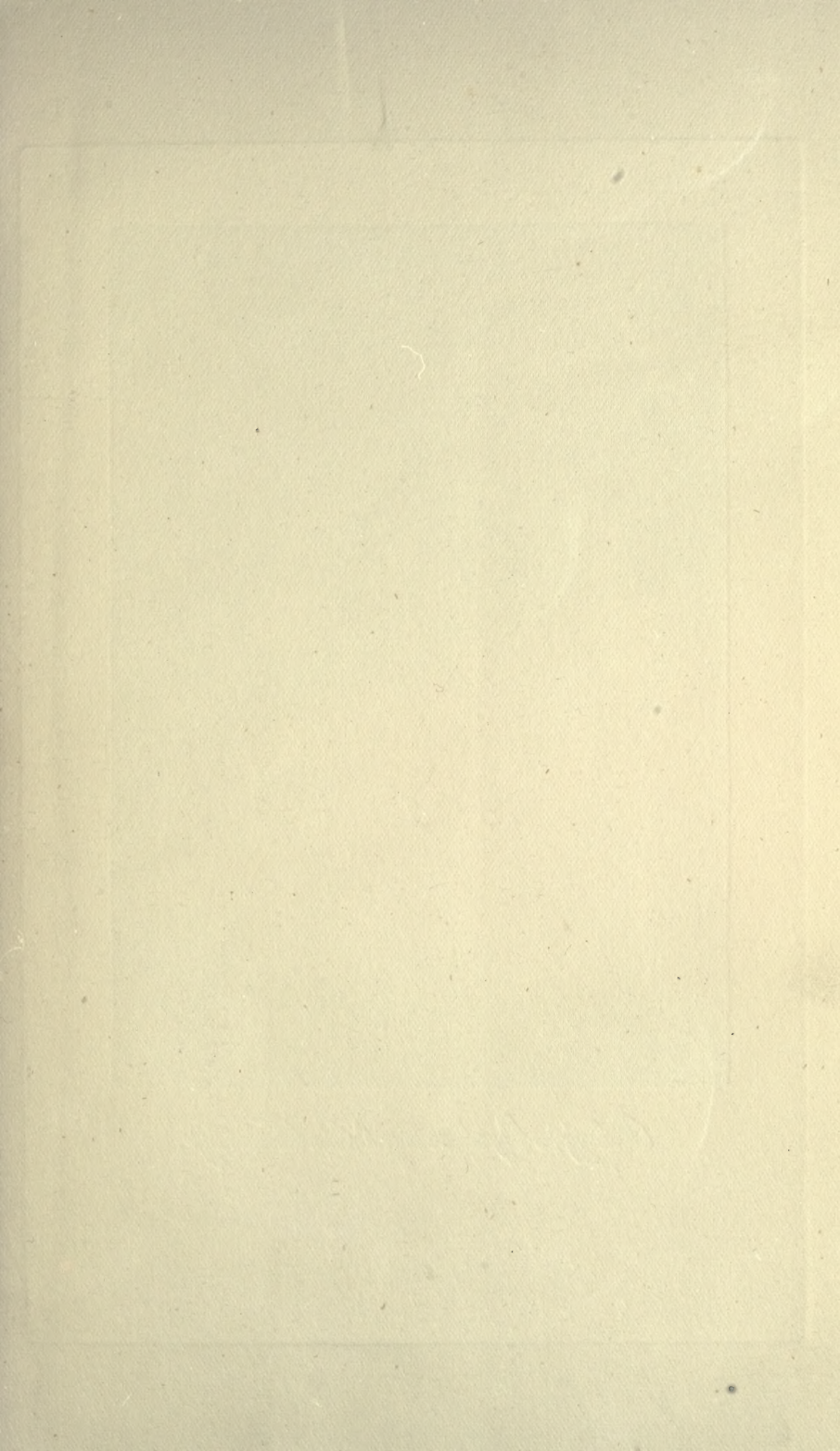
3 1761 06889090 4

THIS BOOK
IS FROM
THE LIBRARY OF
Rev. James Leach





THE LAST KING
VOL. I





Philippe Égalité and his Family

THE LAST KING

OR

THE NEW FRANCE

BEING A HISTORY FROM THE BIRTH OF LOUIS
PHILIPPE IN 1773 TO THE REVOLUTION OF 1848

BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED. EDITED BY

R. S. GARNETT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND APPENDICES

IN TWO VOLUMES. ILLUSTRATED WITH
PICTURES AFTER FAMOUS ARTISTS

VOL. I

LONDON

STANLEY PAUL & CO

31 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

NOTE

It was intended to call this book "The New France" in memory of its author's political newspaper, "La France Nouvelle," and because his purpose in these pages was not only to picture the past, but to portray the new France made by the Revolution of 1848. But while these volumes were passing through the press, a work named "The New France" was published. To prevent confusion arising between the two books, recourse has been had to Dumas' title "Le Dernier Roi des Français" (Paris, Souverain, 1852, 8 vols. in 8vo.).



Published in 1915



ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

After Giraud.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

I

THIS book will be new to nearly everybody. Written by Alexandre Dumas in 1851-2, when at the height of his fame, and soon thrice reprinted in expensive, even sumptuous form, it has not been reissued since 1853, and until now has never been translated into English.

"What?" says the reader, "is it not in Dumas' 'Œuvres Complètes,'¹ in the well-known green covers at one franc a volume which one meets everywhere?"

"No, gentle reader; that celebrated collection does not comprise it, and you would find great difficulty in meeting with the book, I assure you."

"Then, is it really by Dumas?"

"Yes, and you have only to refer to his own Memoirs to find him recommending it to his readers."

"Still, I don't understand."

"I agree that an introduction is necessary."

Dumas knew Louis Philippe from his early days. Born in 1802, he entered the bureaux of the duc d'Orléans (as the future king was then called) at the Palais Royal, in March 1823, as a "supernumerary" at a salary of 1,200 francs a year. His father, General Thomas Alexandre Dumas, had died in 1806, poor and neglected by Napoleon, who, in spite of the entreaties of Brune, Murat, Augereau, and Junot, would do nothing for the family of a Republican, even for one who had fought side by side with him. And by reason of the

¹ Published by Calmann Lévy, Paris.

poverty of Madame Dumas, General Foy had recommended her son to the duc d'Orléans for a small place.

In 1824 he was receiving 1,500 francs a year as an *expéditionnaire* at the Prince's bureaux, and his salary was unaltered when his drama "Henri III et sa Cour" was produced at the Comédie Française with enormous success on February 11th, 1829. Its author was immediately famous.

On February 10th Dumas had gone to the duc d'Orléans.

"Monseigneur," he had said, "I come to ask a favour; or rather an act of justice."

"And what may that be?" asked the prince.

"Your presence at the first representation of 'Henri III.' A year ago your highness was informed that I was a vain and headstrong fool; for a year I have been a humble toiling poet; you, without hearing me, believed my calumniators. To-morrow the question is to be submitted to the public. Attend the trial, Monseigneur; this is what I have come to ask."¹

The prince retained the whole of the *parterre*, bringing twenty or thirty princes and princesses who had been dining with him, and when at the fall of the curtain the name of the author was unanimously demanded, he stood up bare-headed to hear his employé named amidst terrific applause. Certain interested persons had unsuccessfully presented a petition against the drama to Charles X, who answered with his famous mot "*Je n'ai qu'une place au parterre.*"

Although Dumas had refused to dedicate his drama to the duke, that prince magnanimously named the brilliant young author assistant librarian to the Palais Royal with a salary, or, rather, pension of 1,200 francs, that is to say 300 francs less than the poor *expédition-*

¹ Dumas, accused of absenting himself from his work to attend his rehearsals, had ceased to receive any salary. Moreover the duc d'Orléans deprived him of nine months' bonus while services were actually performed, writing in the register with his own hand, "The gratuities of M. Alexandre Dumas are to be withheld, as he is engaged in literary work." Dumas was so poor that he cut a collar out of a sheet of paper to wear at the production of "Henri III."

naire had got ; but this was of no importance to Dumas. He gave the pension to his mother, and sold the right to publish the manuscript of his drama for 6,000 francs, made 50,000 more by royalties on "receipts," and presently obtained 12,000 for the MS. of his second piece "*Christine*."

It bears the following dedication : "A son altesse royale Monseigneur le duc d'Orléans hommage de respect et de reconnaissance."

The fact was that Dumas was now on friendly terms with the duc de Chartres,¹ and it was probably through his instrumentality that the prince, his father, wrote the following letter to M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld :

"PALAIS ROYAL,
" *March 9th*, 1830.

"I learn, sir, that you intend to submit to the king² the proposition to accord to M. Alexandre Dumas the cross of the Legion of Honour, at the time of year when His Majesty is accustomed to make promotions in the Order. The dramatic successes of Alexandre Dumas seem to me in truth of a nature to merit this favour, and I shall be the more pleased that he should obtain it as he has been for six years attached to my Secretariat and to the administration of my Forests, and that he has been also during this time the breadwinner of his family. I am informed that he is about to travel in the north of Europe, and that his nomination would be an additional favour to him if it occurred before his departure. I do not know if the 13th April would be an occasion on which you could submit the proposition to the king, but I have wished to suggest the idea to you in testifying to you the interest I feel in M. Dumas.

"Your affectionate,
"LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS."

But at this juncture the duke was too much opposed to the royal policy, and, still worse, was becoming so popular with the people, that he had little or no influence with Charles X ; and the letter was without result.

¹ Afterwards the duc d'Orléans.

² Charles X.

The "glorious days" of July were now at hand, and in the scenes of revolution Dumas—a mounted National Guardsman—was more active than any one. His own account of his deeds of prowess, as related in his *Memoirs*, include the disarming of three royal guards, part authorship in the construction of several barricades, an attempt with fifty others to take the *hôtel de Ville*, the invasion of the Artillery Museum, after the combat on the *pont des Arts*, when he dodged grape shot behind one of the bronze lions of the *Palais Mazarin*, and finally his entry with the invaders into the *Tuileries*, where he took possession of a copy of "*Christine*," exquisitely bound, and bearing the arms of the *duchesse de Berry*.

If these deeds seem possible of accomplishment only by a *d'Artagnan*, it must be remembered that Dumas physically was a kind of Colossus, brave, and dexterous in the use of arms withal,¹ and that his doings were remarked by General *la Fayette*, who dispatched him to *Soissons* to effect the capture of the royal powder magazine and bring the powder to Paris. This almost impossible feat, the magazine being strongly guarded, Dumas accomplished nearly single-handed. While *Alexandre* was thus engaged, the *duc d'Orléans* was proclaimed king; and our hero, returning to Paris, wrote to his mistress:

"I send you three letters at the same time by three different routes. Do not be anxious. All is calm here and the telegraphic dispatches from *la Vendée* are reassuring. . . . I accept, my angel, no military mission; but a movement like the present one cannot be made unless my name is connected with it. Thanks to God it is done. But rest, my angel, rest; *Charles X* will not go to *la Vendée*: he is conducted out of France by *Commissaires*. Six millions a year are allotted to him, and all his energy is spent in crying. I embrace and love you. All is finished

¹ Dumas, until he entered the duke's bureaux, had run wild in the forests of *Villers-Cotterets*, his birthplace, his companions being the forest guards and his victims wild boars. He was an ardent sportsman all his life, and the hero of several duels.

as I predicted to you twenty times. Our revolution has lasted three days only. I have been lucky enough to take a sufficiently active part to be remarked by La Fayette and the duc d'Orléans. Then a mission to Soissons, where I have been alone to capture the powder, has achieved my military reputation. It will extend no further, happily.

"All goes well. The duc d'Orléans was yesterday proclaimed king. I spent the evening at the court, all the family is as simple and as good as before. Adieu, my love; you would do wrong to come to Paris just now."

On August 6th, 1830, the following mission was obtained by Dumas :

"M. Alexandre Dumas is authorised to travel as special envoy in the Departments of la Vendée and of the Loire Inférieure, of Morbihan and of Maine et Loire, and to confer in these several Departments with the local authorities for the formation of a National Guard. We recommend M. Alexandre Dumas, excellent patriot of Paris, to our brothers the patriots of the West.

"LA FAYETTE."

He did his best, but found his object impracticable of attainment. The king sent for him about the report which he drew up on his return,¹ but the interview was equally unsatisfactory to king and subject. The subject explained to the king that la Vendée was as much la Vendée as ever, and the king told the subject that he should follow his vocation—poetry; whereupon the poet reminded the king that the ancients called poets *Vates*. Dumas handed in his resignation as assistant librarian, and joined the artillery, then a nest of republicans. From this time forward he seized every opportunity of signifying his Republican principles to Louis Philippe. On January 10th, 1831, the successful production at the Odéon of his drama "*Napoléon Bonaparte, ou Trente ans de l'histoire de France*," dedicated "*A la Nation Française*," gave the king great

¹ It was published in the first two volumes of the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

offence ; and on February 11th his Majesty received the following letter :

“ SIRE,

“ I had the honour to ask three weeks ago for a further audience with your Majesty. It was my intention verbally to offer my resignation, for I wished to explain that in doing so I was neither ungrateful nor capricious.

“ Sire, for a long time I have both said and published that in my case the literary man is only the forestalment of the political man.

“ The period in which I could form a unit in a reformed Government draws near. I have almost the certainty that the day on which I shall be thirty I shall be nominated deputy. I am aged twenty-eight, sire.

“ Unhappily the people whose point of view is from below and from afar do not distinguish the king's intentions from the acts of ministers. Now, the acts of ministers are arbitrary and against liberty. Among the men who live under your Majesty's protection and who say to you every day that they admire and esteem you, there is perhaps no one who esteems you more than I, only they say it and do not think it, and I do not say it but I do think it. But, sire, devotion to principles comes before devotion to men. Devotion to principles makes la Fayette and Rovigos.

“ I beg your Majesty therefore to accept my resignation.”

In May 1832, in his “ Gaule et France,”¹ he made a remarkable prediction. He wrote :

“ Louis Philippe found himself near expiring royalty like an heir at the bedside of a dying man. The people had the power to prevent the succession, but understood that there was a last form of monarchy which must be exhausted and that Louis Philippe must fill the throne.

“ Nevertheless the new monarchical edifice that the revolution of 1830 had raised, needed buttresses.

“ The fifty thousand aristocrats of Louis XV no longer

¹ The Epilogue containing this prediction is only to be found in the first edition of the book published in May 1832 ; that is to say, sixteen years before the Revolution of 1848. Then Dumas, with pardonable pride, referred the readers of his paper, *Le Mois*, to the passages now cited by us.

existed ; the two hundred *grands seigneurs* of Francis I were no more ; the twelve grand vassals of Hugues Capet slept in their feudal tombs. In the places of the extinct classes, classes which consisted of a privileged few, there surged from all sides the rights of property and industry which are the privileges of all. Louis Philippe himself had not even to choose between the prejudice of birth and the exigencies of the moment. In the place of the fifty thousand aristocrats of Louis XII he thrust the one hundred and sixty thousand great proprietors and industrial lords of the Restoration ; and the monarchical arch lowered itself by another degree towards the people ; it was the lowest, it was the last.

“The government in power will therefore fall without any blow, and by the simple substitution of rational for revolutionary politics. It will fall not by the efforts of the proletariat, but by the will of its controllers ; it will fall because representing the aristocracy of proprietorship only and solely resting upon that, the aristocracy of proprietorship which is each day sapped by internal dissensions will crumble away.

“Then a government in harmony with the interests, the needs, and the wishes of all will establish itself. Whether it is called Monarchy, Presidency, or Republic is a matter indifferent to me and a matter of indifference ; for the government will be a magistracy. . . .

“This is the gulf which will swallow up the present government. . . . In the hour of its destruction our feelings as a man will outweigh our stoicism as a citizen ; one voice will be heard crying, ‘Let royalty perish, but God save the king,’ and that voice will be my voice.”

He soon found himself in danger of arrest, for the prominent part taken by him in the popular rising that followed the public funeral of General Lamarque. In an official report he was denounced as a Republican.

“M. Alexandre Dumas, living in the rue Saint Lazare in a house built by Englishmen is in short a Republican in all the acceptation of the term. He was employed in the house of the duc d’Orléans before the revolution of July. He remained there for a short time, but having refused to take the oath of fidelity to the king, Louis Philippe, he has quitted his service.”

He was advised to leave the country and travel for a while. Accordingly he set off for Switzerland. At Arenenberg he stayed with queen Hortense,¹ then living in retirement as the duchesse de Saint Leu. A conversation with her about public events and the prospects of her younger son, afterwards Napoleon III, exhibits Dumas at his best in his rôle of prophet.²

In 1836 the duc d'Orléans, the king's eldest son, young, amiable, and handsome, was leading a life of pleasure, to the despair of his mother and the detriment of his health. Knowing the prince's strong liking for Dumas, the royal family had the idea of asking the author to address certain delicate observations to their son on the subject. At the risk of a quarrel, Dumas wrote him a straightforward letter, mingling in it some advice as to the regime the duke should adopt in order to preserve a king to France. The prince received the letter, but did not answer nor breathe a word to Dumas about it; insensibly, however, he changed his mode of life and then married.

Some time later Dumas completely overworked himself and fell ill. His doctor, who also attended the duc d'Orléans, said to him :

"If you wish to live, go to Italy."

"I must go off to my rehearsal, if I do not wish to die of hunger."

He went off, not desiring to hear more. The next day he received the following letter :

"MY DEAR DUMAS,

"You take too much interest in my health to allow me not to be anxious about yours. It is necessary for you to go at once to Italy. It is no use resisting. I send passport which you need.

"Your friend,

"PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS."

¹ Sometime queen of Holland.

² Dumas first published the report of this conversation in 1835; that is to say, nearly fifteen years before Louis Napoleon's election as President of the Republic. For the conversation see Chapter LXVI of the present work.

The envelope contained ten notes for a thousand francs each, which Dumas returned, saying that he could not accept them. An hour after their dispatch, the prince's carriage arrived to take Dumas to the castle.

"Monsieur Dumas," said the prince excitedly, "I believe myself your friend; if I had not had this conviction I should not some time ago have allowed you to dictate to me a certain course of conduct."

The ten bank-notes were upon the prince's desk. Dumas stepped to it, took three, and said, "Monseigneur, I leave for Italy in an hour."

In 1842, while he was writing his charming romance "*Le Chevalier d'Harmental*" at Florence, Dumas lost by the duc d'Orléans' tragic death the only man who rendered the government in the least palatable to him. He managed to arrive in Paris in time to attend the funeral, and the touching pages¹ he wrote in memory of his friend the young prince testify that his political convictions were powerless to modify his private regard.²

In 1848, when the revolution broke out which forced Louis Philippe to abdicate his throne, Dumas, who was then commanding the National Guard of Saint Germain-en-Laye, where he had built his "*château de Monte-Cristo*," issued the following proclamation to the battalion placed under his orders:

"TO THE NATIONAL GUARD

"I am happy to have been the first to announce to you the great revolution just accomplished in the capital. This revolution has operated to-day over the whole of France. In six months it will have done so over all Europe.

"As I write, the provisional government proclaims the Republic at the foot of the column of July. The revolution, after ten years of external and internal conflicts, returns to its source crying 'Long live Liberty.'

¹ See the collection of biographical papers entitled "*Les Morts sont Vites*."

² Dumas most certainly was a man of pleasure. The royal family had an inspiration when it selected him to write to the duke, who no doubt argued that his correspondent knew what he was writing about.

"And this time the solemn cry will not be stifled as in 1830. The men who have made our provisional government are our guarantees. Genius, science, and integrity have received the mandate confided to them by you. They will satisfy it.

"A sitting of sixty hours has consolidated all.

"The first day you have had liberty.

"The second day, legality.

"The third, security.

"Capital punishment for political offences is abolished, and this it is that distinguishes the Revolution of 1848 from the Revolution of 1793.

"The Revolution of 1793 erected scaffolds, the Revolution of 1848 destroys them, for between these two great epochs half a century of victories, misfortunes, progress, and deceptions has passed.

"Now the future of France is in your hands, and I do not forget that the future of France is the future of the world. You are about to be summoned to elect a new Chamber, for, as you know, every National Guard is both an elector and eligible for election.

"Choose the men whose independence and political probity are a guarantee for their devotion to France and liberty.

"Long live the Republic! Long live the government that gives it to you!

"The Commander of the National Guard,

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS,

"Saint Germain-en-Laye.

"*February 27th, 1848.*"

In March he issued an original address to the Electors of the Seine in which he stated that he had written 400 volumes and 35 dramas, the books having produced 11,853,680 francs and the dramas 6,360,000 francs, thus furnishing employment to 2,160 persons engaged in one way or another in their production, leaving out of the calculation Belgian book-pirates and foreign translators.

The electors of the Seine were deaf to our author's appeals, and he directed his attention to the Gironde. MM. Thiers and Lamartine addressed its electors at the

same time, however, and Dumas withdrew his candidature in their favour. Then followed an address to the electors of Seine-et-Oise, which being ill received, the indefatigable candidate attacked the Department of the Yonne, where the choice of Louis Napoleon for Paris created a vacancy.

“ June 29th, 1848.

“ Citizens,” he wrote, “ I am the son of the Republican General Alexandre Dumas, one of the most admirable children of the first Revolution ; I am the author of ‘ The Musketeers,’ that is to say one of the most national books, both in matter and colouring, which our literature contains.

“ Thus introduced, I solicit your support as representative of the Department of the Yonne.

“ My profession of faith will not be long.

“ ETERNAL FUSION of the PEOPLE and the ARMY. The tranquillity of Paris and the health of France are in these words.

“ ALEXANDRE DUMAS.”

At a meeting at Joigny he was reproached for having written a letter to the duc de Montpensier in which the following passage occurs :

“ When you lived in the Tuileries, Monseigneur, I was proud to receive the title of your friend ; to-day, when you have quitted France, I still cling to it ; and God forbid that I should not preserve in all its purity the piety of the tomb and the cult of exile.”

The following fine letter to Émile de Girardin, written by Dumas in the midst of the revolution, had caused a sensation on its appearance in *La Presse*, and to it also the meeting strongly objected :

“ March 7th.

“ Yesterday I crossed the court of the Louvre, and I saw with astonishment that the statue of the duke was no longer on its pedestal. I inquired whether the populace had thrown it down. I was told that it was the governor of the Louvre who had carried it away.

"Why? Who possesses authority to lay hands on monuments?"

"When the duc d'Orléans was alive,¹ all that formed the advanced section of the nation had put its hope in him.

"And this was just; for as is well known, the duc d'Orléans was in constant friction with the king, and it was a real disgrace which followed the words pronounced by him in open council:

"'Sire, I would rather be killed on the banks of the Rhine than in a gutter of the rue Saint Denis.'

"The people, always just and intelligent, knew this as well as we did, and understood it as well as we did.

"Go to the Tuileries and see the only apartments respected by the people, they are those of the duc d'Orléans.

"Why, then, be more severe than the people towards this unfortunate prince who is happy enough to belong to history only?

"The future is the block of marble that events will chisel in their fashion; the past is the statue of bronze cast in the mould of eternity.

"What has been, has been; and you cannot alter it.

"You are powerless to prevent the duc d'Orléans from having at the head of the French columns carried the Col de Mouzaña.

"You are powerless to prevent his having given for ten years the third of his income to the poor.

"You are powerless to prevent his having asked the pardon of those condemned to death, and his failure in spite of his prayers to obtain the lives of some of the condemned.

"If to-day we grasp the hand of Barbès,² to whom is one indebted? To the duc d'Orléans?

"Ask the artists who have followed his funeral procession; gather together the greatest of them, Ingres, Delacroix, Scheffer, Gudin, Barye, Newkerke, Marochetti, Calamatta.

"Summon the poets and the historians: Hugo, Thierry, Lamartine, De Vigny, Michelet, myself, any one you choose, ask them, ask us if we think it right that this statue be replaced.

¹ The duc d'Orléans died, in consequence of a carriage accident, in 1842.

² A well-known member of the Republican party, accused of shooting a soldier and unjustly convicted.

"And we will say, Yes, for it has been raised at the same time to the prince, the soldier, and the artist; to the great and enlightened spirit which is now in heaven, to the true and noble heart which the earth has received.

"The Republic of 1848 is strong enough, believe me, to sanction the sublime anomaly by which a prince is left remaining on his pedestal while royalty falls from the height of its throne."

Thinking of this letter, one of the electors cried :

"You call yourself a Republican, and are styled the marquis de la Pailleterie ¹ and you have been secretary to the duc d'Orléans."

To which Dumas answered :

"Yes, certainly my title is marquis de la Pailleterie, the title of my father, of which I was proud when I had no personal glory to attribute to myself. But to-day, now that I am somebody, I call myself Alexandre Dumas simply, and the entire world knows me; you first of all, who come here, nobodies that you are, to see me and to boast to-morrow, notwithstanding the insults you have heaped upon me, that you have met the great Dumas. This being your ambition, you could have satisfied it without exhibiting your bad manners."

Then, after a great round of applause, he added :

"Certainly I have been secretary of the duc d'Orléans, and I have even received all sorts of kindness from his family. If as citizens you ignore what is gratitude, allow me to state that I am not lacking in it and that I reserve for the royal family all the devotion of an honest man."

And in the course of his speech, when passing the state of Europe in review, he said of Prussia :

"Geographically, Prussia has the shape of a serpent, and like a serpent it seems to sleep and prepare to swallow

¹ Dumas' paternal grandfather was the marquis de la Pailleterie, but his son General Dumas, our author's father, was probably illegitimate.

everything around it: Denmark, Holland, and Belgium; and when it has engulfed them all, you will see that Austria will pass in turn and perhaps, alas! France also."

This prediction, which lost Dumas his election, was remembered on the day of his death, December 5th, 1870, when a detachment of the Prussian Army took possession of Dieppe.

Dumas returned to the charge four months later, reminding the electors that they had given him over 3,000 votes, and that his prophecy had already come to pass; but it was written that he would never be elected a deputy.

He took part in the direction of the political journal "*La Liberté*" and founded and edited two others—" *La France Nouvelle* " and "*Le Mois*," and having voted for the presidency of Louis Napoleon on December 10th, he addressed to him a letter on December 18th as follows:

"It is just that the comte de Chambord, innocent of any attempt against France from which he has been exiled during eighteen years, should see the gates of France reopen to him.

"It is just that four young princes, who have never done anything against you, should be recalled by you; it is just that having served the country, they should be recompensed for their good services. It is just that the duc d'Aumale, who commanded in Algeria, and who at the first order from France put his sword in the scabbard—it is just that the duc d'Aumale should again become governor of Algeria. It is just that the prince de Joinville, who commanded the fleet, and whose science had instructed the officers as his courage had made him the idol of the soldiers—it is just that the prince de Joinville, for whom the fleet has voted, should again be put in command of the navy.

"It is just that the man who saved us from anarchy at the hôtel de Ville, who tore the red flag with the hand that wrote the '*Girondins*,' who has lost his popularity by an error, and not by a personal fault—it is just that Lamartine should be Vice-President of the Republic.

"It is just that the man of June, he who during six

months exercised power in France, who has expiated the faults of his friends by drinking to the dregs the cup of disillusion, it is just that the man who worthily, nobly, simply retires before you, leaving Paris calm and France confident—it is just that General Cavaignac be made Marshal of France.”

But Louis Napoleon, like Louis Philippe before him, turned a deaf ear to the eloquent writer who presently saw reason to mistrust him. On August 1st, 1849, Dumas wrote :

“It is necessary, after some dubious actions of the prince, to rally frankly and loyally to this Republic which has been proclaimed in a moment of surprise, to this president who has been elected in a day of enthusiasm ; but I say also, that while rallying to the principle and the man, it is necessary to prevent the principle from crumbling, it is necessary to prevent the man from failing. Now the principle has already crumbled and the man is very near failure.”

A few months later Dumas notified to the press that he had been wrongly called a member of the staff of the “Napoléon,” the presidential organ. “I was unaware that the presidency had an organ. I do not work, politically, for any other journal than ‘Le Mois.’ My articles are signed ; the opinions that I profess are of a very advanced nature.”

He disapproved of Louis Napoleon's policy and acts, but nevertheless declined to believe in the possibility of a *Coup d'État*—rumours as to which were beginning to spread. On May 9th, 1850, he addressed a long letter to Victor Hugo, who, unlike himself, was a deputy, advising him to speak in the Chamber against the new law requiring citizens presenting themselves for election to reside at least three years in the same commune. Hugo took his advice and made a speech, but the fatal step was taken by the president, who on December 2nd, 1851, executed the *Coup d'État*.

Hugo, whose life was at stake in Paris, went at once

into exile at Brussels, and there Dumas voluntarily followed him. The whole world has read the magnificent poem in the "Meditations" which the author of "Hernani" there addressed to the author of "Henri III," "Christine," and "Antony."

II

Louis Philippe, meanwhile, had died on August 26th, 1850, at Claremont, in Surrey (his residence in exile), and the next day, the news reaching him, saw Dumas on his way thither from Paris. That he was ever at Claremont has escaped the attention of his biographers, though his other visits to England, few though they were, have come in for special notice. Yet he has been good enough to tell us all about this particular journey. No sooner had he read of the death in his newspaper, than he jumped up and left for Boulogne. He wished to attend the funeral. "If I could not do so sorrowfully, I could do so piously," he explains. Though he cared for Louis Philippe neither as a man nor as a king, he remembered that the bread given by the prince in return for services rendered had sufficed to support not only himself, Alexandre Dumas, but his mother and his son, the author of "La Dame aux Camélias," and he was grateful.

On reaching Claremont, he was astonished to see not the faces of the members of the family and their friends, but their backs—the atmosphere around him was glacial. An old acquaintance, Pasquier, who had been the king's physician, gave him the cue on being pressed. The princes saw in the illustrious name, "Alex. Dumas," just inscribed in the Visitor's Book, not that of the greatest dramatic author of the age, but the name of a republican who had planted a tree of liberty in front of his theatre¹ on March 23rd, 1848.

¹ The Théâtre Historique, one of the great successes at which was Dumas' play "Les Girondins." In the course of the piece, "Mourir pour la patrie" was sung, and the next year—1848—the Revolution was made to that tune.

They could not understand how he could bring himself to place his name in the book. It is conceivable that the duc de Montpensier, who knew Dumas well, would have explained to his brothers that their father's abdication had made all the difference; but the duc was in Seville, and Dumas himself could hardly enter into the matter; so without much reluctance, it is to be feared, since he found that princes after all were princes, he took another road, and when the mourners were at the grave he was enjoying a visit to Lord and Lady Holland at Holland House.

Dumas, who always believes that his readers have sufficient wit to understand him perfectly, relates this experience of his at some length; whether any of the princes recorded it is improbable. That it has escaped the attention of Dumas' biographers proves that they have never read the book¹ in which he places the episode as explanatory of a tour in Derbyshire taken before he returned to Paris.

At the time he was busy with "Ange Pitou" and "Olympe de Clèves"—that is to say, with two of his best romances. Before long "Ange Pitou," which was appearing *en feuilleton* in Girardin's paper, *La Presse*, came to an abrupt end. Let us allow its author to explain the reason. The extract² will be a little long, but it is a veritable chapter of his Memoirs which should have appeared in them, and is too illuminative both of the man and the epoch to be omitted here.

"There was a time when the Journals were simultaneously publishing the 'Mystères de Paris' by Eugène Sue, the 'Confession générale' by Soulié, 'Mauprat' by Madame Sand, 'Monte-Cristo,' the 'Chevalier de Maison-Rouge,' and the 'Guerre des Femmes' by myself; and this era was the hey-day of the *feuilleton*, though it was a bad epoch for politics.

"Who occupied himself at this epoch with the political and leading articles of M. Armand Bertin, of M. le Docteur Véron, and of Deputy Chambolle? No one.

¹ "Le Pasteur d'Ashbourn."

² From the introduction to "La Comtesse de Charny."

“And with good reason; for if nothing remains of these unfortunates, it is because they were not worth the trouble of being noticed. Everything which has any value at all always floats and infallibly lands somewhere.

“Then simultaneously with these political ‘leaders’ of M. Armand Bertin, of M. le Docteur Véron and M. le Deputy Chambolle, were incorporated the discourses of M. Thiers and of M. Guizot, of M. Odilon Barrot and of M. Berryer, of M. Molé and of M. Duchâtel, a proceeding which disturbed MM. Duchâtel, Molé, Berryer, Barrot, Guizot, and Thiers less than it disturbed M. le Deputy Chambolle, M. le Docteur Véron, and M. Armand Bertin.

“It is true that in exchange the *feuilletons* of the ‘Mystères de Paris,’ of the ‘Confession générale,’ of ‘Mauprat,’ of ‘Monte-Cristo,’ of the ‘Chevalier de Maison Rouge,’ and of ‘La Guerre des Femmes’ were cut out with the greatest care; that having read them in the morning, they were put on one side to be re-read in the evening; it is also true that these provided subscribers for the Journals, and clients for the circulating libraries. It is again true that they taught history to the historians and to the people, and created four millions of readers in France and fifty millions of readers abroad. It is true that the French language, which had been the language of diplomacy since the seventeenth century, became the language of literature in the nineteenth; that the poet who earned enough money to become independent escaped from the pressure exercised upon him until then by the aristocracy and royalty. It is true that they created in society a new nobility and a new empire; it is true, finally, that this brought about so many results honourable to individuals and glorious to France that it became a serious occupation to put a stop to a state of things which ended in an upheaval whereby the reputation, the glory, and the wealth even of the country were going to those who had really earned it.

“The men of the State of 1847 were intending then, as I have said, to put an end to this scandal, when M. Odilon Barrot, who wanted to be talked about, had the idea not of making excellent and fine speeches at the Tribune, but giving bad dinners in the different localities which approved him.

“These dinners had to be distinguished by a name. In France it little matters that the name things bear is suitable, provided they have one. In consequence the dinners were called *Reform Banquets*.

“There was then in Paris a man who after having been a prince had been a general; who after having been a general had been exiled, and who being exiled had been a professor of geography; who after having been professor of geography had travelled in America; who after having travelled in America had resided in Sicily; who after having married the daughter of a king in Sicily had returned to France; who after having returned to France had been made a Royal Highness by Charles X; and who finally, after having been made Royal Highness by Charles X had ended by making himself king. This man was His Majesty Louis Philippe elected by the *people*. In our country, all the Emperors, all the Kings, all the Presidents are elected by the people. They say so at least until the people allows them to go to Saint Helena, or sends them to Holyrood, to Claremont, or elsewhere.

“Well, this prince, this general, this professor, this traveller, this king—this man, in short, to whom misfortune and prosperity should have taught so much and had not taught anything—this man who had the idea of preventing M. Odilon Barrot from giving his Reform Banquets, persevered in this plan, not perceiving that it was a principle against which he declared war: and, as every principle comes from above, and in consequence is stronger than anything which comes from below, as every angel can throw to the ground the man with whom he fights, even if the man be Jacob, the principle overthrew the man, and Louis Philippe was overthrown, with his sons and his grandsons.

“All this made enough disturbance in France to prevent people interesting themselves for at least some time either with the ‘*Mystères de Paris*,’ the ‘*Confession générale*,’ ‘*Mauprat*,’ ‘*Monte-Cristo*,’ the ‘*Chevalier de Maison Rouge*,’ ‘*La Guerre des Femmes*,’ or, it must be confessed, with their authors. No; people occupied themselves with Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Cavaignac, and prince Louis Napoleon.

“But as presently, when a little calm had been re-established, it was seen that these gentlemen were infinitely

less amusing than M. Eugène Sue, than M. Frédéric Soulié, than Mme. George Sand, and even than I, who place myself humbly last of all ; as it was recognised that their prose—that of the poet Lamartine excepted—did not equal the prose of the ‘Mystères de Paris,’ of the ‘Confession générale,’ of ‘Mauprat,’ of ‘Monte-Cristo,’ of the ‘Chevalier de Maison Rouge,’ and of ‘La Guerre des Femmes,’ M. Lamartine was invited to write as long as he did not write politics ; and the other individuals, myself included, to contribute literary prose. This we immediately began to do, not needing, I assure you, any invitation.

“Then reappeared the *feuilletons* ; then disappeared the political leaders ; then the same speakers who had spoken before the revolution, who spoke after the revolution, who will speak for ever, began once more to speak.

“Among these speakers there was one who usually sat silent. He was known, and he was saluted when he passed by wearing his representative’s ribbon.

“One day he stepped up to the Tribune. . . . *Mon Dieu !* I wish I could tell you his name, but I have forgotten it.

“One morning, I say, he stepped up to the Tribune. Ah ! you should understand that the Chamber was in a very bad humour that day.

“Paris had just chosen for its representative one of the men who composed *feuilletons*. His name was Eugène Sue.

“The Chamber was in a bad humour because Sue had been elected. It had already on its benches four or five literary stars—no, stains !—which were insupportable to it. Among these were Lamartine, Hugo, Felix Pyat.

“The deputy whose name I cannot remember stepped up to the Tribune, adroitly profiting by the temper of the Chamber. Every one said ‘Chut !’ All listened.

“He said that the *feuilleton* was the cause of Ravillac’s assassination of Henri IV, of Louis XIII’s assassination of Marshal d’Ancre, of Louis XIV’s assassination of Fouquet,¹ of Damiens’ assassination of Louis XV, of Napoleon’s assassination of the duc d’Enghien, of Louvel’s assassination of the duc de Berry, of Fieschi’s assassination of Louis Philippe,¹ and finally of M. de Praslin’s assassination of his wife. He then went on to press his point by adding :

¹ Louis XIV and Fieschi had murderous intentions, doubtless ; but their intended victims lived on ; Fouquet, some think, as the man in the Iron Mask, and Louis Philippe as an exiled king.

"That all the adulteries, all the tumults excited, all the thefts accomplished, were caused by the *feuilleton*. That if the *feuilleton* were suppressed or taxed, then instantly the world would cease to revolve, and instead of continuing its course towards the abyss, would retrograde to the period of the age of gold, which it could not fail to reach some day, if only it made as many steps in arrear as it had done in advance.

.

"The majority were of opinion that all the thefts that were accomplished, that all the tumults excited, all the adulteries committed, were the fault of the *feuilleton*.

"That if M. de Praslin had assassinated his wife,

"That if Fieschi had assassinated Louis Philippe,

"That if Louvel had assassinated the duc de Berry,

"That if Napoleon had assassinated the duc d'Enghien,

"That if Damiens had assassinated Louis XV,

"That if Louis XIV had assassinated Fouquet,

"That if Ravallac had assassinated Henry IV,

"All these assassinations were evidently the fault of the *feuilleton* even before it was created. Further, the majority adopted the stamp duty.

"Perhaps the reader has not considered what the stamp duty was, and asks how a duty of a centime on each copy of a *feuilleton* could compass its destruction.

"Dear reader, a centime per *feuilleton*, if your newspaper has a circulation of forty thousand copies, amounts to how much do you think? four hundred francs per *feuilleton*.¹

"That is to say, double what such authors as Eugène Sue, Lamartine, Méry, George Sand, or Alexandre Dumas receive, and three or four times as much as an author less in vogue than those just named would be paid.¹

"The result of the tax was that romances in *feuilletons* were not saleable, and that almost all the newspapers published history in *feuilletons*.

"Dear reader, what say you of the history *feuilletons* in the *Constitutionnel*!

"Peuh!

¹ The *feuilleton* was usually restricted to a space reserved at the bottom of the first, sometimes of the first and second pages of the paper. It contained from 100 or 150 to 200 lines of matter. Dumas was paid from half a franc to a franc a line.

"Yes, exactly so.

"This is what political men wanted so that literary men should be no more spoken of; besides, it would compel the *feuilletons* to be more moral.

"Thus, for instance, they came to me—to *me* who had written 'Monte-Cristo,' 'The Musketeers,' 'Queen Margot,' etc.; they came to *me* to write the History of the Palais Royal, a history doubly interesting, first as an account of the gaming houses, secondly as a description of establishments of improper females!

"They came to beg *me*, a deeply religious man, to give them 'The History of the Crimes of the Popes.'

"They came to me to propose . . . I really do not dare to tell you all they came to suggest.

"But that would be nothing if they had only wanted me to *do something*. But they came to ask me *not to do anything*.

"Thus one morning I received this letter from Émile de Girardin:

" 'MY DEAR FRIEND,

" 'I wish "Ange Pitou" to have only another half volume instead of six volumes, only ten chapters instead of a hundred. Arrange it as you like and cut, if you do not desire me to cut.'

"I understood.

"Émile de Girardin had my Memoirs in his old portfolios. He preferred to publish my Memoirs which did not pay stamp duty, rather than 'Ange Pitou' on which it would have been paid. So he suppressed six volumes of romance to publish twenty volumes of Memoirs."

The Memoirs of Dumas naturally had an enormous success.¹ In them he depicted not only his own life,

¹ Perhaps we ought to say a success of curiosity, for few books have been more attacked. Even Andrew Lang, most genial critic when Dumas was his theme, writes in his introduction to the excellent English edition of the Memoirs: "Alexandre's Memoirs bear the same resemblance to a conscientious biography as 'Vingt Ans Après' to Gardiner's 'History of England.' They contain facts indeed—facts beheld through the radiant prismatic fancy of the author, who, if he had a good story to tell, dressed it up 'with cocked hat and sword, as was the manner of an earlier novelist.'" In the present book, which appears to have been unknown to Mr. Lang, Dumas seems to say, "This is history; in my personal Memoirs I shall say what I like."

but that of his distinguished father, of Napoleon, of Byron, of Hugo, of Delacroix—of every contemporary, in short, for whom he had an enthusiasm. And as even his own writing-master and fellow-clerks at the bureau of the duc d'Orléans, to say nothing of the chief actors and actresses of the time, as well as the dramatists, poets, and novelists, and all the events of the epoch, whether in France or elsewhere, and every one who was supposed by him to influence the events thereof, came in for extended notice *à la manière de Dumas*, twenty or thirty volumes only brought him down to the year 1833 or thereabouts. That is to say, to the thirty-first year of his life. He then paused for breath, and although he promised to proceed as soon as he should regain it, he never recommenced his task.

On the imposition of the Stamp Duty on *romans feuilletons*, Dumas, who had already published his popular histories of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and the Regency, wrote his "History of the Life and Times of Louis Philippe."¹ He was then, that is to say in 1851–1852, at the height of his fame, his last romances—the "Vicomte de Bragelonne" and "Olympe de Clèves"—being even at that epoch recognised by the critics as masterpieces in their *genre*. His personal fortune, however, had been engulfed, not, as is usually supposed, entirely by personal expenses in connection with his château de Monte-Cristo, as his house at Saint-Germain was facetiously called, but rather by enormous losses incurred in rashly keeping open the doors of the Théâtre Historique² in days of revolution. Dumas, though not the sole owner of the Théâtre Historique, would appear to have made himself responsible for its debts—at all events it was on him that the creditors descended. It was necessary for him, therefore, to work hard to retrieve his position—hence in some measure his anger at the imposition of the stamp

¹ The title given to the first illustrated edition of this work. And, as he states, went on with his *Memoirs* at the same time. Naturally, therefore, the two books contain some parallel passages.

² They had to be closed on October 16th, 1850.

duty, which made his task a difficult one indeed. He wrote a number of books in quick succession to lighten his burden, while Émile de Girardin published the *Memoirs* in *La Presse*, and Souverain issued this History as fast as each volume—the original edition was in eight volumes—was passed to him.

Dumas, perhaps, never undertook an easier or more congenial task than the composition of this work. Old enough to have been acquainted with many of the actors in the great events of the last years of the eighteenth century, and young enough to be in sympathy with and even in advance of the ardent men of his own time, a student of the political and military history of the age, having all the *Memoirs* almost by heart, a personal acquaintance of the king and the princes, knowing much secret history, an active participator in the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, he merely needed the time to set it on paper. And the work was more than congenial, it was irresistible as affording the republican "poet" an opportunity of passing in review a monarch's errors and acclaiming the rebirth of his great and beautiful country. Undoubtedly much in the extraordinary adventures and vicissitudes experienced by Louis Philippe—his early years amidst the storms of revolution, his military career under Dumouriez, his lonely wanderings in Northern Europe and America, his repeated exiles, his life of poverty, peril, and banishment—would have appealed to our author had Louis Philippe never occupied the throne; but as in his opinion His Majesty occupied it to the detriment of France, he was softened only by his abdication and death in exile. To Dumas his king was a wholly unromantic and even a sordid person, but his country was great and glorious—and France, and not her king, inspired his pen. Yet he wrote, as he says, "*ad narrandum et non probandum*," he set down facts and left his readers to draw their own conclusions therefrom.

That Dumas ever preferred the poor to the rich, the unfortunate to the fortunate, the favourite out of

favour to the favourite in favour, is well known. Thus he risked his life to fight with Garibaldi, but when Garibaldi gave him a note of introduction to King Victor Emmanuel he never presented it. The king would have pocketed the note, and Dumas valued it more highly than his friendship. It becomes curious, therefore, to read this life-story of a king written by so original and singular a man.¹ Probably had he kept that shady adventurer, Louis Napoleon, out of the picture, the book would be well known to-day; but the censor in the days of the Second Empire was sufficiently hard on Dumas as it was for the publishers of "*Œuvres Complètes*" to risk a reissue of a work containing such passages as this:

"The contemporary newspapers give an account of Prince Louis' wretched folly [Dumas alludes to the Boulogne fiasco] which would have aroused popular disgust rather than anger if a brave soldier had not been made the victim of his own devotion."

Had Dumas continued his *Memoirs*, much of this book, doubtless, would have been there recoloured in purple paint, but this, as we have seen, was not to be. And the present volumes, which in the latter part of the last century pictured scenes too near in point of time to excite curiosity—for every generation is profoundly unconcerned about the age immediately preceding it—has again become interesting. Those critics who are best acquainted with Dumas' work will pronounce it to be entirely from his pen, though bearing ample evidence of the influence of his friends Victor Hugo and Noel Parfait. Though his personal bias against Louis Philippe must be kept in mind, his general accuracy on a theme with which he was so perfectly familiar cannot be gravely impugned. And it may

¹ Dumas, in one of his books, reminds us that he was aristocratic as his father was, and democratic as was his mother. That while he admired everything that was great, he had a tender pity for everything that was unfortunate. That in his thousand volumes and sixty plays he was always on the side of clemency, whether the people were slaves of kings or kings prisoners of the people.

be said that when he wished Dumas could be almost mercilessly accurate, as when he wished he could woo the most delicious fantasies from his brain. Maxime du Camp, after reading innumerable books on the flight of Louis XVI to Varennes, found the only one which was entirely and scrupulously accurate was by Dumas.¹ It was my father, Richard Garnett, who discovered from a manuscript in the British Museum that Dumas' account in one of his romances of a battle was, despite the generally held opinion to the contrary, the true account, the other having been written for political reasons.

It must have occurred to many of his readers, to those at least who, as he says, follow him wherever he goes—those who are careful not to abandon even in his deviations the man who undertook the task of unrolling leaf by leaf each of the pages of the Monarchy—it must have occurred to many such as strange that Dumas, to whom revolutions were a delight, who had the knack, when one occurred, of always arriving in the nick of time crying “Here am I: make use of me”—that Dumas, having assisted at the Revolution of 1848, never described it. Well, he did describe it. He described it day by day and hour by hour, as the events happened in the streets of Paris. He described it in the pages of his paper, *Le Mois*, which to-day is so hard to procure that the copy in the British Museum is incomplete, and transferred his account to the pages of his book. When he reaches it, in the latter part of the second volume, his pen seems to give a leap, and he writes with a sort of lyric enthusiasm.

And what should strike the reader particularly is not merely the sound common sense, nay, remarkable shrewdness of judgment displayed by its witty author, but its freshness, vivacity, and feeling, almost akin to those of the present time—and yet this book was written

¹ “La Route de Varennes.” We should admit that Dumas was sued by the heir of the Préfontaine family for a misstatement as to the part taken by M. de Préfontaine in the flight of the royal family and was cast in damages.

nearly seventy years ago. It might have been written, if not to-day, certainly yesterday. How do works on the same subject by Dumas' contemporaries read? Let us see. Here we have precisely such a book!¹ The author is describing Louis Philippe boarding Queen Victoria's yacht on her visit in 1843 to the château d'Eu in Normandy as his guest:

"The first meeting of the sovereigns of these two great countries will long be narrated by impartial history as an evidence of the civilisation and high sense of honour which pervaded the age. Victoria had exhibited a fearlessness and evinced a confidence in the honour of the King of France, by her acceptance of his invitation not exceeded by any example in history, and the gallantry and generosity of Louis Philippe in leaving the victory of the first concession to the youthful queen, while he placed himself without reserve within her power, and felt his freedom unhazarded amidst a British fleet, British honour being pledged for his security, is not less entitled to admiration. Scarcely had the venerable Monarch placed his foot securely on the deck than he embraced the beautiful young Queen, the ruler of the waves, and kissed her on both cheeks in the most affectionate manner."

There are certain writers who never grow elderly in their books; Dumas is one, Dickens is another. Recently a bookseller assured me that he is perpetually restocking their works, and even as he spoke two customers entered, one for "David Copperfield" and the other for the "Chevalier de Maison-Rouge." I asked him how he accounted for this ever-green popularity. His answer was to this effect: "Dickens enjoyed writing his books—his best books—so much, that in reading them one catches the infection. And so with Dumas—to a greater extent even, does *he* seem to revel in his characters and situations. One cannot wonder at the length of his books—the astonishing thing is that he could ever end them. My customers are

¹ "Life and Times of Louis Philippe, King of the French," by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A., London and Paris (1843).

perpetually worrying me for sequels and yet more sequels, and when I say that is the last, they take it as a calamity." How this testimony of to-day would have delighted Alexandre.

He said in 1848 :

"When I write a romance, or invent a drama, I am naturally bound to observe the conditions of the period to which my subject belongs. Scenes, characters, events, are imposed by the inexorable exactitude of topography, genealogy, chronology. The language, costume, even behaviour of my characters must be in accordance with the ideas proper to the century which I am trying to depict. Imagination wrestling with reality is like a man visiting some ruin. He has to stride over rubbish-strewn passages, creep through posterns in order to retrace as nearly as he can, the plan of the building as it was when life dwelt in it, when joy filled it with song and laughter, or when its walls echoed the voice of sorrow. In the midst of these researches and investigations, self vanishes. I become a part of Froissart, of Monstrelet, of Chastelin, of Commynes, of Saulx-Tavannes, of Montluc, of l'Estoile, of Tallemant des Réaux, or of Saint-Simon. Such talent as I have must take the place of my individuality, information that of fancy. I cease to be an actor in the great romance of my own life, the great drama of my own sensations, I become a chronicler, annalist, historian. I instruct my contemporaries in the events of past days, in the impressions wrought by past events upon persons who have really lived, or whom my fancy creates ; but of the impressions made on myself by the terrible storms that shake the earth beneath our feet and darken the skies above our head I may say nothing. Friendships of Edward III, hatreds of Louis XI, caprices of Charles IX, passions of Henry IV, failings of Louis XIII, amours of Louis XIV, these I must relate. But of the friendship that solaces my heart, the hatred that embitters my spirit, the caprices of my fancy, of my own passions, weaknesses, loves, I dare not speak. I present to my readers a hero who existed a thousand years ago and myself remain unknown to him. I make him love or hate whom I will, and remain the object of his indifference myself. Ah well, there is sorrow in this, an injustice which arouses my resentment. I should like to be something more than

the narrator of whom every reader has his own image. I want to be a living being, belonging to actual life ; a friend, in fact, so familiar to every one that wherever he enters, be it cottage or castle, he needs no introduction, because at first sight he is recognised by all.

“It seems to me that so I shall hardly die. The grave will take my body, but I shall live on in my works. In a hundred, two hundred, a thousand years, when manners, customs, language, races even, will all be changed, if one of my books has survived I shall be surviving myself, like a shipwrecked mariner, floating on a plank in the midst of the ocean that has swallowed his comrades and the ship that bore them.”

An author of Dumas' superabundant vitality and force, “one of the forces of nature,” as Michelet declared, who has this overwhelming desire to live in his works, *will* live as long as there are people who care for history and romance. In the opinion of François Coppée, Dumas is “the most powerful, the most prodigious inventor in literature, the historian whose history most resembles romance, and the romancer whose works are in the highest degree realistic.” I need not, therefore, apologise to the public for introducing what will be to them a new historical work by Alexandre Dumas.

R. S. GARNETT.

August 1915.

Note.—The Editor wishes to record his great indebtedness to his friends Mrs. Andrew Lang, Miss Clementina Black, and Miss Agnes Platt, for much assistance in the translation of these volumes.

CONTENTS

VOL. I

CHAPTER I

Birth of Louis Philippe (October 6th, 1773)—His ancestors—His father, Philippe Égalité—Marriage of his parents—Maria Stella's claim—Mme. de Genlis pp. 1-9

CHAPTER II

Rousseau and education—The young Spartans—The character of the future king—The author's personal knowledge of him—Mme. de Genlis and her Memoirs pp. 10-18

CHAPTER III

Hermine, the mysterious child—Égalité and Marie Antoinette—Exile to Villers-Cotterets—Early tours—Louis XIV's cage pp. 19-26

CHAPTER IV

Égalité and the Revolution—His indecisive conduct—Mme. de Staël—The taking of the Bastille—The governess and the children at the spectacle pp. 27-31

CHAPTER V

The terrible winter—Famine—The march to Versailles—La Fayette—Égalité in England pp. 32-36

CHAPTER VI

The young duke at the National Assembly and Jacobin Club—"We are citizens of Paris"—Return of Égalité—His wife's appeal—The Journal pp. 37-46

CHAPTER VII

Jacobins and Jacobins—"My governess first, my mother afterwards"—
 The mother's despair—The king dismisses Parliament—The duc de
 Chartres joins his regiment—The flight to Varennes—"I have saved
 a life" pp. 47-54

CHAPTER VIII

Suetonius not Tacitus—"We demand the liberation of the king"—
 The young duke's principles—He is made major-general pp. 55-60

CHAPTER IX

Kellermann and Dumouriez—A man of ambition—"The king's sword"—
 A blow to prestige—To save France pp. 61-66

CHAPTER X

Moreau—The duke of Brunswick—His famous manifesto—"M. Frederick
 William"—Providential rain—The duke of Weimar and Goethe—
 The princess de Lamballe pp. 67-71

CHAPTER XI

"Death to the aristocrat Dumouriez!"—The Prussian near Paris—The
 battle of Valmy (September 20th, 1792)—Proclamation of the
 Republic—Bravery of the young duke pp. 72-78

CHAPTER XII

The king of Prussia and his mistress—The Prussian retreat—Marat—
 A volunteer army pp. 79-86

CHAPTER XIII

The battle of Jemmapes (November 6th, 1792)—Thouvenot—The
 Marseillaise—The duc de Chartres again pp. 87-91

CHAPTER XIV

The duke's protest—Manuel's advice—Danton and Desmoulins—The
 casting of the die pp. 92-97

CHAPTER XV

The duke of Orléans and the Mountain—The king's fate—Did Dumouriez try to save him?—Tirlemont and Louvain—The battle of Neerwinden (March 18th, 1793) pp. 98-104

CHAPTER XVI

The envoys—"I will march on Paris"—Danton's speech—The commissioners—Their arrest—Dumouriez flies with the duke of Chartres pp. 105-113

CHAPTER XVII

The Gironde triumphs—A fatal letter—Arrest of the duke of Orléans—Prison days—Gamache and the author pp. 114-118

CHAPTER XVIII

A faithful servant—The trial—The sentence—The German priest—The abortive conspiracy—The execution (November 6th, 1793)—The scapegoat pp. 119-127

CHAPTER XIX

"Mr. Corby, an English traveller"—Two letters from Dumouriez—An unquotable answer pp. 128-133

CHAPTER XX

The Irish fugitives—A professor of geography at Reichenau—A letter from the author pp. 134-139

CHAPTER XXI

The ninth of Thermidor—The two Corbys—Mme. de Flahaut—A letter to Governor Morris pp. 140-144

CHAPTER XXII

The home of spectre and phantom—A weary exile—A never-to-be-forgotten letter pp. 145-150

CHAPTER XXIII

Events in France—Letters between mother and son pp. 151-155

CHAPTER XXIV

Mme. de Genlis and the author—The *America*—A Dane's French—The privateer—General Washington—Adventures . . . pp. 156-161

CHAPTER XXV

Chateaubriand's genius—News from France—"I am the duke of Orléans, sir"—Bonaparte—The wanderers' return . . . pp. 162-166

CHAPTER XXVI

The nineteenth century opens—Dumouriez' confession of faith—The young princes' declaration pp. 167-169

CHAPTER XXVII

Louis XVIII—Clemency and pardon—Mother and sons—The "count de Lille"—The emperor of the French pp. 170-172

CHAPTER XXVIII

Theory and practice—Dumouriez in London—Did Louis Philippe serve against France?—The Charter pp. 173-179

CHAPTER XXIX

Deaths of the duke of Montpensier (May 18th, 1807) and count of Beaujolais (May 29th, 1808)—"*Litera scripta manent*" pp. 180-181

CHAPTER XXX

Marriage of the duke of Orléans (November 25th, 1809)—A letter from the bridegroom—The English veto—Queen Marie Amélie and an outburst of the author—The author at Palermo—Birth of the duke of Chartres pp. 182-192

CHAPTER XXXI

Accession of Louis XVIII (April 1st, 1814)—The duke of Orléans arrives in Paris—Birth of the duke of Nemours—The king revives all the old ceremonies pp. 193-196

CHAPTER XXXII

A Napoleonic St. Bartholomew—The government succeeds in blundering
—Description of the royal family pp. 197-201

CHAPTER XXXIII

The character of the duke of Orléans—The conspiracies—Fouché—The
emperor lands from Elba—His proclamation . . . pp. 202-208

CHAPTER XXXIV

Napoleon's triumphal march—The duke of Orléans flies from Lyons—
Louis XVIII leaves the Tuileries—Waterloo—The future of Europe
pp. 209-213

CHAPTER XXXV

A subject of calumny—The duke declares for the Constitutionalists—
His punishment and protest pp. 214-217

CHAPTER XXXVI

Paul Didier—His early career—A speculation in a king—The conspiracy
—André and Paulette—"Let us try again" . . . pp. 218-224

CHAPTER XXXVII

Didier and his confederates—Failure of the rising—The trial of the
prisoners—General Donnadieu pp. 225-229

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Didier's flight and adventures—His capture—The trial and execution
pp. 230-236

CHAPTER XXXIX

The Louvel conspiracy—An apocryphal story—Assassination of the
duke of Berry—Birth of the "Child of France"—The duke of
Orléans protests pp. 237-243

CHAPTER XL

Tottering thrones—A prince's dream—A royal navigator—Death of Louis XVIII—His character—Charles X—Paul Louis Courier
pp. 244-252

CHAPTER XLI

Maria Stella again—Her absurd claim—The duke of Orléans and the author—The duke's household accounts—His generosity to the poor
pp. 253-260

CHAPTER XLII

The blunders of Charles X—Death of General Foy—Two pamphleteers—The elections and the new ministers—Their overthrow and the king's nominations pp. 261-267

CHAPTER XLIII

A prediction of the author—Article XIV—Algiers—The ball—The Ordinances—A passport for Algiers pp. 268-275

CHAPTER XLIV

Three marvellous days (July 1830)—Arago, Armand Carrel—Street scenes—The tricolour pp. 276-282

CHAPTER XLV

The duke of Orléans makes no sign—Progress of the Revolution—Guizot—A king who cannot understand—Taking of the Tuileries—The duke of Orléans at the Palais-Royal pp. 283-289

CHAPTER XLVI

The Mortemart ministry—A fool's paradise—The monarchy surrenders—The rising sun pp. 290-297

CHAPTER XLVII

Thiers and the duchess—Mme. Adélaïde—Béranger pp. 298-301

CHAPTER XLVIII

Hubert's errand to la Fayette—"Where is the duke of Orléans?"—The message—The duke emerges—The interview . . . pp. 302-308

CHAPTER XLIX

Saint-Cloud—Scheme of action—The dauphin's violence—Flight to Trianon—The lieutenant-general's proclamation . . . pp. 309-314

CHAPTER L

The duke at the hôtel de Ville—General Dubourg—Awkward questions—The future ministers pp. 315-323

CHAPTER LI

Charles X at Rambouillet—The last Ordinance—A letter to the lieutenant-general pp. 324-329

CHAPTER LII

"I will not be regent"—The "protectors" of Charles X—"First Cherbourg, then England" pp. 330-332

CHAPTER LIII

The expedition to Rambouillet—The opening of the Chambers—A reign of one day—Louis Philippe, king of the French—Charles X appeals to England pp. 333-340

CHAPTER LIV

Foreign affairs—Attitude of European potentates—Arrest of former ministers pp. 341-348

CHAPTER LV

Preparations for the trial—Alarms and excursions . . . pp. 349-355

CHAPTER LVI

The astonishment of Laffitte—His generosity—The three parties—The artillery pp. 356-358

CHAPTER LVII

Death of Benjamin Constant—The trial—Imprisoned for life—The National Guard—La Fayette's reward—The king's medicines
pp. 359-366

CHAPTER LVIII

Fresh troubles—Laffitte resigns—The Casimir Périer Cabinet—The new programme pp. 367-372

CHAPTER LIX

Arrest and acquittal of the Republicans—The cross of July—The electoral law pp. 373-376

CHAPTER LX

The king and the National Guard—The "Happy Medium"—The French fleet at Lisbon—Belgium a kingdom—Labour war at Lyons
pp. 377-383

CHAPTER LXI

Bayonets not bread—The people's short-lived victory—The troops arrive—An address to the king pp. 384-388

CHAPTER LXII

A civil list in debt—A king but no subjects—A lawsuit—A few conspiracies—Taking of Ancona pp. 389-395

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I

PHILIPPE ÉGALITÉ, HIS WIFE, CHILDREN, AND THEIR GOVER- NESS, MME. DE GENLIS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
ALEXANDRE DUMAS	v
THE LESSON	8
THE DUC DE CHARTRES DESTROYS LOUIS XIV's CAGE . . .	24
PHILIPPE ÉGALITÉ	124
MADAME DE GENLIS	144
LOUIS PHILIPPE AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL	188
THE ALTERCATION BETWEEN THE DAUPHIN AND THE DUC DE RAGUSA	288
LOUIS PHILIPPE AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE	320

THE NEW FRANCE

CHAPTER I

Birth of Louis Philippe (October 6th, 1773)—His ancestors—His father, Philippe Égalité—Marriage of his parents—Maria Stella's claim—Mme. de Genlis.

LOUIS PHILIPPE of Orleans was born at the Palais-Royal on October 6th, 1773, receiving at his birth the title of duc de Valois. His father was Louis Philippe Joseph, later known as Philippe Égalité;¹ who at the period of his son's birth bore the title of duc de Chartres. His mother was Louise Marie Adélaïde of Bourbon, daughter of the duc de Penthièvre, the last representative of the descendants of Louis XIV and Mme. de Montespan legitimatised in the person of the comte de Toulouse. Through his father, therefore, Louis Philippe was descended from Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV; that is, from the legitimate branch; and, through his mother, from Louis XIV himself; that is, from the *legitimatised* branch. His grandfather was Louis Philippe of Orleans, Valois, Nemours, Chartres, and Montpensier; his grandmother was Louise Henriette, of Bourbon-Conti.

These grandparents of our Louis Philippe were married in 1743. During the first years of their marriage, the then Louis Philippe of Orleans was the happiest husband and the warmest lover in the world; the young couple being the talk of the town for the exaggerated passion that they had for one another. All sorts of stories circulated about the ardour of their love, which could brook no delay, but burned with an impatience edifying to the gossips of the Œil-de-Bœuf, who daily chronicled

¹ The name "Philippe Égalité" was imposed on him by Manuel, the procureur of the Commune of Paris.—*Translator's Note.*

fresh scandals, utterly astonished to have such tales to tell of a wife with her husband and a husband with his wife.

It would be difficult to say which of the two was the first to cool down ; but rumour was soon busy relating how the princess's conjugal ardour had given place to others equally frank and even more scandalous ; indeed, of so unabashed a nature that the most complaisant husband could hardly shut his eyes to them. For she openly proclaimed herself a modern Messalina, and proved so democratic in her loves as to embrace with equal *abandon* a prince of the blood royal and his coachman, Lefranc. Without troubling to follow the example of her classic prototype in the adoption of an alias and a disguising wig, she descended to the gardens of the Palais-Royal in search of her pleasures, even as that Imperial Vampire, if Juvenal is to be believed, sought hers among the street porters during the slumbers of her spouse. The memory of these public scandals was invoked by her son, Philippe Égalité before the Commune on that fateful day when he denied his royal blood to claim kinship with the stables ; a lie that did not avail to save him from the scaffold.

In 1747, nearly five years after his marriage, the duc d'Orléans separated from his wife, retaining the care of his son, whom he had had inoculated, being one of the first Frenchmen who had the courage to risk this treatment. He then conceived an attachment for Mme. de Vilemonble, by whom he had three natural children—Mme. de Brossard and the Abbés de Saint-Far and de Saint-Albin.

The duchesse d'Orléans died in 1759 ; and seven years after her death the duc d'Orléans began to pay court to the marquise de Montesson, née Charlotte Jeanne Beraud de la Haie-de-Riou. Her husband, M. de Montesson, was still alive at this time, and though she was more than thirty years younger than he was, she remained faithful to him till his death, which took place in 1769. Then, and not before, the duc d'Orléans ventured to speak of love to her, but in vain. It was

not until the end of 1772 that there was talk of a possible marriage between the prince and Mme. de Montesson, and on April 24th, 1773, at Villers-Cotterets he took leave of a numerous court, saying to his more intimate friends: "I am leaving you for the day, and shall return late and not alone. I am bringing back with me some one who will claim her share of the attachment you all have for me and for my interests."

Everybody was alive with expectation all day long; until, about six o'clock at night, the duke re-entered the room leading by the hand Mme. de Montesson, to whom he had been married during the day. Having received assurance of the king's consent to the marriage, the archbishop of Paris had granted dispensation as regards the publication of the banns, and the curé de St.-Eustache had performed the marriage ceremony in the private chapel of the hôtel de la Chaussée-d'Antin.

Mme. de Montesson was a charming woman of thirty-five or thirty-six, though scarcely looking thirty. She was both poetess and musician; a good actress; and to the day of her death, in 1806, the best traditions of the times of Louis XIV and Louis XV were preserved in her salon in the Chaussée-d'Antin. Napoleon held her in great esteem on account of her fine breeding, and granted her a pension of 30,000 francs. She lived for twenty-one years after the death of the prince, her husband, which occurred on November 18th, 1785; on which occasion Louis XVI, more susceptible than his grandfather, Louis XV, forbade her to wear mourning.

At the date of his father's marriage with Mme. de Montesson, the duc de Chartres was about twenty-five or twenty-six years old, and for the last ten years his fast life had been causing comment. His first mistress was a woman called Deschamps, and she had been succeeded by most of the notorious women of the time. The prince de Lamballe, son of the duc de Penthièvre, was his favourite companion when bent on pleasure; but as the young prince was less robust than the duc de Chartres, his health succumbed to these orgies, and one day he died in a place of ill-resort.

Whispers immediately went round that the duc de Chartres was guilty, not of debauchery alone, but of calculated murder ; it was said that he had purposely enticed the prince de Lamballe into evil ways and even poisoned him for the purpose of making Mlle. de Penthièvre, whom rumour named as his future wife, the sole heiress not only of the colossal fortune of her house, but also of the reversion of the office of High Admiral, at present filled by the duc de Penthièvre. Twenty years later, when the poor princesse de Lamballe was assassinated in her turn, these accusations were renewed even more cruelly, and her assassins thought well to make her severed head do ghastly homage to the duc d'Orléans.

But rumours must not be believed without proof, and though the pamphleteer may spread these stories, the historian, having no proof, must give them the lie. Besides, why invent falsehoods about this wretched prince ? His actual faults were surely black enough, and received the punishment of crimes.

Even as his grandfather, towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV, had played the reactionary against the tone of morals imposed by the king, so did the duc de Chartres oppose the moral standard set by Louis XVI at the commencement of his reign. Louis XIV turned towards the close of his reign to piety ; Louis XVI inaugurated his in a spirit of strict morality. The regent had transformed the Palais-Royal into a temple of vicious pleasures ; the duc de Chartres celebrated his orgies at Mousseaux, but at least he had the virtue of honesty, and did not try to hide his devilries under a mask of hypocrisy. Once he wagered that he would ride, stark naked, from Versailles to the Palais-Royal—and gained his bet.

That Anglomania, which was just beginning to spread in France, was almost entirely the work of the duc de Chartres ; he put himself openly at the head of that faction which was copying England in morals, costumes, jockeys, and horses. He it was who started the first races, aided by Marie Antoinette. Louis XVI

was opposed to racing and above all to the ruinous bets that followed in its train. At last he put a peremptory stop to it.

The duc de Chartres, much irritated at this, consoled himself by visiting London twice a year, buying property there, and getting himself made member of several London clubs. He was a handsome man, well-made, fond of exercise, and no coward when by any adventure he could get himself talked about or win a meed of praise. When travelling in Basse-Bretagne in 1778, he went down into the mines to a distance of five hundred feet below the level of the sea. A few years later, when balloons were invented, and became a fashion for a time, he went up in one, to the height of two miles and more. Both arts and sciences appealed to him; he had models made of all the Lyons manufactories and revelled in dreams of buildings and enterprises of all sorts. One of his schemes was to pull down every house in the city and rebuild it on a different plan; unfortunately another project knocked this out of his head and made him extremely unpopular; this was his plan for turning the Palais-Royal into shops.

At this date the duc de Chartres was still on good terms with Marie Antoinette, whom he amused quite as much by his eccentricity as by his wit, but he had already begun to disagree with her husband, then the dauphin—at this date, on October 6th, 1773, the Royal Almanac registered the birth of Louis Philippe d'Orléans, duc de Valois. Later, when Louis Philippe mounted the throne, this title gave rise to certain schemes which we shall presently relate.

Whether through chance or intent, none of the formalities which usually accompany the birth of royal children were observed on this occasion, although it must surely have been regarded as a happy event, since the duc de Chartres had already been married four years and the only child of the marriage until now had been a daughter, who died at birth. The little duc de Valois was christened privately, the ceremony, performed by the chaplain of the house, taking place at

the Palais-Royal in the presence of the curé of the parish and two servants ; it was not until twelve years had elapsed that Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette stood at the font as godparents to the young duc de Chartres, at his official baptism ; by then he had become the duc de Chartres, as, his grandfather having died, his father was now duc d'Orléans.

Fifty-two years later, a woman called Maria Stella Petronilla came to France and contested the birth of the duc d'Orléans, his parents having neglected to safeguard his interests by fulfilling all the customs usual at royal births. We may as well tell the story on which Maria Stella based her case. We have already said that, after four years of married life, the duke of Chartres and his wife had only had one little girl, who died at birth.

Now, according to Maria Stella, the duke had decided to have a son at any price, since, if there were no male heir, a great part of his fortune would revert to the State. In this frame of mind and with full intention to profit by any circumstance that chance might throw in their way, the duke and his wife departed for Italy, early in 1772, travelling under the name of the comte and comtesse de Joinville. After wandering from place to place for two or three months, the illustrious tourists halted at a little town to which they took a fancy. It was on the summit of the Apennines, a tiny place called Modigliana. It was then—according to Maria Stella, be it understood—that the comtesse de Joinville found that she might hope for another babe.

Now her husband's little habit of mingling with the nightbirds of Paris had accustomed him to the company of the lower classes ; consequently he struck up an acquaintance with the gaoler of Modigliana, a fellow called Chiappini, whose wife happened to be in the same condition as the princess ; so prince and gaoler entered into an agreement that, if the gaoler's wife had a boy and the princess a girl, an exchange of children should be made ; of course on condition that the gaoler

received due compensation for exchanging his bonny boy for a mere female encumbrance. Seven months after this bargain was made the very events it presaged came to pass, the princess having a daughter and the gaoler's wife a boy: the exchange took place, and the gaoler received his consolation stakes. Therefore, so said Maria Stella, the boy born at Modigliana, on April 17th, 1773, was taken to Paris and kept hidden there till October 6th, the day on which the princess, in her turn, became the mother of a child. That was the reason that no witnesses were invited to be present at the birth and it also explained the simple christening. As for Maria Stella Petronilla, she remained in Italy, where she was brought up as the gaoler's daughter, receiving an excellent education, thanks to the sum Chiappini received annually from France and the preliminary compensation given by the comte de Joinville.

Maria Stella will appear on the scene again in 1823, when we can go into this fable of the substitution more thoroughly. At present we had better return to the young duc de Valois and give some details of his early childhood.

Mme. de Rochambeau was his nursery governess, with Mme. Denois under her. When he was five M. de Buffon recommended M. de Bonnard as his first tutor. The erotic poets of the period held this M. de Bonnard in some esteem as a writer of madrigals and quatrains. Everybody was a poet at this epoch, even Turgot, afterwards the famous minister. Certainly a poet's reputation was somewhat easily come by in those days. Most were poets *in partibus*, even as our own M. de Fraysinous was bishop of Hermopolis: he drew the salary, but did not worry about the duties.

Unhappily for M. de Bonnard, however, there was another influence in the duke's house, which counterbalanced his own: that of Félicité-Stéphanie-Ducrest de Saint-Aubin, comtesse de Genlis. This comtesse de Genlis, wife of comte Bruslard de Genlis, who became later marquis de Sillery, was the niece of Mme. de Montesson. By the influence of her aunt, who had married

the young prince's grandfather, she had become maid of honour to the duchesse de Chartres, and in 1778 she was entrusted with the education of the little princess Adélaïde. Once established, her functions became more important than the duchess had expected or desired; for Mme. de Genlis filled the double post of governess to the daughter and—mistress to the father. A letter from the duchesse d'Orléans, which we give later, reveals the distress of mind which this state of affairs caused her.

There was no love lost between the rival poets. Mme. de Genlis had no kindly regard for M. de Bonnard, and though the duke, at the end of the chevalier's first year in office, had said to M. de Buffon: "I am delighted to meet you, as I want to thank you once more for having chosen such an excellent tutor for us—we are all charmed with him," yet the charmer found himself dismissed at the end of his third year of office on the ground (if Mme. de Genlis is to be believed) that his methods of instruction were pernicious and his manners not those of genteel society.

Thus the young duc de Valois was deprived of his tutor. An original idea entered his father's head; namely, to make Mme. de Genlis tutor to his boy.

Mme. de Genlis lived at Bellechasse; its near neighbourhood to the château proving convenient for the fulfilment of her double duties. A very pretty little pavilion had been erected in the convent garden, communicating with the cloisters by means of a shady pergola. She herself had drawn the plans for this little building.

One evening, between eight and nine o'clock, the duke came to Bellechasse, *as usual*. We underline those two words, because Mme. de Genlis herself is our authority for them. She was alone. The duke began to talk about his son and begged Mme. de Genlis to help him in the choice of a tutor.

"Why not M. de Schomberg?" asked the lady.

"Oh, no," said the duke. "He would make pedants of the children."



THE LESSON.

After Cosway.

"Then why not the chevalier de Durfort?"

"He is too frivolous and would take no pains with them."

"Then——" said the lady, laughing, "why not me?"

"Why not?" replied the duke.

According to her Memoirs, she was only joking when she offered her services, and she declares that no preliminary conversation had ever suggested to her that the duke was really thinking of appointing her to the post. The reader may believe this or not as he pleases. We must decline all responsibility in the matter. However this may be, the duke's "Why not?" bore fruit.

"A glorious fate seems reserved for me," cries Mme. de Genlis. "May it come true!" So she made no objection to the duke's proposal; but merely breathed the hope that it was not made in jest.

"Well, that is settled, then," said the duke. "You are to be their tutor."

He was referring, not to the duc de Valois alone, but also to two other sons who had been born to him, and had received the titles of duc de Montpensier and comte de Beaujolais. The duc de Montpensier was born on July 3rd, 1775, and the comte de Beaujolais on October 7th, 1779.

All that was wanted now was the king's consent. There was not a little anxiety as to how he would receive this infringement of the laws of etiquette; he was not particularly fond of the duc de Chartres, and his opinion of Mme. de Genlis left much to be desired. When the duke expounded his plan and asked for the royal consent to the appointment of Mme. de Genlis to the post of tutor to his son:

"Make her what you like," said Louis XVI, and turned his back on the offending duke.

"Luckily the comte d'Artois has children," continued the king, loud enough to be overheard.

From that moment the entire education of the duke's children, both girls and boys, was entrusted to Mme. de Genlis. The girls lived with her at Bellechasse and the boys were brought to her there every day.

CHAPTER II

Rousseau and education—The young Spartans—The character of the future king—The author's personal knowledge of him—Mme. de Genlis and her Memoirs.

ROUSSEAU, whose death took place shortly before this date, was the fashionable philosopher of the day. Every one was talking about *Émile*, whether they had read the book or not, and Mme. de Genlis decided that she would mould her illustrious pupils according to the methods prescribed by Jean-Jacques; in other words, that they should be men first and princes after; a curious prevision of the destinies in store for the three princes, for whom the following passage from Rousseau might have been written, so apt is it:

“In the natural order of things, all men being equal, it follows that their common vocation is simply—to be men; he who is trained to fulfil this vocation well cannot be unfit for any other arising from it. Whether my pupil be destined for Army, Church, or Law, is of little consequence. His parents may choose for him what work in life they please; Nature has bidden him live, and it is for me to teach him to live worthily. I shall make of him neither Magistrate, nor Soldier, nor Priest—but man; and whatever he may be called upon to perform, whatever station Fortune wills that he shall occupy, he shall do all that a man should do and be all that a man should be.

“We think only of our children's lives. It is not enough. We must teach them how to protect themselves, as men.—how to support the blows of Fate, how to face opulence or misery,—how to bear themselves with dignity under the biting cold of Iceland or the burning sun of Malta. Train your children to withstand those trials that must come to them some day. Harden their bodies and steel

their resolution, that they may meet the vicissitudes of season, climate, hunger or fatigue as if steeped in the immutability of the Styx."

Speak, king, who from exiled childhood passed to exiled death, after gracing for eighteen years the proudest throne in the world, speak and tell us—did the small severe spirit to whom you owed your training mould you to accept Fortune's buffets and rewards with equal gratitude? Such at least was the aim of Mme. de Genlis, and to that end she set about correcting the abuses of your earlier education.

Of the two princes in her charge (M. de Beaujolais did not join them till 1783) neither had the least ear for music, and yet, for two years past, they had been given a music master who had failed even to teach them the names or values of the notes. This music master was at once suppressed and his place was taken by Latin, Greek, German, English, and Italian masters. Servants who spoke each of these modern languages, and who were forbidden ever to speak French, were engaged for the princes, who had to breakfast in German, dine in English, and sup in Italian. Mythology, physics, geography, science, law, drawing, agriculture, surgery, medicine, architecture, and the various branches of practical mechanics, completed this marvellous education, which enabled Louis Philippe both in exile and at court, as prince and king, to win the astonished admiration of diplomatists, with whom he discussed politics in their own tongue; of men of science, with whom he talked science; of doctors, with whom he talked medicine; and even of financiers, agriculturists, and labourers, with whom he chatted of finance, agriculture, and the details of a working-man's daily tasks.

Rousseau recommends that every child shall be taught a trade. Mme. de Genlis made her eldest pupil learn three; the little duc de Valois employed his spare moments at carpentering, gardening, or surgery. Her illustrious little scholars had no objection to this side of their education; but they did not bring the same

zeal to bear on the scientific branch of their studies. Mme. de Genlis herself tells us what trouble she had to get the duc de Valois to apply himself to his lessons. She states in her *Memoirs* that—

“the children knew nothing, and the duc de Valois, who was eight years old, was idleness personified. I began by reading history to him, but he paid no attention and simply fidgetted and yawned—and then, to my great astonishment, lay down on the sofa and put his feet on the table! So our acquaintance started with a severe punishment, but he bore me no grudge for this; I reasoned with him and he felt that he deserved it.”

Indeed, if Mme. de Genlis is to be believed, her pupil went further than this, and conceived for her a “passionate” affection. The adjective is her own. She writes of the duc de Valois as if she felt some premonition of his future destiny.

“I was struck at once by his intelligence. As other children love stories, so he loved brains; and whatever one chose to tell him clearly and reasonably he would listen to with marked attention. He had a passionate affection for me because I always talked to him as to an intelligent human being.”

A pamphlet, written to blacken the king after his fall, quotes this word—“passionate”—in an accusing sense, but, by setting down the whole paragraph, we have surely made it clear that it is used with the most innocent intent. As we said before, this book is neither an attack nor a panegyric, but a history. We do not want to canonise Mme. de Genlis, but at least let us give her her due. There is a story going that, one day, when she went to see the tomb of Diane de Poitiers at Anet, she exclaimed, “Happy woman! Loved by both father and son!” And, because of this, we are asked to believe that, whether her story resembled that of Diane de Poitiers or not, she was at least guilty of wishing that it should. The whole accusation rests on a word in her *Memoirs* and an exclamation reported

by Myris, the secretary ; the evidence is quite insufficient to support any such repulsive charge. We must, however, admit that there is still in existence a cruel letter from the governess to her pupil ; a letter which seems to come from a woman's broken heart. It will be quoted later on, in its right place. It was printed during the reign of Louis Philippe and undoubtedly probes strange depths of the human soul.

The education imposed by Mme. de Genlis upon her pupils resulted in their being thoroughly familiar with the three living languages, which they learnt in such a practical manner. Besides this, the duc de Valois was so well trained in history, natural history, and geography that, fifteen years later, he became Professor of these subjects at the College of Reichenau. He had, besides, sufficient practical knowledge of surgery to be able to bleed patients and attend to the first bandaging of wounds. As for the children's amusements, they were arranged as carefully as their studies. Twice a week Mme. de Genlis took them to the theatre, in Paris. Here they learnt to admire the Classic school, a taste which perhaps took an exaggerated form later, when Louis Philippe, forgetting, as king, all the promises he had made as duc d'Orléans, refused to admit the possibility of merit in any modern author. This affected contempt for the power of modern literature was one of the great causes which, on January 24th, 1848, cost the duchesse d'Orléans her regency and the comte de Paris his throne. Lamartine the poet was cruelly avenged by Lamartine the tribune.

In the innate characteristics of a man, and in the influences derived from education and environment which are brought to bear on them, the historian must search for the first causes of those acts that in the private individual bring grave consequences upon his family, and in the politician may lead to a result of world-wide portent. May we not trace the king's extravagance in building, furnishing, and laying out pleasure grounds to the manual work exacted from the little duc de Valois ? If the child had not amused

himself with carpentering, gardening, binding books, and so on, would the architect Fontaine, his bosom friend of later years, have reaped such a rich harvest of commissions ?

Nevertheless, Mme. de Genlis worked not only to perfect men, but also to correct princes, taking every care to cure them of the silly spoilt ways which tend to make capricious women and pampered aristocrats ; thanks to their outdoor work, their walks, their visits to studios and manufactories, the pupils of the gifted author of " *Adèle et Théodore* " were not afraid of heat or cold, rain or storm, noise, danger, or even of evil fortune. For instance, when the duc de Valois was a child he was terrified of dogs. His first tutor, M. de Bonnard, ordered two servants to walk in front of the prince everywhere, to drive them out of his path. The result of this was that the boy began to cry if he so much as spied a dog in the distance. When Mme. de Genlis heard of this, she made her pupil so ashamed of being such a little coward that at the end of her first lecture he asked for a dog of his own.

The little boy had always been struck by one anecdote from ancient history, namely, the story of the young Spartan who bore the gnawing of his entrails by a fox without a moan. The prince burned with desire to emulate this conduct. One day the occasion came. The prince (thirteen years old and now duc de Chartres through the death of his grandfather) had gone with his governess to see some silver moulded at a jeweller's. He went too near the boiling mass, a jet from which burnt his leg. The little boy gave no sign of pain, and the accident was only discovered when Mme. de Genlis happened to glance down at his burnt stocking. He had kept his promise to himself of rivalling his Spartan hero. Courage and patience were king Louis Philippe's most remarkable qualities, and we must admit that he owed them to his education. He knew how to attack—and he knew also how to " stand and wait."

His first impulses were always good—even generous

—and this was the more noticeable in youth, when all qualities are pure and fresh. When duc de Chartres and prince, when duc d'Orléans and proscribed, these finer traits showed in their full nobility; but they became dulled when the duc d'Orléans lived in state at the Palais-Royal, and grew still more dull when the king was enthroned at the Tuileries. As these better qualities were rather the result of education than of inborn grace, the prince's flatterers and the king's advisers checked them with too pitiful an ease. If the prince wished to make a grant of a thousand francs, the whisperers at his ear reduced it to five hundred; when the king would have granted a free pardon, they merely commuted the sentence to the galleys, imprisonment, or *surveillance*. All spontaneity was thus stripped from the act of grace; and that which should have been a royal bounty was narrowed down to a grudging act.

It was my duty to distribute alms for the duc d'Orléans for a period of two years; he gave away about a thousand francs a day—in other words, about a twelfth of his income. Whenever I had occasion to tell him of some especially sad case, if I could speak to him himself and receive the money on the spot, I got all I asked for. But if, for any reason, the matter was put off till next day, I only obtained half; if till the day after, only a third—and so on. All about the duke—as, later, all about the king—advised him to his disadvantage, placing his petty interests above his real greatness.

Mme. de Genlis gives several proofs of her pupil's goodness of heart. The following letter from him is dated December 31st, 1778:

“I mean to keep all my pocket-money until my education is over—that is to say, until April 1st, 1790—and I will give away the money thus saved in alms. You have my word of honour upon this, and on the first of every month we will decide what to do with the money. I should have preferred to arrange this without telling you, but you know I tell you everything and so I always shall.”

Mme. de Genlis wrote the following comment on this in her journal :

“I must tell the duc de Chartres how greatly he has improved this last year. He always had a kind heart, but now he is both virtuous and enlightened ; he has none of the frivolity of his age ; having a sincere contempt for the silly trifles on which most young people spend their time, such as whims and affectations, jewels, beautifyings, and fashions or caprices. He is disinterested and despises show, looking at things from a fine point of view ; in short, he has an excellent disposition and, with experience, should acquire every quality worth having.”

The two other little princes were rapidly growing up by the side of their elder brother. The duc de Montpensier was very little younger than the duc de Chartres, but the comte de Beaujolais was his junior by several years. The first of these died at Salthill, near Windsor, aged thirty-two, and the other at Malta, aged twenty-eight. They followed one another so quickly to the grave that scarcely a year elapsed between their deaths. The duc de Montpensier died in 1807 and the comte de Beaujolais in 1808. They were so young when they left France that they scarcely seem to have been known there. Their governess expresses her opinion of them as follows, the passage being dated 1791 :

“The duc de Montpensier has an excellent nature if he would only check his impulsiveness. He is usually good to the people about him and generous when they need help ; but he is impatient of trifles, and has a sharp tongue ; if this fault develops into a habit it will be a bad defect in his character. His foster-mother having just had another child, he gave all his pocket-money to buy comforts for her ; I know of many things of this sort which he has done during the last six months, and done in the right way, quite simply and without ostentation ; in many ways, too, his mind is getting more stable. He has always taken a great interest in the Revolution ; and at present loves to discuss the situation of affairs, doing so with considerable intelligence.”

The duc de Montpensier was both writer and a painter. He wrote of his captivity at Marseilles with charm and grace and even style ; it would be difficult to draw a better portrait with pen and pencil than that which he has left in his *Memoirs of M. de Conti*, whose wild terror served to distract his father and himself from thoughts of their own pressing danger.

Weary of his captivity at Saint-Jean, the duc de Montpensier one day tried to escape out of a window thirty feet high ; but he fell and broke his thigh. He was found lying unconscious at the foot of the tower and taken to the house of a perruquier called Coriol, whose daughter afterwards became his mistress. Their son holds a distinguished place among the notables and elegants of Paris. He was practically recognised by the Orléans family, and his servants wear their undress livery.

There are still several pictures painted by the duc de Montpensier in the gallery of the Palais-Royal ; one, representing the Falls of Niagara, is quite remarkable in its way.

As for the comte de Beaujolais, those who knew him say that his were the face and disposition of an angel. Gentle, sensitive, honest, loyal, he had the form of a Greek Antinous and the smile of a poet—or a woman.

Mme. de Genlis describes him as follows :

“ M. de Beaujolais is charming—amiable to a fault ; I have never known any one more sincerely anxious to do what is right, or more truly affectionate. He has feelings beyond his age and already shows the patriotism of his brothers ! He wrote on the subject the other day, and his little paper is full of childish charm. He sets down all the reasons why he sympathises with the Revolution, and finishes like this : ‘ Such is the opinion of Beaujolais.’

“ His only fault is that he is a little wilful, but then he is so frank about his caprices that he almost turns them into charms.”

Frankness was, indeed, a characteristic that he

pushed to extremes ; no one about him ever heard him lie.

As for Mme. Adélaïde, we all remember her ; hers was a fine nature, straight and honest. Whenever we wanted the king to do something he did not wish to do—provided it were of a generous character—we asked her to speak to him about it. At the Palais-Royal she was her brother's friend ; at the Tuileries she was his good genius ; but her unfortunate death in December 1847 left him to face the great crisis of 1848 alone. The two good influences over the king were Mme. Adélaïde and the duc d'Orléans. Providence removed first one and then the other ; and surely with intent. She was a charming child, a sunny, grateful, witty little spirit—her only fault a naughty trick of mockery and an occasional rude word. Alone of all her family, she had some taste for music. Mme. de Genlis had her taught the harp, and she actually managed to play it fairly well—for a princess.

CHAPTER III

Hermine, the mysterious child—Égalité and Marie Antoinette—Exile to Villers-Cotterets—Early tours—Louis XIV's cage.

ABOUT 1786 Mme. de Genlis lost one of her daughters ; as this was a great grief to her, the duc d'Orléans sought to soften the blow by sending to England for a little girl whom he and Mme. de Genlis loved "like their own child." The pretext for this was that the princess Adélaïde might have a little companion who spoke English ; but the real intention was to reunite a daughter with her parents. This child was never called by any surname, but was always known by her Christian name of Hermine ; the writer of these lines was practically brought up by her. She was the grandmother of that hapless Marie Capelle¹ who was thus grand-niece, by the left hand, of king Louis Philippe.

One remarkable thing about the duc de Chartres—stated by Mme. de Genlis and proved by his own diary—was that during his boyhood and youth he had a fervent inclination towards religion. This is what Mme. de Genlis says on the subject :

"I notice with great pleasure that, as the duc de Chartres and the duc de Montpensier advance in years, they develop more and more feeling for religion, modesty, and serious thoughts. I should think few youths of their age are as sincerely religious as they are ; not with any bigotry, but from an intelligent appreciation of the ethics of religion."

Alas, we are bound to admit that every trace of this simple piety had vanished by the time her pupil had become her king. However religious he may have been as a youth, he grew more and more estranged from

¹ Marie Capelle was condemned to imprisonment for life for poisoning her husband.—*Translator's Note.*

ideas of that nature as years went on. Did trouble have on him a hardening effect? Instead of opening his heart to the love of God, did it turn that heart away? Or was it simply that, when he saw the easy success of certain of his projects, selfish in their aim;—when a special Providence seemed watching over his menaced life;—did the protection accorded him seem too little merited to be anything but the blind effect of Chance?

We shall often come across pious expressions in the diary of the young prince, and will underline them, that the reader may give them due attention. Some may put them down to hypocrisy; wrongly, as we think—and for two reasons. Eighteen is not usually a hypocritical age, nor was the religious pose a popular one at that period; the world was striding on towards atheism.

About this time the young duke started those travels which he continued in the coming years of exile. For some time past, his father, the duc d'Orléans, had been on bad terms with the court, all intercourse with which he had brought to an end. He was extremely fond of hunting, and the chase was apt to lead him from his own forest of Villers-Cotterets into the forest of Compiègne, where he was liable to come up against the king's hunting-party. In such a case etiquette decreed that he must abandon his own quarry and attach himself to the royal train, so he had a wall built all round the park of Villers-Cotterets to prevent this contingency. This wall cost him from three to four million francs.

The queen was his worst enemy, and, if there is any credence to be placed on the tale he hinted at in moments of anger, her dislike to him had sprung from a backwardness on his part to take advantage of certain favours offered by her to him and afterwards transferred to the comte d'Artois. This vindictiveness on the part of Marie Antoinette displayed itself openly after the naval battle of Ouessant.

The duc de Chartres (as he then was) was on the *Saint-Esprit*, and his vessel was one of the first to engage.

The battle raged for four hours, and during the whole time the young lieutenant-general stood on the quarter-deck, in his shirt-sleeves, with the *cordons bleus* across his breast, thus offering himself as a mark for the enemies' shots not as a soldier only, but as a prince.

When the news of this victory reached the court, the queen, who was one of the first to hear of it, said to her intimates, "Everybody did good service, except the duc de Chartres, who almost made us lose the battle." There was absolutely no foundation whatever for such an insinuation. On the contrary, the Minister of Marine Affairs, M. de Penthièvre, reported most favourably of the duke's behaviour.

"The duc de Chartres," said he, "showed remarkable courage and presence of mind. Seven big ships, one a three-decker, attacked that of the duke in succession, and were repulsed with vigour, in spite of the fact that the duke's vessel had lost her lower guns. One of our ships, which came to the duke's help at the moment of greatest danger, was raked by the enemy's fire to such an extent that she was completely dismantled and had to retire."

However, the hatred of Marie Antoinette for the duc d'Orléans did him no harm. The queen was becoming so unpopular that her known enmity for him increased his reputation with the people. The king was weak enough to side with his wife in this feeling of antagonism, although only a few months previously he had written as follows to the duke :

"VERSAILLES,
"June 28th, 1787.

"I received your letter, cousin, and M. de Sartines showed me the report of your inspection. I am thoroughly satisfied with the manner in which you conducted it, and with the good example you have set. I know you bring the best of good will to my service and am always delighted with your work. There will be plenty for you to do. I am sure that things will go well ; the navy shows such zeal and you set an excellent standard.

"Always your friend,
"LOUIS."

Yet, instead of doing justice to the duke, instead of helping him to stop the wicked slanders of the queen by giving him a reception worthy of his services, Louis XVI agreed that the *Te Deum* which was to be sung to celebrate the victory of the Ouessant should be given instead as thanksgiving for the Queen's pregnancy. The duc de Chartres, in revenge, when some one proposed the health of the future dauphin, replied: "Coigny's son shall never be my king."

The people, however, gave him a nobler vengeance than this, for they welcomed him to Paris with acclamations, which contrasted vividly with the cold reception accorded to him by the court. When he entered his box at the Opera, during a performance of *Ermeline*, the actor who was on the stage stopped speaking while he fetched a laurel wreath from the wings. This he handed to the prince, addressing the next lines of the play directly to him, for whom they might have been written:

"Oh, brave and noble youth, it is to thee we owe
The victory we have gained;
Take thou this laurel wreath, tribute of love unfeigned;
Bays graced heroic brows in ages long ago."

This triumph might have made the duke forget the calumnies of the queen if he had not had bitter proof that those calumnies were still afloat. It was at a masked ball at the Opera. Seeing a domino, whom he took for a woman, but who was really a man, he stopped and, with the impudence allowed at a masquerade, said:

"I know what you are."

"What am I?"

"A relic of the past."

"Like your honour, Monseigneur," replied the mask, with a mocking laugh, as he passed on into the crowd.

The duc de Chartres was still at odds with the king when Louis XVI himself brought before the parliament the edict for making the loan successive and fixing the convocation of the States-General for five years later. The duc de Chartres, whom the recent death of his

father had now made duc d'Orléans, was present at this session; and, rising, he asked the king "if this session was to be regarded as a Bed of Justice or as a free debate?"

"It is a royal session," replied Louis XVI.

"Then, in that case," said the duke, "I beg Your Majesty to allow me to declare before you and before this court that I regard this registration as illegal, and that, if the parties here present are to be acquitted of responsibility in this matter, there must be added to the registration these words: 'by express command of His Majesty the King.'"

The duc d'Orléans was promptly exiled to Villers-Cotterets, and the young duc de Chartres, who should have been decorated with the *ordon bleu* on his fourteenth birthday (October 6th, 1787), as was customary for a prince of the blood, did not receive it until January 1st, 1789.

Mme. de Genlis turned the father's temporary exile into a chance for taking the children on their first travels. As she is practically the only historian of the future king of France's early years, we must borrow from her our account of the little princes' first experience of the world. They began with a visit to Spa, where the duchesse d'Orléans was taking the waters, and from there came back into France by way of Givet, where the duc de Chartres reviewed the fourteenth regiment of dragoons, having been colonel of that regiment since 1785. From Givet they went on to Sillery, the property from which Mme. de Genlis' husband derived his title of marquis. The young princes were fêted here for several days. The marquis de Sillery remained faithful to the duc d'Orléans until the very last; in fact, he may be called his *âme damnée*.

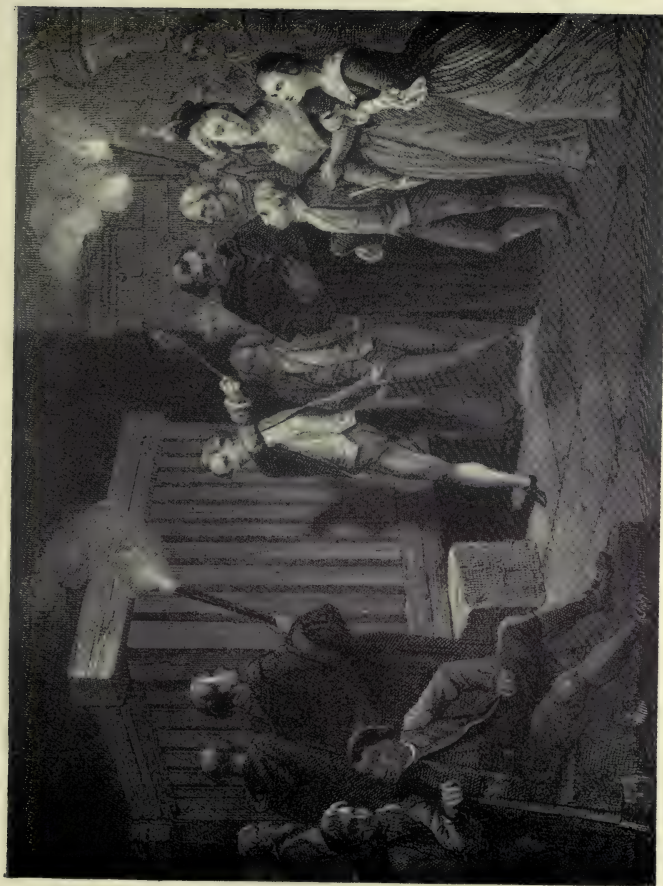
After this, they returned to Paris, but the following year they visited Normandy, Brittany, and Touraine. At Saint-Valery, in Normandy, the little duc de Chartres stood sponsor for a new ship, launched during his stay there. From Saint-Valery they went to Havre, and from Havre to Mont-Saint-Michel. Now since the

sixteenth century, Mont-Saint-Michel had been a famous prison, Louis XIV having revived the horrible torture which Louis XI had inflicted on the Cardinal La Balue, causing a poor Dutch gazetteer to perish in a cage. The only difference was that Louis XI used an iron cage, while Louis XIV had one made of wood ; moreover, La Balue took eleven years to die in his iron prison, while the poor gazetteer languished on for eighteen years behind his wooden bars. We ought also to add that Louis XI had a better right to act as he did, since the Cardinal was in France, ready to his hand, whereas Louis XIV, regardless of law and reason, kidnapped his gazetteer in Holland.

This wooden cage was the most thrilling tradition of Mont-Saint-Michel. It was shown to visitors and the tale of the king and the gazetteer whispered in their ear with every regard for dramatic effect. It had almost served a second time in the reign of Louis XV, but since the advent of Louis XVI had degenerated into a sort of police cell or Black Hole for recalcitrant prisoners, the dampness of the cell, its gloom, and the grim tradition of the Dutchman usually bringing the worst offenders to their senses after an incarceration of twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four hours.

The princes reached Mont-Saint-Michel about 11 o'clock at night ; as they were expected, the whole fort was lit up and the abbey bells all ringing. We do not know what effect the sight of the prison had on the illustrious travellers ; when we ourselves visited it at the same dark hour, we felt we had seldom seen the sombre majesty which night gives to things immovable raised to such a degree of grandeur. But on that occasion there were neither lights nor bells.

At the time of the princes' visit the fort was empty and the abbey full. Nowadays, alas ! the abbey cells are vacant and the prison full. The prior and a dozen of his friars received the guests in place of the garrison, and conducted them up the four hundred steps that led to their abbey. No green growth softens the gaunt face of that rock, where nothing could flourish except a



THE DUC DE CHARTRES BREAKS LOUIS XIV'S CAGE.

prison. The inhabitants of the one small street which is dignified by the name of "town" have tiny gardens, but their winter begins in September, while the spring never comes till May is half over—and neither flower nor fruit will lift its head.

The friars fetched all supplies from Pontorson, even bread; nevertheless, they received the young princes sumptuously and gave them an excellent supper. It was during this supper that Mme. de Genlis, in response to many signs and signals from her pupils, brought up the subject of the famous iron cage. The prior explained that even as the historical iron mask was in reality a mask of velvet, so the iron cage was in reality a wooden cage. But, though only wood, it was none the less solid, being composed of enormous joists, with a bare space of two or three fingers'-width between.

"The cage is quite useless to us now," added the Prior, when explaining all these things, "and as people seem to dislike the idea of it, I have decided to destroy it."

Here was a fine occasion for Mme. de Genlis to exploit the philanthropy she had instilled into her pupils! She seized the opportunity and induced the prior to have a little ceremony to celebrate the destruction of the cage, and this was arranged to take place next day. Accordingly, on the morrow, they all descended with great pomp into the cell; Mme. de Genlis escorting her four pupils and the prior shepherding his twelve brethren, while the gaolers kept guard over their five or six prisoners, who were allowed to see the sight as a treat. Besides these spectators, there were three carpenters to do the actual work of destruction. The setting of this little drama was so thrilling that it could not fail of its effect. The cell was mouldy, dark, and dank. Several friars, carrying torches, went down first; next Mme. de Genlis and her pupils; then the Prior and the rest of the friars; and after them, the various townspeople who had been invited to look on. The prisoners and the carpenters were awaiting them below.

They all took their places round the famous cage,

and one of the carpenters solemnly presented a small axe to the young duc de Chartres, who struck the first blow, saying: "In the name of Humanity, I destroy this cage." The carpenters then finished the work of destruction.

There is nothing in this world, however bright, which has not its sad aspect; and there was one man among that crowd who watched the cage fall to pieces with tears in his eyes. When the duc de Chartres asked him the reason of his grief, he replied:

"Oh, monsieur, I am the porter of the abbey. That cage used to mean tips for me. I showed it to tourists, and told them all about the Dutchman who was shut up in it. Now it's gone, I shall be ruined!"

"Poor fellow," said the duke, smiling. "Here, here are ten louis for you; and in future, instead of showing tourists the cage itself, you can show them the spot where it stood."

In 1830 the duke—then king Louis Philippe—received a deputation from the town of Avranches, and the story of the cage was recalled to his memory by the spokesman who was making the usual complimentary speech upon his accession to the throne. The king, having returned thanks with his invariable facility of phrase, added:

"I am glad to be reminded of that little adventure, because it was one of the happiest of my life. It was my first chance to prove my love of liberty and my hatred of that despotism which seemed symbolised by those lowering rocky walls. I have kept a little picture as a memento of the affair."

What would he have thought if, as he finished that charming speech, some one had answered:

"King of the People, you yourself will reopen that grim abbey; you yourself will refill those gloomy cells! And the cries and moans that will go up from your own prisoners there, during the fifteen long years that stretch between 1833 and 1848 will deafen posterity to the clang of your axe in 1788."

Yet that was to be the truth.

CHAPTER IV

Égalité and the Revolution—His indecisive conduct—Mme. de Staël—
The taking of the Bastille—The governess and the children at the
spectacle.

THE duc de Chartres had destroyed the wooden cage of Louis XIV. The People were to destroy the stone cage of Charles V. Kings are not omniscient, and one day a fatal error was committed ; they sent to the Bastille, not bodies only, but—Brains. The walls of that cruel fortress were forty feet thick, but they could not imprison Thought. They fell—and the people entered through the breach. The downfall of the Bastille was due neither to Thuriot, nor Maillard, nor Élie, nor Hullin ;—but to Pelisson, to Voltaire, and to Linguet.

The duc d'Orléans had played his part in all the scenes which led up to July 14th ; but his false position hampered him. He could not side openly with the people. Since la Fayette and the Lameth brothers were uneasy under the Republican colours, there is no wonder that a prince of the House of Orleans, a Bourbon descended in direct line from the fifth son of St. Louis, felt his position difficult. The very man who had braved the English guns from the deck of the *Ouessant* in simple shirt and *cordons bleus*, thought it well to wear a shirt of mail under his coat when he went to join the Third Estate at the head of forty-seven nobles. This led to his undoing. He turned faint ; they loosened his clothes—and the mail shirt was exposed to view. Yet, on the terrible 10th of August, when those about begged the king to don armour, he refused. Weak as he was, Louis XVI was not weak enough for that. Mirabeau, sublimely obscene, had his bon-mot on this matter.

When Bailly's term as president of the National Assembly expired, on July 1st, the office was unanimously offered to the duc d'Orléans, but he refused it. He purposely kept in obscurity, for he dared not take a decided line. He desired to wait on opportunity, and remained safely concealed where the beatings of his heart would not be heard. That is why the Orleans party lacked the power to achieve and yet was too much in view to escape accusation.

England helped to start these accusations. "Spend, spend," cried Pitt; "and send no account to me."¹ But this money—these millions—that Pitt offered were not to finance the Revolution, but to play the game of England by inciting France to bloodshed, disaster, and disgrace. The English sought oblivion for one thing and vengeance for another; they wanted to wipe out the memory of their own revolution of 1648—the scaffold at Whitehall and the eleven years of Cromwell's iron rule; and they thirsted to avenge the aid that France had given to their own rebellious subjects in America during the War of Independence. Pitt resented Washington's fight for the freedom of his country less than he resented the help that la Fayette had given him.

We will quote here the opinion that Mme. de Staël had formed of the duc d'Orléans. Her big brain easily took the measure of his little nature.

"He was more prone to grumble than to plan; his ruling mood was discontent rather than ambition. An Orleans party gained followers because there was a general feeling that a deviation from the direct royal line, such as that resorted to by the English a century ago, might be favourable to the cause of liberty, since it would place at the head of the Constitution a king who owed his throne to it instead of a king who believed himself despoiled by it.

"But the duc d'Orléans was utterly unfit to play the part that William III had played in England;—and apart from the respect felt for and due to Louis XVI, it was obvious that the duke could neither support his own cause nor protect that of others. He had charm, manner, wit; but

¹ Macaulay's essay on William Pitt is instructive as regards French opinion of his foreign policy.—*Translator's Note.*

his social successes had developed his love of pleasure ; and when the frenzy of the Revolution seized on him, it found him without curb or steadfastness. Mirabeau sounded him in a few interviews and decided that no political enterprise could rest with safety upon such a temperament.

“ The duc d’Orléans always voted with the popular party, perhaps with the vague hope of securing for himself the first prize ; but there was never any serious chance of this. It was said that he bribed the mob ; but whether that was so or not, no one with any conception of the Revolution could suppose that bribery would make any appreciable difference, one way or the other. A whole people does not surge into revolt for petty gains. The Court party made the mistake of looking for some trivial explanation of the long-pent-up emotion now seething through the nation.”

Mme. de Staël was right ; great risings indicate the need for change which nations feel when they realise that things as they are have become unbearable. These first upheavals are instinctive, irresistible, Providential. The mischief is, that individuals seize the chance to turn these tumults to their own advantage and so force the nation on, beyond the desired goal. For example, when the citizens of Paris took the Bastille in 1789, they did not foresee the imprisonment, trial, and death of Louis XVI ; when they cried, “ Give us the Charter ! ” in 1830, they did not intend the abdication of Charles X or the offer of the throne to the duc d’Orléans. Nor, when they cried : “ Give us Reform ! ” in 1848 did they intend the fall of Louis Philippe and the establishment of the Republic. In 1789 they wanted a Constitution, in 1830 the repeal of the laws, and in 1848 a change of ministry. Individual interests brought about the rest. And, to our thinking, since Providence works with human tools, those individual interests are themselves the instruments of God.

But we are neglecting our immediate subject.

On July 10th, la Fayette, whose life was spent between provoking revolutions and suppressing them, read the Declaration of Rights. On the 11th, Necker, while at supper, received orders to leave France, calmly put

the fateful letter in his pocket, finished his meal, and, as he rose, said simply, "Let us go." On the 12th, Louis XVI formed a new ministry; and the mob, still ignorant of its force, still dreading disaster, began to throng the streets.

Camille Desmoulins was the soul of that mob;—Desmoulins, with Pétion, formed the real Republican party. The Palais-Royal was its head-quarters; there the first club was established, the first journal printed, *La Bouche de Fer*; from thence came the first deputations to the Commune and the Assembly. From the Palais-Royal started those revolutionaries who set at liberty the Gardes-françaises, who were held prisoners at the Abbaye. From the Palais-Royal, carrying in triumph the busts of Necker and the duc d'Orléans, set out that procession on whom the loyal Swiss fired with such disastrous effect. From the Palais-Royal swept that breath which was to blow down the Bastille.

Where was the duc d'Orléans during that terrible day? Hidden behind a half-open shutter, peeping out into the tumultuous and noisy street.

Where was the duc de Chartres? Oh, every one knew that. The duc de Chartres was with his brothers and sister and Mme. de Genlis at Saint-Leu. They were having private theatricals when the news came that the barriers were down, that the Swiss had fired on the people, that the Gardes-françaises had fired on the Swiss, and that the mob was marching on the Bastille. The play stopped. They all mounted horses or jumped into carriages, the actors without even stopping to change their costumes. One of them, being dressed as Polyphemus, was taken by the mob for an aristocrat satirising their fury and only just escaped being torn to pieces.

At this period Beaumarchais had a house on the Boulevards—a house with a charming terraced garden of which the ruins can still be seen. He was a friend of the Palais-Royal, so Mme. de Genlis took her charges there, and it was from his terrace that they saw the fall of the Bastille; an appropriate station, since the author of the "Marriage of Figaro" had done his share

to bring about the event. The duc de Chartres took such delight in that great event that a Royalist pamphlet now before us blamed him bitterly for not controlling his enthusiasm.

“He could not keep his seat, but stamped his feet and clapped his hands, calling greetings to all the passers-by; his excitement was so great that Mme. de Genlis, who took but little trouble to hide her own delight, felt it necessary to scold him for his indiscretion.”

We are far from agreeing with this censure. That frank enthusiasm was beautiful. Oh, king, why did you not keep a sketch of the taking of the Bastille “as a memento,” to hang beside the one you boasted of possessing—that pretty picture of the little axe, doing its little deed? Had your royal eyes rested on THIS picture, surely some sense of the prince’s finer zeal must have stirred you to contempt for the king’s backsliding!

After July 14th—August 4th! The duc d’Orléans shared in the self-abnegations of that night; he renounced all his prerogatives as Lord High Steward of French Flanders. But all this put no bread into the people’s mouths—and France was, literally, dying of hunger.

CHAPTER V

The terrible winter—Famine—The march to Versailles—La Fayette—Égalité in England.

EVIL omens, presaging not the fall of a Cæsar, but the end of a monarchy, came fast and terrible. For a year past, horror had followed horror. On July 13th, 1788, a storm of hail had ravaged France; Chartres, the richest of her territories, was ruined; harvests were swamped in forty-three parishes of the Isle de France; fifty-four more, in Beauvoisis, had neither bread to eat nor corn to sow. Then came winter and bitter cold; the port of Marseilles was frozen over: so was the sea at Calais; you could walk for a distance of two leagues upon the Channel, as on Arctic ice. The Loire overflowed and the valley of the Rhône was flooded; at Nantes the fish floated dead; at Lille old men and children were found frozen in their beds; in Paris the fountains all ran dry; everywhere wells were frozen and water-mills standing still, as if, having nothing to grind, their task was done. Peasants were eating bran and boiling grass into a soup.

Some historians say that the admirable conduct of the duc d'Orléans during this winter of horrors was pure calculation. What does that matter? The act speaks for itself; its motive is beyond our judgment. Admirable indeed was the distribution of meat and bread that he set going in many quarters of the city, admirable also his idea of having immense fires lit in his courtyards so that the poor souls might creep in and get warm. His steward gave the curé of St. Eustache instructions to distribute, not in his name, but at his expense, a thousand pounds of bread every morning. Two coach-

houses at the Palais-Bourbon were turned into huge kitchens, and there, all day long, plates of food were given to every hungry passer-by. Calculation? At least this CALCULATION saved thousands of lives.

It was this terrible winter that made men mad. Round those public fires many a famished wretch whispered of ripening plots into his fellow's ear. Dangerous as this was, it was not so dangerous as the plotting at the Palais-Royal itself, at the Café Foy, or in Girardin's reading-room; plotting headed by Camille Desmoulins, Saint-Huruge, Danton, or Marat.

With the coming of spring the cold ceased, but famine still raged. Nothing had been determined. The municipality and the assembly still defied the court, and the court still tried reprisals. The people lived from hand to mouth, their supplies depending on the uncertain arrival of a boat from Corbeil or a convoy from La Bauce. Even at midnight Bailly had often a bare half of the corn needed for next day's subsistence. This strung the gentle astronomer to threatening point. One day the inhabitants of Versailles detained a convoy meant for Paris, and Bailly wrote as follows to Necker: "If you do not give up the flour that you have seized, thirty thousand men will come and fetch it."

The flour reached Paris.

But when things like this happened it made the distribution of the flour late; the people were kept waiting at the bakers till five o'clock for their bread, and by that time a day's wages had been lost. After fasting all day they would have food of a sort that night, certainly, but then they would have to work all the next day to make money to buy more, and so would again fast for forty-eight hours. These things were horrible. The women suffered more than any; their husbands were brutalised by hunger and their children fractious and unmanageable.

"Why don't you give me something to eat, mother? I'm so hungry," the child would ask, unable to understand that there was anything beyond his mother's power. A fresh outbreak was imminent—and this

time from the women. Men were the ruling force on July 13th and 14th, but women took the lead on October 5th and 6th.

Everything was added to the long score against the court. The convoy of flour detained at Versailles was detained for the king and queen, they said—for the dauphin and the court—and feeling ran high. "The baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy," what could they do with all the quantity of flour they seized? That was how those nicknames came to be used for the king, the queen, and the poor little dauphin, who was one day to know what hunger meant.

"If the king and queen and dauphin lived in Paris instead of at Versailles, they wouldn't do such things," the people said. "Why shouldn't we go to Versailles and fetch them back with us to Paris?"

On the evening of October 4th there were, perhaps, a hundred thousand people in Paris who had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, and five or six thousand who had fasted for forty-eight hours. One woman began to run from St. Denis to the Palais-Royal, crying as she went: "Versailles to-morrow—Versailles!"

Early next morning a young girl beat the roll-call on a drum; fifteen thousand women swarmed about her, crying—"To Versailles!" We all know the result of this terrible armed pilgrimage, which threatened death to the very saint whose aid it implored.

Three or four townspeople and five or six guards were killed, in bloody expiation of that famous feast five days before, when the queen had appeared with the little dauphin, in whose cap she had placed the Black Cockade. It was at this orgy that a drunken dragoon declared that he had been sent by the duc d'Orléans to assassinate the king. Maudlin, he hacked at himself till the blood came and then implored his comrades to finish the business and kill him; the roisterers did their best, leaving him half dead, so well was he kicked. Nights like those of the 1st and 3rd of this month bring in their train days like the 5th and 6th. Vari-court and Deshuttes, slain at the queen's door, furnished

the hideous trophies of this day—severed heads on the ends of pikes ! But its achievement was the bringing back to Paris of the king.

The duc d'Orléans had no hand in the doings of the 5th and 6th. Certainly he was excited and was seen on the road half-way between Paris and Versailles ; but all Paris was excited, and all Paris restlessly moved from spot to spot along that fatal road. No accusation of complicity was ever brought against the duke. Early on the 6th he was seen in the Marble Court, among the dying guards, a riding switch in his hand and a huge black cockade in his hat.

Yet his name was spoken—spoken at supper by the drunken soldier—spoken at night-time by the starving people. He mounted his cockade and trifled with his switch in vain ; his offer of services was coldly declined, the king turned his back on him and the queen flung insults. Mirabeau and he were the two responsible for those terrible days of blood—blood which had splashed the queen's skirts, when shed in her defence. The duc d'Orléans was said to have his eye on the office of Lieutenant-General of the Realm—and Mirabeau on that of Minister.

The only question was—what to do with the duc d'Orléans ? It was difficult, with a gesture or a word, to be free of him. Liége was in revolt. The people had risen, turned out the prince-bishop, and seized the governing power. Here was a chance. Would the prince go to the Low Countries and settle this insurrection of the Austrians against the Belgians ? If so, once peace was made, he should be rewarded with honours. The royal duchy of Brabant—how would that suit him ? M. de Montmorin was given the difficult task of negotiating this little matter with the duke. He refused. La Fayette was the next to try persuasion. He suggested that as the duke was an Anglomaniac, there was good work for him to do in England. La Fayette spoke on the subject with characteristic suavity as follows :

“ Prince, the steps of the throne are broken ; but the throne itself still holds sway and will retain that sway, for

it is the rampart of the Constitution, and of the liberties of the people. Both France and her king need peace—and your presence here provokes dissension. France's enemies, who are also your enemies, stir up discord in your name and excite the mob to riot. These rumours and riots are dangerous and must be stopped. The friendly relations you have maintained with England may do the State important service; the king places his interests in your hands and is persuaded that he will not appeal to you in vain. He offers you a striking proof of his confidence in you, and a brilliant chance to aid in the restoration of order by snatching from the agitators the weapon they have made of your name."

Fain would the duke have refused this commission too; but this time he had no excuse to offer. So he accepted the Embassy—which was merely exile in disguise. He left France.

CHAPTER VI

The young duke at the National Assembly and Jacobin Club—"We are citizens of Paris"—Return of *Égalité*—His wife's appeal—The Journal.

ALTHOUGH Mme. de Buffon was now openly rivalling Mme. de Genlis in the affections of her exiled lover, the political influence of Mme. de Genlis had in no way abated. She remained in France to watch over the young princes, whose line of conduct was, doubtless, traced out by their father, the length of whose absence no one could foretell. It must have been due to this paternal influence that the young duc de Chartres, with his two brothers, the ducs de Beaujolais and de Montpensier, took the Oath of Patriotism in the uniform of the National Guard, which was not obligatory on any one under the age of twenty-one. Not content with this, the duc de Chartres zealously attended the sessions of the National Assembly and the Jacobin Club. A Royalist pamphlet waxes hot over the presence of the duke and his two brothers in the Strangers' Gallery of the National Assembly on the day when Pétion and Mirabeau denounced that famous feast given to the guards and officers of the Flemish regiment. Was it true? This is what the pamphlet says:

"The Royalists were dumb with horror as the Orleanists volleyed forth their threats, hot-headed, drunk with excitement, crying for blood. Mirabeau, Sillery, Alexandre and Charles de Lameth, Pétion, Grégoire, all shouted as one man—'A victim! The nation is crying for a victim!'

"The Orleanists in the gallery caught this intoxication, this thirst for blood. Puget de Barbantane rose and cried—'The lanterns want to swing again! Set them swinging!'

The wife of Charles de Lameth whispered something in his

ear, and he answered her aloud : ‘ Don’t you hear, dear ? The lanterns are to be set swinging again ! ’

“ ‘ Shame ! ’ cried the marquises de Raignecourt and de Beauharnais. ‘ Shame—shame on the jest and its brutal incitement ! ’ The ducs de Chartres and de Montpensier, sons of the duc d’Orléans, were also in the gallery ; and the duc de Chartres, turning on the marquis, cried : ‘ The lanterns must and shall swing ! ’ ”

This Royalist accusation is no proof that the duke did speak as here reported, but it does prove that he was present at the Assembly. This was before the duc d’Orléans had left Versailles ;—but he was in England, as we have said, on that February 9th, when his sons, in the uniform of the National Guard, presented themselves at the Registry of Saint-Roch, and, crossing out all the titles that the clerk had entered after their names, wrote simply : “ Citizens of Paris.”

Once, even, the duc de Chartres wrote a letter to Marat’s newspaper, *The People’s Friend*, in indignant refutation of an article that had appeared elsewhere, describing the people as a beast of prey. In Marat’s paper this letter from the young prince appeared—in Marat’s paper ! What could be more significant ?

This at least is to his credit. The day that the Assembly abolished the Right of Primogeniture, he embraced his brother, saying : “ Hurrah ! But even if the Assembly had not done it, it would have been done all the same as between us ! ” He wanted to join the Jacobins, but this was such a grave step to take that his mother, stately and noble princess de Penthièvre, opposed it with all her authority. That authority had dwindled to very little. Mme. de Buffon had her husband’s love ; Mme. de Genlis had his ear. Still, the mothers’ determined opposition delayed the decision till the father’s return, which took place after eight months’ exile. He was back in Paris for the Federal Fête, on the Field of Mars, July 14th, 1790.

A few days after his return, his wife wrote him the following letter, sufficiently important to be quoted in its entirety :

“ You are right, dear friend ; it is better to set down on paper what I have to say. Wordy discussions are too apt to lead to cruel things said in the heat of the moment and heart-breaking between husband and wife. Let us finish with the subject of Mme. de Sillery (Mme. de Genlis) once and for all. I want peace and ease of mind—and time to be happy with the good gifts you have given me. Now I see my children several times a week I am so much happier ; I owe that to you—and it has changed the world for me. Oh, I am not going over past grievances ; do not be afraid ; but the wrong Mme. de Genlis has done me she has *done*—and neither her diary nor anything that she can say can alter that fact ; ‘ I have seen, and heard—and suffered.’ I only wish to speak now of the future. She cannot undo what she has done ; but she need not turn the knife in the wound ; and if I see my children as I should and find her changed, I will willingly forget. That is what I want to say. She has shown temper lately—I bore with her—but each time she has sent a little letter of regret and apology and I sent my little daughter to her with my thanks and wrote her, too, a letter in reply that I believe would have pleased you. She shall not have to complain of me, if she will only give me no cause to complain of her ! Do you want more from me, dear husband ? I can’t pretend that I love her—or that I trust her ; she has wounded me too often and too nearly ;—but she may count on every courtesy from me. I will show her every outward regard ; I will show how I *want* to respect the guardian of my children. If I cannot do so, it will not be my fault. Don’t blame me ; it will not be just. Don’t let us discuss her ! It is more painful to me now than ever, for at least you never tried to excuse her before. You were content then to say that you had your reasons for placing confidence in her—but now you tell me plainly that you—find your pleasure in her—and that *she* loves *me* ! It stabs me to the heart. Don’t let this discord come between us ! Let us put it aside and be, as always, friends ! You know without telling that you can trust me—that you need have no fear that anything can shake my loyalty to you. You have not doubted me, have you ? I could not bear it. Those who have tried to come between us had their own interests to serve. You did not believe them ? Not a day has passed that I have not thought of you and longed for you.

"There is one other point ; I mean, Mme. de Buffon. Your love for her was another blow to me at first—but she seems so sincerely fond of you that I can bear her no ill-will. She has come between you and me—but she loves you—and that gives her a claim on *me*. Don't be afraid to speak of her to me ; tell me all, frankly ; I want your confidence. My greatest happiness would be to know that you turn to me for sympathy and understanding. You promised to come and see me oftener ; don't forget ! You shall meet whom you will, when you come. Tell me when you are coming and I will do your pleasure, in every way, or, at least, will see that no one is here displeasing to you.

"As for what I said to my son—now I know your wishes, I will tell him that I would never have interfered if he had only spoken out and told me your intentions. I would not for the world have our children think that I have any will but yours ; it would be so painful to them ! I always have and always will set them the example of obedience. In everything, that is, except a matter vital to their future ; and this matter is so vital that, though I have yielded so far, I must once more implore you to reflect ! It is a duty you owe to him and to yourself. I cannot believe that you have arranged a thing of this importance utterly without reference to me. It has wounded me bitterly ! I thought you would give me a voice about the future of my own child ! But, if I cannot move you, I will say no more—for I could not bear to let him know that we differ ; something terrible might spring from it ! At first he might not realise what my giving way to you portended—but, when he did, he must either think me a fool and lose all regard for me—or he would see how little you regard me. It would mean that he must take sides either for you—or against you—I could not run that risk. I must just shut my heart in silence.

"The worst of it is, I cannot keep him in ignorance of my opinion, for my father is sure to spread the report that I am distressed beyond words that my son should be a Jacobin—and when the boy hears that, will he not insist upon my speaking to him about it, so that he may not have to reproach himself one day for not having listened to me ? You admitted, dear, that there are many reasons against this line of conduct ; are you sure those reasons *against* do not outweigh your reasons *for* this step ? If the Jacobins were all Deputies it would not so much matter, for then they

would be judged by their conduct at the Assembly. Then we could warn our son ; but how put him on his guard against that crowd of excited nobodies who heat his young blood with their clamour ? He is only seventeen. If he were older and could distinguish for himself, that would be different—but to throw a boy of his age among those firebrands—we, his parents ! I can but wish he were back in the safe charge of Mme. de Sillery. And you tell me it is to give him a chance to practise speaking and that a famous English orator made his name at that age ! But surely that was in the English Parliament, or at the Bar ; must our son go to the Jacobins for practice ? Could not he learn at the National Assembly or the new Courts ? Why not wait for the new Legislature ? It only means a few months' delay. And perhaps by then the Jacobins will be in better odour."

In spite of this letter, the duc de Chartres was received into the Jacobin Club. This is his own description of the occasion, written in the diary that the duke kept day by day, from October 23rd, 1790, till August 23rd, 1791—of course at the suggestion of Mme. de Genlis. The diary is still in existence ; it was printed in 1800 and reprinted in 1831. We turn up the entries for November 1st, 1790.

"I dined at Monceaux ; at my father's urgent wish, M. de Sillery proposed me for admission to the Jacobins."

November 2nd.—"I was received as a Jacobin yesterday and greatly applauded."

He was not content at being received among the Jacobins. He insisted that there should be no difference made between his novitiate and that of any other new member. For a whole month he fulfilled the duties of Usher, opening and shutting the doors, letting in the members of the society, ejecting intruders, and imposing silence on all interrupters. These duties so far failed to cool the young prince's ardour that he determined to get his brother elected member too. On November 3rd this entry occurs :

"I proposed that the rules of the Jacobin Club as regards

age should be altered to admit members as soon as they had reached the age of eighteen, but my amendment was thrown out ; so I then explained that I had a motive for proposing that amendment, because my brother ardently desired to become a member and the present rule necessitated a long wait for him. M. Collot d'Herbois replied that the rule should not apply to youths so wonderfully educated as we were, as we were older than our age. I thanked him and then left the club.' ~

Not a bad début for a youngster, truly ; to get a letter into Marat's paper and to secure the patronage of Collot d'Herbois for his brother. Marat's interest one can understand. The man was sincere ; his was the determination of the vulture or the tiger. But Collot d'Herbois—bad poet, worse historian, drunken spouter, soon to be the ravager of Lyons and the butcher of '93—to strike up a friendship with that sottish ruffian showed somewhat too much Republicanism, my young prince, and ranks by the side of those cordial handshakings that you bestowed upon the rag-pickers of Paris on August 5th and 6th, 1830. The Jacobins themselves, extravagant in their flattery of the son, ended by cutting off his father's head.

November 3rd.—"I went to the Assembly this morning, and this evening I was made a member of the Committee of Presentations—that is, the Committee appointed to inquire into all proposals."

November 9th.—"This evening I was at the Jacobins, where I was elected Censor ; I hear that I am to be one of the Deputation appointed to lay before the Assembly the project relating to the Tennis-Court Oath."

This project was merely to have a certain number of engravings done of the famous picture painted by David. But now follows a passage that seems to bear out what the Royalist pamphlet had to say of his behaviour on the night when the cry went up for a further swinging of the gallows *lanterne*. Read this—and remember that it is written by the duc de Chartres and was printed, later, in his honour.

November 11th (Session of the Assembly).—“M. Biauzat proposed that the military committee and the committee of the Constitution should unite to present a Bill on the composition of the King’s Bodyguard. M. de Beauharnais demanded that the king should never command the army in person, and that the two committees mentioned should be dismissed. M. Malouet opposed this.

“M. ALEXANDRE LAMETH. ‘Friends of Liberty are always looked upon as enemies of the king.’

“ROYALISTS. ‘Hear, hear! So they are!’

“OPPOSITION. ‘No, no. The true friends of the king are the men who swept away the clergy and parliaments; the men who have delivered the nation from the tyrannies under which she laboured for so long.’ Loud applause from the Opposition benches and the galleries, in which I joined. M. de Cassigny, a young deputy from the Department of Var, and M. de Chêze, who sat beside him, asked the president to order my ejection because of the noise I made. The president shrugged his shoulders and I continued to clap, but when I took up my glass to see who were the two members who had complained of me, they cried ‘Put down that glass!’ an order I did not obey until I had picked them out and recognised them.”

November 19th.—“This evening we went to see Brutus. The audience took the allusion when Brutus said:

‘Ye gods, grant me to die rather than live a slave!’

They shouted and clapped and threw their caps into the air and cheered to the echo; it was splendid. Another line finishing:

‘Oh, to be free—and under no man’s rule!’

was also applauded, but I did not clap, nor did any one in our box. Some one called out—‘Long live the king!’ But as it is not constitutional to cry ‘Long live the king’ alone, they changed it to that triple call which rings so finely from patriotic throats—‘Long live the nation, the king—and the law—Long live our liberty!’ It was easy to see that the patriots were far more numerous than the aristocrats. Three or four of these latter tried to applaud lines that appealed to them, but they were hushed down.”

December 18th.—“Yesterday I dined at the Palais-Royal with Mmes. de la Charve, de Saint-Simon, MM. de la Charve,

de Menou (the gambler), de Thiars, de Bercheny, etc.; they talked of nothing but the conflagrations and made silly aristocratic jokes that disgusted me."

January 2nd, 1791.—"I went to the Tuileries yesterday in court dress; thanks to my father, precedence is now not a matter of title but of seniority; with the exception of the comte and comtesse d'Artois, who were not there. Monsieur took the same rank as when he was a prince. The Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld took the old precedence of a cardinal and would not follow the new order. The queen spoke to my father and brother, but said nothing to me. No one spoke to me; neither the king, nor monsieur, nor any one else."

January 5th, 1791.—"Yesterday I went to the Assembly. The question of Juries was before the House. M. Duport was against the depositions; MM. Robespierre and Goupil for them. Nothing was decided. At 2 o'clock they brought up the question of the Oath for the bishops and curés, members of the Assembly. It was then decreed that the president, M. Eyméri, should question them; they refused the Oath. It was then decreed that the president should go to the king and beg him to command the execution of the decree as regards those members who have not taken the Oath. I did not leave till half-past 4. I went straight to Bellechasse, to tell my friend there the news. At half-past 5 we went to the Comédie-Française, to the first night of *Despotism Overthrown*, by M. Harny. It is a stage setting of the Revolution, the Taking of the Bastille, and so on. It had an enormous success; the author was called and crowned. I called on M. de Harny this morning, but he was not in."

Mark the difference between the duc de Chartres, going to congratulate M. de Harny on his success;—and the duc d'Orléans of 1828, who scrawled on his ledger: "Stop paying M. Dumas' salary; he has taken up literature." But then—what a play this *Despotism Overthrown* must have been! Listen to the following account of it from the history of the Théâtre-Français:

"People must have run revolution-mad to applaud a work so crude and monstrous. To think that such nonsense

had a long run ! The author owed a great debt of gratitude to the stage firearms, which went off continually, all through the piece ; but at least he had the distinction of being the first to put on a pantomime in dialogue at the Théâtre-Français. We must honour it by the name of dialogue, because its author borrowed for his characters all the stock phrases of the *Moniteur* and the *Journal des Débats*. M. Harny, collaborator with Favart over *Bastien et Bastienne*, is the perpetrator of this balderdash, for which he was awarded a civic crown. From this successor we may deduce the feverish delirium of that famous epoch."

Notwithstanding the badness of the piece and the mediocrity of its author, the duc de Chartres was not to be discouraged, but called again and again till he found his celebrity at home.

January 7th.—"I saw M. Harny to-day, having at last caught him in. I embraced him and told him what a deep impression his play had made on me. He seemed pleased at my visit."

January 8th.—"I went to the Assembly yesterday morning and to the Jacobins at 6 o'clock. M. de Noailles presented a book on the revolution written by Mr. Joseph Tower as a reply to the book by Mr. Edmund Burke. He praised it highly and proposed that I should translate it. This proposal was loudly applauded. I accepted with trepidation, telling them how afraid I was that I should not fulfil their expectations. I got back home at a quarter past 7. Last night my father told me that he did not want me to do it, and that I must get out of it. I will do as he wishes next Sunday."

January 30th.—"Yesterday I went to the Jacobins with MM. Sillery and Voidel. I told them, as my father wished me to, that I was not equal to writing a book. I could only make a literal translation of it, and Mr. Pieyre would revise it and put his name to it. They accepted this proposition."

M. Pieyre was the duke's secretary ; he wrote a play called *A School for Fathers*.

February 8th.—"Yesterday I only went to the Assembly

for a few moments, and then on to M. de Rochambeau to ask him what steps I could take to get my regiment attached to his army. He said that as he had not enough cavalry, he should ask M. Duportail for cavalry regiments, so that all I had to do was to get sent to Béthune."

Here we may as well end these quotations from the duke's diary. As will have been seen, there is nothing remarkable about them, except his great enthusiasm for the revolution and the Jacobins.

CHAPTER VII

Jacobins and Jacobins—"My governess first, my mother afterwards"—
The mother's despair—The king dismisses Parliament—The duc de
Chartres joins his regiment—The flight to Varennes—"I have saved
a life."

LEST we give the impression that the duc de Chartres was even more of a Sans-Culotte than he really was, we ought to explain that the Jacobins of 1791 were very different from the Jacobins of '93. Neither the same men nor the same opinions ruled among them, a brilliant surface still covering the menace of their terrible and sombre depths. Yet even at this time there was something stirring that warned the more discriminating.

Duport was the founder of the Jacobins; a man of brains and an experienced revolutionary. Before founding this club, those politicians of similar tendency to himself used to meet at his house in the rue Grand-Chantier, near the Temple. These men were all versed in the art of pulling strings, and engineering popular discontent for the benefit of the government. Mirabeau and Sieyès once joined them, but left with a sense of distrust. "Cellar plotting" was Sieyès' phrase for it and he would never go again.

Duport, then, was the first influence at the Jacobins, and after him Barnave and Lameth. The saying went that what Duport thought, Barnave spoke and Lameth did. Mirabeau called them "Triumgueseat," the Triumvirate of Rogues.

But at this time, 1791, the Jacobins were the pick of Paris; distinguished, fastidious, almost dandified, but, above all, cultured. Besides Duport, Barnave, and Lameth, the political trinity of the club, la Harpe, Chénier, Champfort, Andrieux, Sedaine, Vernet, Larive,

Talma graced almost every session. Lais, the singer, saw to the cards of admission, the duc de Chartres was Usher; Laclos, sinister, dark, caustic, author of the "*Liaisons Dangereuses*" and direct agent of the duc d'Orléans, kept the Office while Maximilien de Robespierre looked after the Strangers' Gallery. Of all these men, one only was to serve as link between the Jacobins of '91 and the Jacobins of '93—the imitation Jacobins and the real Jacobins; that man was Robespierre.

The Jacobins to come,—those who were to fill the gaps left as, one after the other, the earlier Jacobins sank into the revolutionary abyss; these men were Saint-Just, Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, Tallien, Santerre, Henriot, Lebas, Carrier, Garat, Roumme. A gulf yawned between. Did she foresee this second brood, that poor duchesse d'Orléans, when she begged her husband not to thrust their son upon them? No, certainly not. All she foresaw was the coldness that would grow between her and her children—and the tie that would strengthen between them and the stranger who had won their father from her.

We find the duc de Chartres writing as follows on February 25th: "As we are starting our hunting again, the weather being now so fine, I have told my mother that she must not expect to see me more than twice a week. She was quite nice about it, and told me not to put myself out in any way." On the same day, the duc de Chartres wrote to Mme. de Genlis: "The two things I care most for in all the world are the New Constitution and You."

This proved the last blow to the poor duchess; she left Paris suddenly and took refuge with her father at Eu; from this retreat she started proceedings for a judicial separation, on the grounds of political and religious differences, her husband's financial ruin, and her hatred of Mme. de Genlis. Mme. de Genlis quitted Bellechasse on this account, but Mme. Adélaïde, following the example of Louis XV when separated from his beloved tutor, M. de Fréjus, fell so seriously ill with fretting that Mme. de Genlis had to be recalled. All

these family troubles worried the duc de Chartres, who wrote as follows in his diary—in imitation of the sentimental school brought into fashion by Rousseau :

May 22nd, 1794.—"The troubles of the last six weeks,—the time I have devoted to my poor sick sister,—my work and the trouble of moving into my new quarters, have left me no leisure for writing in this diary. I reopen it to-day and resolve to enter in it all my thoughts and all my movements ; it shall be the book of my secret soul and in it I will record with honesty my innermost self, whether good or evil. For the last year my growing manhood has demanded from me a perpetual combat ; I have struggled with myself and suffered terribly, but this suffering is for my good and is the promise of a happy future. I shall reap my reward when I settle down to married life. It will not be my lot for some years to come ; but the thought of it keeps up my spirit and enables me to resist those temptations to which youth is too prone to succumb. Mother of my soul, how I bless you for having instilled into me those religious principles that shall be my guide through life ! "

Now to whom do you think this charming apostrophe is addressed ? To the duchesse d'Orléans ? Not a bit of it ! To Mme. de Genlis, of course—his father's mistress—the woman who, together with the New Constitution, is what he cares most for in all the world !

Now WHY did the prince have this diary printed in 1800 and reprinted in 1831 ?

Whilst these domestic events were happening in the bosom of the Orleans family, France was treading the fatal path that led to '93 and the king's death.

Necker handed in his resignation once again and—after only one year of triumphant recall to office—fled once more to his own land. All the parliaments were suppressed. The Assembly, warned by the king that the émigrés were plotting with the German princes, gave orders that all regiments should be prepared for war, and that a hundred thousand recruits for these regiments should be raised. This decree was followed by another ordering all colonels to join their regiments at once, under pain of dismissal. On June 14th,

therefore, the duc de Chartres departed for Vendôme to rejoin his regiment, the fourteenth regiment of Dragoons, or, as it was called, the Chartres Dragoons. He reached it on the 15th and started his military service on the 16th, with enthusiasm, if we are to believe his diary :

June 16th.—"I rose this morning at a quarter to five, and by 6 o'clock had visited all the stables with my lieutenant-colonel."

June 17th.—"I went to the stables this morning and found that there was no officer on duty there. There should always be an officer on duty. The soldiers were very cordial to me."

June 18th.—"This morning every officer was at his post."

Now we get back to the Jacobins again. Every one knows how many branches of the club sprang up all over the country. In Vendôme they called themselves "Friends of the Constitution."

June 19th.—"Visited the Friends of the Constitution ; as there were no presidents attending, they elected me president for the time being. I was very unwilling to accept and made every excuse I could think of, saying that I must get back to write letters as the courier was waiting to take them to Paris and so on ; it was all no use. They would take no refusal."

Now, if the reader is not yet sufficiently edified with the young prince's sentiments, revolutionary and otherwise, please let him peruse the following :

June 20th.—"At 6 o'clock this morning I again went to the stables. It was pouring in torrents. I met M. Lagondie, who said—'What, are you visiting the stables at this early hour—and in such weather ?'

" 'Nothing matters to me, sir, when I have a duty to fulfil.'

" 'But you must not make yourself too cheap ; the dragoons will get too familiar with you.'

" 'I do not follow you.'

“ ‘It is not advisable for them to lose their fear of you. Don’t let them forget your rank and honours.’

“ ‘I entirely disagree with you. I wish them to respect, not my rank, but myself.’

“ ‘But rank weighs with the men. If you don’t mind my saying so, I think you were wrong to refuse the office of president at the club yesterday. It is really a source of danger for you to sit on the same bench as your own soldiers. They will grow to look on you as their equal.’

“ ‘I would rather have devoured the presidential chair than ranked myself above my fellow-men. I cannot believe that distinctions are necessary for the discipline of a regiment. I respect an old soldier scarred with the services he has rendered to his country as heartily as I despise the man who hangs about in the ante-chambers of the rich to obtain an empty honour. Those are my principles,—I am sorry that they are not yours. As I cannot change my principles I fear I must ask you to change the subject of our conversation.’ ”

This was written on June 20th ; the day before the king made his disastrous attempt to fly from France. He was stopped at Varennes by the son of the postmaster Drouet, and returned to Paris under the guardianship of Barnave, Latour-Maubourg, and Pétion escorted by an armed mob. The effect of this attempted flight on the excited country is known to all. The Assembly decreed that the king should be suspended from his royal functions, and the newspapers were hot with comment. The *Patriote-français* had the following lines upon the subject :

“ ‘Let our eighty-three departments unite to declare that they will have no more to do with either king or tyrant, protector or regent, these being but the shadow of a king and as fatal to the human race as was the shadow of the Upas tree. The naming of a regent would be the pretext for a civil war, and many, even those who were too cowardly to fight for liberty, would combat for the ruler of their choice.’ ”

But other papers took other views ; many voted for a regent and some went the length of naming the duc

d'Orléans. The prince published this declaration in *L'Assemblée Nationale* :

“ SIR,

“ Having read in your paper your opinion as to the measures to be taken in the present crisis of affairs and finding you so well-disposed to myself, I wish to repeat in your pages the statement that I made publicly on the 21st of this month to several members of the National Assembly ;—namely, that, though I am always ready to serve my country in any way I can, however great the devotion that service may demand from me, yet, if a regency is in question, I renounce unhesitatingly every right that the Constitution gives me. After having made so many sacrifices in the interests of the people, and in the cause of liberty, it would not be right on any pretext for me to leave the rank of simple citizen in which I have voluntarily enrolled myself with the full intention of a life-long renunciation of all ambitious projects. I am not writing this to silence my detractors, for I know only too well that my very zeal for liberty and equality will but inflame their venom ; I despise their calumnies—my conduct stands above them ; I simply take this opportunity to repeat my unswerving resolution, lest measures should be resorted to which this resolution might render futile.

“ L. P. J. D'ORLÉANS.”

So wrote the father. The son was doing the better thing, since, instead of making an empty protest against any ambitious projects which might be attributed to him, he was being actively instrumental in saving two of the clergy from the anger of the mob and rescuing another poor wretch from drowning. This is his own account of the latter deed :

August 5th, 1791.—“ Happy day ! I have saved a man's life—or at least, helped to do so. This evening I read a few pages of Pope, Metastasio, and Émile, and then decided to have a bathe. I was just drying myself when I heard some one cry out—‘ Help ! help ! I am drowning ! ’ I rushed at once to the spot, followed by Edward,¹ who was a little further off. I got there first, and seeing a hand just waving above the surface of the water, I snatched hold of it, but

¹ Edouard Noir, a negro servant.—*Translator's Note.*

should have been dragged under and drowned if Edward had not come to my assistance. He seized the drowning man by the leg and so prevented his pulling me down, and, between us, we got him to shore. As soon as he could speak he poured out his gratitude to us both. What pleases me most is the thought of what will be said about this at Bellechasse. I must have been born under a lucky star, I get so many chances, and have only to profit by them. The drowning man was M. Siret, sub-engineer, from Vendôme. Now I shall go to bed, feeling satisfied with myself."

It is a great thing to save the life of another man—great enough to earn forgiveness of the prince's obstinate attachment to the woman who ousted his mother.

He follows this with some comments on the Oath, which four of the officers of the Chartres Dragoons had refused to take—MM. de Lagondie, Bouillon, Damonville, and Montureux.

"The one I regret most," he says, "is M. Montureux. I had a good opinion of him, but cannot retain it after this, for I cannot esteem a man who places anything before the welfare of his country.

"At half-past 2 I was awakened by a deputation from Montoire, as passports could not be accorded to the officers without my permission; I replied that I could no longer regard these gentlemen as officers and therefore could neither give nor deny them permission to depart, having no further authority over them. This morning everything was quiet; all the dragoons at their posts, together with all the officers who had taken the Oath. At half-past 10 we assembled on the terrace at the Abbaye."

Here the prince made a speech, but we have no record of it.

"After this," he continues, "I read the decree and the ministerial letter that came with it. I then recited the Oath, and at once every cap was waved on the point of its owner's sabre, and every voice cried—'We swear—Long live the Nation.' This brought answering cries of 'Long

live the Dragoons ! ' for though it was abominable weather, there was a crowd of spectators. We came back amidst loud applause from all the onlookers and passers-by. After dinner, I went to Montoire with M. Roussel. There, too, I administered the Oath to the dragoons, and there, too, was the same enthusiasm as at Vendôme, every one cheering and applauding."

June 26th.—"The day before yesterday, we all assembled on the Mall, where the National Guards were waiting for us. We each walked arm in arm with two of the guards, and so marched in procession to the Abbaye. They then handed me the fuse to fire off the cannon as a signal that the fête had begun ; that done, we went to our places at table. My next-door neighbour was drunk. Verses were recited in my honour after dinner, and then the grenadiers lifted me on their shoulders and carried me round the room in spite of my remonstrances. They insisted on perching me up on a daïs, over the flags and trophies ; but I would not stay there. I fell off backwards and rushed back to my seat among them ; being determined that nothing should make me stay up in that conspicuous place."

In 1830, king, you were raised to a place still more conspicuous than that in which "nothing could make you stay" in 1791 ; and when you fell from there . . . you fell indeed !

CHAPTER VIII

Suetonius not Tacitus—"We demand the liberation of the king"—
The young duke's principles—He is made major-general.

August 1st, 1791.—"Charming day! Long live the Dragoons! There is not a regiment to equal them in all France. With such soldiers we will give the rogues who dare to invade France a fine reception; our country shall be free—or we will perish with her!"

The duc de Chartres wrote these lines in his ephemeral diary just eighteen months before history engraved the following on her granite record:

April 4th, 1793.—"Having relied too far on his personal influence, and finding himself unable to force his soldiers to enter France and march on Paris with the Austrians, general Dumouriez took to flight and has passed over to the enemy, accompanied by the duc de Chartres-Orléans."

Let us explain how this came to be and what effect the son's conduct had on his father's fate.

Strange destiny of princes—swinging from good intent to evil deed, from loyal project to faithless ambition! Tacitus may seek to judge, but we, like Suetonius, venture only to record. Man may propose, but Fate alone disposes. Blame and excuse rest in the hands of God. Yet good came of the one good thing. The man whom the duc de Chartres had saved from death by drowning wrote a letter of praise and gratitude to the Club at Vendôme. The president of the Club sent a paragraph about it to all the papers with an account of a speech made by the duke on the Abolition of the Orders. Here it is:

"GENTLEMEN,

"You all know of the decree suppressing every difference of rank resting on birth alone, and I hope you will do

me the justice to believe that I am too true a lover of equality not to applaud this resolution. It was with genuine pleasure that I at once threw off every frivolous sign of that outward distinction which has too long been paid to things of no account at the expense of real merit. Since the Assembly has issued this decree at the moment of revising the changes effected during the session, we may hope that it will remain in force permanently and that in future only service rendered to our country will receive honour from free and equal Frenchmen. To such service honour is due, and such honours alone shall I esteem. The privileges of my birth I despise, but even if Fate denies me the chance of glorious action, I shall still hope to win the good opinion of my country by the purity of my intentions and the steadfastness of my zeal for her welfare. Should these qualities entitle me to recognition from my fellow-men, I shall hope to show that it is not unmerited."

The Municipal Body of Vendôme decided that in future a civic crown should be the reward for saving life, and that the first of these should be presented to the duc de Chartres. Two formal minutes, dated August 10th and 11th, 1791, are devoted to this solemnity.

Meanwhile, on July 6th, the emperor Leopold II sent a circular letter to invite all sovereign powers to unite in declaring that they regarded the cause of the king of France as their own and that they demanded the instant liberation of the royal family; that they would unite to avenge any attempt against the French monarchy, since they looked upon the Constitution of France as dependent on the will of the king of France, and would employ in concert every means at their disposal to stop the scandal of a usurpation of the governing power, which, by taking the form of open revolt, seemed to menace all the governments of Europe.

This was an open declaration of war. The Assembly accepted it as such, and the duc de Chartres received instructions to start for Valenciennes.

"Thank Heaven!" cried he, on receiving the order, "here is my chance to fight for my country and perhaps be wounded in her service!"

On August 14th the duke quitted Vendôme, stopped at Paris to enter his name on the register of his beloved Jacobins and travelled on to Valenciennes, where he took over the duties of commandant because he had held the rank of colonel for so many years.

On the 27th, when the young prince was installed in his new quarters, Leopold II and Frederick William met at Pilnitz and, in the presence of M. de Calonne and the marquis of Bouillé, issued the following declaration :

“ Their majesties, having heard from the brothers of the king of France of the state of his affairs, declare jointly that they regard the situation in which the king of France now finds himself as one affecting the interests of all the sovereigns of Europe. Confident that this point of view will be taken by the other powers, they ask for their coalition in the measures which shall seem most efficacious for placing the king of France in a position to establish, with all liberty of decision, a basis of government that shall offer an assurance to the rights of sovereign powers and the welfare of the French nation. The coalition formed, their majesties, the emperor and the king of Prussia, are resolved to act promptly to secure the desired end. In the meantime they will give the necessary orders to their troops to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action.”

From September 3rd to 13th the National Assembly busied itself with the constitutional act which has been known since as the Constitution of '91, and on the 14th the king came to the Assembly to take the oath to observe this Constitution and to maintain it to the utmost of his power.

The duc d'Orléans had had to make a fresh profession of his principles to the National Assembly, for on August 24th there was a discussion on the position of the various members of the royal family. It was maintained by the committee that they could exercise none of the rights of an active citizen. This of course furnished the duke with a splendid chance to trumpet forth his republican views.

“ All I have to say of the second part of your proposition

is that you yourselves rejected it absolutely only a few days ago. Is it or is it not for the advantage of the king's relations that you are now proposing to deprive them of the rights of active citizenship? If for their advantage, one clause in your proposition seems utterly opposed to this—I refer to the following;—I will quote it: ‘No privilege or exception shall exist in future for any class of individual except such as are common to all Frenchmen.’ I contend that you have no right to deny to the relations of the king of France the rights of active citizens unless you mean it for their advantage. You declare all those who are born in France of a French father to be French citizens. The relations of the king were born in France of French fathers. You have granted to all men the right of French citizens if they fulfil certain conditions; are not the king's relations men?

“You declare further that citizenship shall not be forfeited except in cases of crime or of voluntary renunciation. Since it is through no crime on my part that I happen to be related to the king of France, I cannot forfeit my citizenship unless I voluntarily lay it down. You do not say that I am not a French citizen, but simply that I am not to share his active rights. How can you call that citizenship that brings no civil rights? By what jugglery can you explain the contradiction of denying to any relation of the monarch, however distant, the right to become a member of the Legislative Body—yet not denying to any relative, however near, of a member of the Legislative Body the chance to become minister, and in that office to exercise a monarch's power?

“I understand, though, that, according to the proposal of your committee, members of the royal family have the option of renouncing citizenship and claiming instead the possible chance of some day succeeding to the throne. On giving the matter further consideration, I feel sure you will reject this proposal altogether; but, should you adopt it, I myself shall unhesitatingly hand in my renunciation of all claim to dynastic rule, to take up, instead, the state of simple citizen.”

The duke sat down amidst loud applause; and, being followed on the same theme by Sillery and Robespierre, the Bill was thrown out and the Assembly decreed that

members of the royal family should have all the rights of active citizens.

Two other questions, resulting from this, were debated at the same session :

“ 1st.—Should they be allowed to compete for the executive power ? *Resolved* : Yes—for all but the Ministry ; but the consent of the Legislative Body must be obtained to their nomination to an Embassy or to a Command in the Army.

“ 2ndly. Should they be designated by any particular name, and if so, what ? *Resolved* : That the members of the royal family, if called to the eventual succession to the throne, shall bear the names given in their birth certificates with the qualification of French princes. Their certificates of birth, marriage, and death are to be submitted to the Legislative Body and deposited in the Archives.”

Nevertheless, an exception was made in the case of the duc de Chartres, whose command in the army was pronounced exempt from the consent of the Legislative Body. Instead of one command, he received two, for on September 11th he was made lieutenant-general and governor of Strasburg. He was only eighteen. He accepted the grade of lieutenant-general, but refused the governorship of Strasburg. Then, at his own wish, he was sent on to the army of Metz, under Kellermann. The young prince hastened to his new post and presented himself before his superior officer ; the latter looked him over from head to foot, and seeing such a youngster, said :

“ Well, you are the first lieutenant-general of your age I have ever seen. What did you do to get such rapid promotion ? ”

“ I managed to be born the son of the man who made you colonel,” replied the prince.

“ Bravo,” cried Kellermann. “ I am delighted to have you on my staff.”

This was about the end of October, during that dis-

astrous campaign which saw the rout of Quiévrain and the assassination of Theobald Dillon.

In March 1792 the duc d'Orléans, who had always retained his rank as admiral, set out for Lorient, to a general review of the navy. During his voyage he heard that, on April 20th, 1792, Louis XVI had attended a meeting of the National Assembly to declare war on Francis I, King of Bohemia and Hungary. The duke at once wrote to the minister Lacoste to ask the king to appoint him to a command.

"You know my zeal for the Constitution," he said, "I am too good a citizen to remain inactive when war is declared ; it is painful to me."

His application was refused. He wrote again, more urgently ; this time the king said : "Oh, let him go where he pleases !" Profiting by this ungraciously worded permission, the duke hastened to join the army, taking with him his third son, the little duc de Beaujolais. His two elder sons had just received their "baptism of fire" at the ill-fated action at Quiévrain ; and M. de Biron reported as follows : "The ducs de Chartres and de Montpensier came with me as volunteers and stood fire for the first time with praiseworthy courage and calm." As a consequence of this, the duc de Chartres was made major-general. He left with a brigade of dragoons under the orders of Lückner, going first to the camp of the Madeleine and from there on to Courtray, where he assisted at the taking of that town by assault, this being his second experience under fire.

Now was the moment of Dumouriez' first connection with the duke,¹ and as this man so greatly influenced the destiny of our young prince, we must pause to give a short account of him, and to explain why he left the ministry to join the army.

¹ Dumas' account is hardly accurate. The duc de Chartres was unaware of his appointment as governor of Strasburg until after the battle of Valmy. On his refusal of the governorship, wishing to fight with the army, Danton arranged for him to serve under Dumouriez. See note to p. 78.—*Translator's Note.*

CHAPTER IX

Kellermann and Dumouriez—A man of ambition—"The king's sword"—
A blow to prestige—To save France.

GREAT events had passed in Paris since the duc de Chartres had paid a flying visit there to inscribe his name in the register of the Jacobins. We know those events by their dates—June 20th, August 10th, September 2nd and 3rd—know them too well to dwell on them. They brought about the imprisonment of the king in the Temple; the creation of the revolutionary tribunal; and the march of volunteers, unanimous and terrible, towards the frontier.

La Fayette wished to play the part of General Monk; he called on his army to re-establish the Constitution and throne the king again at the Tuileries. His army, luckily, was deaf to this incitement to rebellion; and seeing himself ruined, he passed the frontier, but only to be stopped by the Austrians and imprisoned at Olmütz. La Fayette was a traitor, even as Dumouriez, but the treachery of the latter took some seven or eight months longer to pluck up its evil spirit. The Assembly decreed the impeachment of La Fayette, and Dumouriez received command of the army of the east, while Kellermann took over that of the army of the north. That is how the duc de Chartres came to present himself before Kellermann.

Dumouriez had done his best to prevent the fall of the king; but in vain. With the new Assembly a new party had risen into power; the day of the Gironde had come. Robespierre had hoped to dominate the Assembly by means of the Jacobins; but saw to his surprise that the very benches he and his colleagues had so recently quitted were already filled with that

deputation of advocates, poets, and politicians who were to make so great a name by their rectitude, their zeal, and their undaunted courage. Mirabeau was dead—Barnave fallen—but Vergniaud had risen in their stead. In less than six months the Gironde seized the majority, and the queen, sorely against her will, saw herself compelled to place a Girondist in the seat of M. de Narbonne, deposed.

Yet at this, their moment of triumph, when arranging their ministry, the Girondists found themselves in a position almost as embarrassing as that of the court. The Rostrum at this moment was more important even than the Ministry, and they had to reserve their orators to defend their Cabinet. The only way out of it was to form a Cabinet of varied interests. Dumouriez was chosen for Foreign Affairs; Clavière for Finance, and Roland for the Interior—that was the Gironde influence. The three other ministers were less important; they were Duranton as Minister of Justice, de Grave as Minister of War, and Lacoste for Marine Affairs.

Dumouriez is the only one of these with whom we shall have much to do. Born in 1733, Dumouriez was now a man of fifty-eight, but his elasticity of movement, his firm step, and sparkling eyes took ten years from his age. He was a wit, forced by circumstances into intrigue; but he was never a man of genius. He had been a soldier since he was nineteen and was covered with scars, received one day when he refused to yield, though surrounded by the enemy. He was of good family, but provincial, having no interest at court, and so had passed the first thirty years of his life laboriously mounting from grade to grade in the army except when employed in that secret service so characteristic of Louis XV. Under Louis XVI he had at last come into notice through his work on the Port of Cherbourg, started by Louis XVI and finished by Napoleon. At last he had his chance—only to show that he, too, lacked that rarest of all qualities, essential to real greatness—integrity. Nevertheless, we find him Minister for Foreign Affairs, the colleague of Clavière and Roland.

There has been much difference of opinion about Dumouriez. Was he a Constitutional Royalist, a Girondin, or a Jacobin? All and none—he was simply a man of great personal ambition.¹ He it was who had declared war on Austria. This war began disastrously—with a rout and an assassination; the rout of Quiévrain and the assassination of Dillon.

In place of the bodyguard of the old days—who themselves had given place to the Swiss exterminated on August 10th—a Constitutional Guard had been placed about the king; but constant association with Louis had changed them practically into Royalists. It was therefore whispered that the ill news from Quiévrain, over which Paris was lamenting, was a matter of rejoicing to the king's guard. But Paris, wounded, was dangerous; and when a soldier, Joachim Murat, reported that attempts had been made to bribe him and send him to Coblenz—attempts which he, as a good patriot, had indignantly repulsed—the Constitutional Guard was disbanded and the Tuileries put into the safe keeping of the National Guard.

The rout of Quiévrain was a terrible blow to Dumouriez' personal prestige. He had to resign his post in the Cabinet and play scapegoat. He was replaced by Colonel Servan, the friend of Roland—or, more exactly, of Mme. Roland. No innuendo is meant. No one can suspect the chastity of the woman who, when she might have taken safe refuge with the man who loved her, stayed quietly by her child's cradle till they came to carry her to prison and the guillotine.

Only three days after he became minister, Servan proposed to form a camp of 20,000 volunteers by way of celebrating the anniversary of the Federation. This was the deathblow to Dumouriez's ambition. It would never now be possible to succeed where la Fayette had failed and bring about a Royalist reaction.

¹ This view will probably be upheld by posterity in spite of M. Pouget de Saint André's recent attempt to prove the disinterestedness of his hero. See "Le Général Dumouriez," by P. de Saint André. (Perrin et Cie., 1914).—*Translator's Note.*

This camp of volunteers, revolutionary fanatics, destroyed every hope. The court opposed the camp; but the Gironde was weary of the eternal struggle. It was resolved to break with the king once and for all. On May 27th urgent measures were taken against the refractory clergy. The decree was couched in these terms :

“ They shall be deported out of the kingdom within a month, if denounced by twenty active citizens, whose voice is approved by the district and confirmed by the department. They shall receive three livres a day by way of expenses until they have passed the frontier.”

This decree was in the nature of a touchstone. It tore down the mask of constitutionalism behind which the court had tried to screen itself. If the king passed the decree, then he pronounced himself a Girondist—but if he vetoed it he removed that sheltering mask and openly proclaimed himself the king of the clergy and the émigrés. If he should abdicate, it might prove a half-way house for him. The revolution would continue her appointed way without him.

The king seized the pretext of a letter published by Roland to demand his resignation. Roland resigned—but the other Girondists, Clavière and Servan, resigned with him. The king counted on Dumouriez. If Dumouriez would remain in the Ministry, there was still a chance; for Dumouriez was the king's sword. Dumouriez agreed to remain, but on conditions. It seemed to him essential to all hope of crushing the Gironde that the king should seem a Girondist. This is what he proposed: the king was to sanction the decree summoning the 20,000 volunteers, to sanction the deportation of the clergy; and to choose a Cabinet which would aid him to regain lost ground without coming to grips with the Gironde. He proposed Naillac for Foreign Affairs, Vergennes for Finance, Mourgues for the Interior, reserving for himself, the motive power, the Ministry of War.

But, after he had accepted the king's proposition,

after he had braved the wrath of the Assembly, more dangerous for soldiers at this epoch than any field of battle; after he had calmed this wrath by pointing out that the complaint against Roland, Clavière, and Servan was a personal matter, concerning the letter published by Roland; after he had sworn that the king was a true Girondist at heart, and had taken on himself, as proof of what he said, the task of getting the king's signature to the two decrees,—the king failed him, and though he agreed to sanction the decree for summoning the 20,000 volunteers, he declared that his conscience would never let him sanction the decree for the deportation of the clergy.

Dumouriez was ruined. He had but one chance left—one absolution possible—he must save France on the field of war.

He sent in his resignation the next day—and received in exchange orders to rejoin the army. He did rejoin it—but at what a moment! La Vendée had risen; Longwy was besieged; Valenciennes was bombarded; Verdun had opened her gates and sent wreaths to the enemy by the hands of her purest and most beautiful young maidens. Beaurepaire, truly, had blown out his brains rather than yield; Paris was compromised by the massacres of September; France, indeed, was pushing on her children like living ramparts to ward off the enemy. But, for all that, the fact remained that the enemy was but three or four days' march from Paris.

Then a lucky thing chanced for Dumouriez. Though as a minister he was looked upon askance, he was appreciated as a soldier; the politician was distinguished in men's minds from the man of war—and Paris realised that, sword in hand, he would fight on to victory, without a thought of party interest. Once at the frontier, Dumouriez found friends; the Gironde, led by Vergniaud, the Jacobins by Robespierre, and the Cordeliers by Danton one and all set their faith in their general. The Girondists had cause to hate him, for he had deceived them; the Jacobins could feel no

liking for the man who had constantly opposed them ; and Danton hated him as he hated all that seemed to smack of aristocracy and the things that had passed away ; yet the Girondists took him from his subordinate position with the army of the north to make him commander-in-chief ; the Jacobins approved and maintained his nomination ; and Danton sent him the very breath of life when he sent him Fabre d'Eglantine and Westermann.

With Fabre d'Eglantine at his left and Westermann at his right, he fought through the long weeks stretching between June 20th and August 10th. He was not—yet, for a time, he *seemed* to be—the man of the revolution ; that revolution which stood morally so high even when its worldly interests seemed most desperate.

CHAPTER X

Morceau—The duke of Brunswick—His famous manifesto—"M. Frederick William"—Providential rain—The duke of Weimar and Goethe—The princess de Lamballe.

LONGWY was taken through the treachery of certain royalist officers; Verdun opened her gates because of the cowardice of her townsfolk; Beaurepaire blew his brains out in despair at this disgrace, and the young officer who rode with the tidings to the king told his tale with wet eyes and voice so broken by emotion, that the king, outwardly concerned, but inwardly rejoicing, asked his name. His name was Morceau; he had lost all and had yielded up his sword.

"What indemnity can I offer you for so great a loss?" asked the king.

"Another sword, sir," cried the youth, his eyes flashing and his voice ringing with pride.

The sword was given, and four years later he bore it for the last time on the field of Altenkirchen. He died a general. Brunswick felt this spirit in the air when he halted for eight days before Verdun; he dreaded it when he refused to advance at the urgent entreaties of the émigrés, anxious to return.

"Let us wait for those royalists whose help you have assured me is coming. Where are their deputations? Young girls have brought me flowers from your land—but I want supplies and MEN."

Supplies and men. Men indeed were marching, not to aid him, but to resist him;—600,000 volunteers, ill-armed, ill-dressed, ill-nourished—but eager to fight, and resolute to die. What were they singing? "Ça ira"—and the Marseillaise, that new-born hymn that was to chant the triumph of Valmy! Poor duke

of Brunswick ; he had little reason for satisfaction. The Manifesto he had sent had been wrung from him. He neither wished to write it nor to sign it. Why did he, then ? A book entitled "Charles d'Este ; or Twenty Years of a Sovereign's Life " ¹ will tell you.

"The French émigrés had begged the king of Prussia to launch against Republican France a Manifesto that should strike terror into the heart of the Assembly. The ministers of Frederick William and the generals about his person, with the consent of their monarch, insisted that, as generalissimo of the king's army, it was for the duke of Brunswick to draw up this document. The duke objected ; but deeming it his duty to obey the positive orders of the king, he agreed to sign a Manifesto the lines of which were traced out roughly for him. He did sign the copy afterwards submitted to him without giving it close attention, never suspecting the loyalty of his king ; but, too late, he discovered that another paragraph had been added to the rough draft he had read and passed, a paragraph in which he was made to declare 'that if the French did not lay down their arms and peacefully receive Louis XVI as their king, he would burn Paris and put to death one-tenth of the population.' The duke was so horror-struck when, on the publication of the Manifesto, he found this paragraph attached, that he handed in his resignation ; but the king would not accept it, and so abased himself before the duke that the latter could not persist in a resolve which would have compromised the cause he had sworn to serve in the eyes of the whole world."

What sort of man was Brunswick ? In his hands rested the fortune of all the sovereigns forming the coalition. He was a sovereign prince himself, his little dukedom nestling among those imperial and royal crowns of which he was the armed hand. He was getting on in years ; he knew his world and had but little faith in anything. His only god was the god of pleasure ; and he held office between the High Priest and High Priestess of that god—Leopold II and Catherine II. Leopold had succumbed, killed by his

¹ Paris, Canel, 1836.—*Translator's Note.*

vices, but Catherine seemed to thrive on hers ; men go down before much that is meat and drink to a woman.

Brunswick himself, though brave, witty, experienced, had left behind on the field of Pleasure that firmness of will, that clearness of brain which he needed for the field of battle. He said sneeringly—"We'll hold a military festival," when he started the campaign with France—and his king was coming to the festival and had invited thither all those little dukes and princelings who to this day scarcely know whether they rank as independent rulers or are merely vassals of the empire. Amongst these princes was the duke of Weimar ; like Brunswick, he, too, brought his king with him ; but his was a king of intellect and subject only to God. This Sovereign Power of Thought was Goethe—who, in the midst of all this panoply of war, was to bring forth Faust, that masterpiece of detail cast in a formless mould—that searchlight of the seeker after truth.

And, whilst the poet conceived Faust and Mephistopheles, Fate also brought her actors on the stage ; Faust took the name of Napoleon and Mephistopheles that of Talleyrand. The ideal Faust and the real Faust were destined to appear almost at the same moment ; and who shall say which had the greater cause for anguish—Faust, at the sight of Margaret defiled upon the Brocken, or Napoleon watching France broken to pieces on the field of Waterloo ? Only the devil with his limping foot could answer.

The duc de Brunswick disdained to consult the man of genius. He took the word of that man of matter, Frederick William. This worthy king declared : "I am going to Paris to give back his kingdom to the king ; to re-establish the power of the clergy and to restore to every noble his lost lands." A well-turned phrase, but of a sense little agreeable to the people of France.

M. Frederick William, as the Jacobins of Paris called him, was undertaking a more difficult task than he imagined. To tear from the people their new-found liberties, and seize again the lands on which, as serfs, they had suffered so many years, would be like cutting

down the forest of Tasso, where the trees shed blood under the axe and filled the air with pitiful laments. Land and the peasant were wed ; and their child was Liberty. Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder. A new France had sprung up ; the original buyers of the confiscated land had sold to others, and these, in their turn, had often sold again. Each stretch of property was now split up into small and smaller plots, and these plots were dear to the men who had given their toil to make them fertile. Not the buyers alone, but their fathers, their sons, and the financier who had lent the cash to buy them were all keenly interested in retaining their hold upon them. Impossible to snatch them away now. Besides—something was to happen.

Dumouriez was waiting for his foes in the Passes of the Argonne. The heavens themselves were siding with the French. Rain poured down—an incessant rain, soaking the Prussians, loosening the earth beneath their feet, smothering them in mud. A rain as providential to the cause of France as the frost of 1812 was to the cause of Russia.

As the enemy advanced, every one fled. Food, arms, even the farm implements were carefully concealed. Only the grapes of Champagne were left—September grapes, givers of dysentery and death. As the volunteers advanced, every door opened ; food, warmth, light—poor indeed, but the best the peasants had—were enthusiastically offered. Welcome greeted them from every cottage. Dumouriez had charm ; both the old school and the new felt drawn to him. With him were two sisters, ardent aides-de-camp, but under the protection of their father and brother. The chivalry of old warmed to these devoted girls ; and the spirit of the new order of things nodded approval at the promotion of the general's old servant, Renaud, to be his ordnance officer. Then again, the army—Frederick William, had you heard what they thought well to do ? They tore limb from limb the ruffian Charlat who had assassinated the princesse de Lamballe. "We are not

here to herd with murderers ;—we are honest men ! ” they cried. Such men are as strong as their own conviction. They are no more to be shaken than is their faith in their own cause.

Speaking of Charlat brings us back to a connecting link with the history of the duc de Chartres. The head of the princess, after having been carried to the Temple, was borne on a pike’s point to the Palais-Royal. The duc d’Orléans was at table with his mistress, that gentle Mme. de Buffon against whom even the outraged duchess felt no rancour ; the mob obliged the duke to come on to the balcony and salute the assassins. Mme. de Buffon, not realising what was passing, came to the window with him—saw the head—and, covering her eyes with her hands, moaned out—“ Oh, God ! one day they will be carrying MY head, too ! ”

CHAPTER XI

“Death to the aristocrat Dumouriez!”—The Prussians near Paris—The battle of Valmy (September 20th, 1792)—Proclamation of the Republic—Bravery of the young duke.

ANOTHER band of volunteers joined the army—a band of ruffians from Châlons howling curses at Dumouriez, and crying—“Death to the aristocrat! Death to the traitor!” To this savagery they expected the army to respond like a vast echo. The day after their arrival, the general gave orders for a review. He placed the new-comers between his cavalry, sword in hand, and his artillery, with lighted fuses, and said simply: “Some of you must be decent fellows. You cannot all be rascals. Sort yourselves out. Let the honest men kick out the rogues, unless you want me to do it for you with sword and rifle. I will have no cut-throats here.” By the following day, the disturbing element had been driven out and only those who deserved to conquer remained; thus sifted, Dumouriez had a picked army, admirable on the field of battle and admirable when the day was won.

We must now speak of that famous victory and of the part taken in it by the duc de Chartres.

Two very different men had vociferated two very different commands; yet both availed to aid France in her peril. Danton cried—“Strike terror into the royalists!”—and the massacres of September had followed. Vergniaud cried—“Our country is in danger!”—and a hundred thousand volunteers had marched to the frontier. But, for all that, France owed her safety largely to another cause—the strong will of Dumouriez.

All his generals were anxious to retreat; all were

agreed that the wisest course was to defend the line of the Marne; he alone was resolved to defend the line of the Argonne, that vast forest which separates poor little Champagne from the rich country of Metz, Toul, and Verdun. Where did he get the strength to resist them all? From Fabre d'Eglantine and Westermann, the brain and arm of Danton. He wrote to Paris: "The Argonne will be the Thermopylæ of France—but I will make a better and happier defence than Leonidas." Yet the very day after this was written he left one passage so weakly guarded that all was nearly lost. He confesses this in his Memoirs. On September 14th, his left wing was beaten at Croix-aux-Bois, and the duc de Brunswick invaded Champagne. On the 17th, Dumouriez occupied the camp of St. Menehould, and, before him, the Prussians were established on the hills, in that camp known to history as the Camp of the Moon. In other words, the Prussians were two leagues nearer Paris than Dumouriez was.

The Prussians prided themselves on having executed a brilliant manœuvre. "We have isolated them," they cried. They soon realised that it was they who were isolated by Dumouriez, who, with his light rapid troops, full of enthusiasm, was getting from the eager peasants all the food, wine, and warmth that the Prussians so badly needed, now that they were cut off from Germany, sole source of their supplies. But still Dumouriez had to wait for Kellermann, that Alsatian veteran of the Seven Years' War, who was furious at being subordinated to Dumouriez and did not hurry to execute his orders, or even to follow them exactly. He came up with them on the 19th; but, instead of seizing the heights of Gisancourt, he passed the little river of the Œuve during the night of September 18th, and established himself on the heights of Valmy. There Dumouriez found him early next morning, encamped in two lines, the first commanded by the General de Valence and the second by the duc de Chartres.

Kellermann and Dumouriez together numbered

63,000 men under their double command. The only objection was, that the position taken up by Kellermann on the heights of Valmy in preference to those of Gisan-court was one from which all retreat was impossible; the Prussians deemed it a grave error of judgment. They were wrong; it was no error; it was a defiance—for it was an excellent position for soldiers determined to conquer or to die.

At daybreak the Prussians attacked Kellermann's advance guard, which was under the command of Desprez de Cranier; after a heroic resistance it was forced to fall back; but help sent just in time by Kellermann made a halt possible and kept the balance even. This attack had caused a slight movement in the whole army, which now formed a square, the first line before Orbeval, between the Œuve and the plateau of Valmy, perpendicular to the Châlons road and the second parallel to the road and perpendicular to the first, on the heights of Valmy. On this plateau Kellermann established a battery of eighteen cannon, ordering the duc de Chartres to replace General Steigel at his post, and Steigel to occupy the hills of Hyron. The duc de Chartres obeyed this order with all diligence, but could not reach General Steigel till 8 o'clock. As soon as Steigel saw him coming, he called out: "Hurry, hurry—I cannot abandon this post till you have taken it over, and yet"—pointing to the hills of Hyron—"if I do not outrace the Prussians there, we shall be done for."

It was September 20th; the sky was grey and cold, and the ground dry, a thick fog prevented the two armies from seeing one another; each guessed where the other was, that was all; but since they were firing into a mass of men, it did not matter about taking aim; the bullets were bound to hit. For an army of enthusiasts like ours, it was trying to see one's fellows die without knowing whether they were being avenged.

Crash! A shell had struck two ammunition waggons; and rent them to pieces, the drivers being killed; a bullet struck the general's horse, and it was

believed that he himself was slain. Five minutes after, all sign of the disaster had disappeared; and Kellermann, safe and sound, though a little dizzy with his fall, was mounted on another horse. At that moment the fog parted before the rays of the September sun, and through its scattering mists three Prussian columns were seen marching on the plateau. Kellermann looked at his watch. It was 11 o'clock. He formed his men into three columns in imitation of the enemy and said: "Do not fire; wait; receive them at the bayonet's point." The enemy advanced, grave and sombre; they were veterans of the great Frederick; they crossed the intermediate space and began to climb the hill. At this moment Dumouriez began to fire; his bullets took them full in the flank. The Prussians climbed on.

Kellermann and his soldiers were a strange sight: as a reminder that they were not to use their weapons till the given moment, all, general officers and soldiers, had stuck their caps on the end of their guns, swords, or sabres. Then a great shout rose from the whole army, rolling like a clap of thunder down to the enemy below: "Long live the Nation!"

The Prussians still came on, but each moment Dumouriez raked their lines with his fire. An iron wall faced them on the plateau—a hurricane of fire accompanied them. Yet the first line of Prussians was nearly at the top. Then Kellermann, a brave soldier, but not a first-rate general, seemed for once inspired by the genius of France; this was the greatest day of his life. "Now, comrades," cried he, "now's the time. Fix bayonets—Charge!" The iron wall hurled itself forward, the duc de Chartres in the front rank. Prussians and French fought eye to eye;—all at once, the Prussian army swayed and broke; Dumouriez' artillery had taken it in the rear.

Brunswick, seeing that the attack had failed, gave the signal of retreat. Had he waited but a quarter of an hour longer, it would have been a rout; as it was, he collected the remnant of his troops in good order.

But this retreat stung the pride of the king of Prussia; he galloped down at the head of his guards, gave the order to charge, sent his famous infantry to march on the plateau, charged himself, advanced to within two gunshots of the plateau;—saw, as Brunswick had seen, that the French army was inspired as by one soul—and, recognising the uselessness of further struggle, retired as Brunswick had retired.

Forty thousand cannon shots were fired that day; a great number for pre-Napoleonic times. At Malplaquet only seven thousand were fired. No wonder, then, that the day was known as the “Cannonade of Valmy.”

That same evening the Prussians abandoned the field of battle, but the next day found them back at their old post. On this day, September 22nd, the Convention proclaimed the Republic.

The day after this again, a Prussian envoy, who knew nothing of the recent events, was brought to the duc de Chartres; he had with him letters of introduction to every château on the road to Paris. He showed these letters to the duke, talking of the pleasant time he was going to enjoy specially when he got to Paris, where he looked forward to the delectation of seeing all the patriots hanged. The duc de Chartres explained that the affairs of the king of Prussia had undergone a slight change for the worse since the envoy started on his journey; then smiling at his crestfallen face and piteous request for advice, he added: “My dear friend, your wisest course is to return to Berlin; I sincerely hope you will see no executions there.”

A few days before this a Prussian colonel had also come to the duke's quarters; he was an aide-de-camp of the king of Prussia and under the patronage of the baron de Leyman, who was serving in our ranks and who owed his advancement to the duc d'Orléans. The colonel brought a letter which he begged the duc de Chartres to send on to his father.

“I will do so willingly,” said he, “if this letter is simply one of friendly greeting from yourself.”

"If that were all," replied the other, "it would be of little use either to him or to us."

"What is in it, then?"

"An offer."

"An offer? Of what nature?"

"The duc d'Orléans," replied the colonel, "may have it in his power to stop this cruel war. I know the wishes of the Allied Sovereigns—I know what they intend. Their great desire is to preserve France from the threatened anarchy, and as it was thought that I might succeed in seeing you, I have been authorised to suggest that if your father were at the head of the government, all anxieties would be set at rest."

"How could you think that we would listen to any such suggestion?" cried the duke; and, as he absolutely refused to take charge of any letter of that nature, the colonel gave him a simple letter of friendly greeting which he sent to his father, and which the duc d'Orléans laid before the president with the seal still unbroken. The Assembly ordered that it should be burnt unread.

One incident of the battle will serve to give an idea of the enthusiasm animating the volunteers, who, having reached the frontier by forced marches, arrived in the nick of time to stop the invasion.

A detachment, under the orders of the duc de Chartres, had been told off to keep guard over the waggons during the battle; but, when they heard the noise of the cannon, they declared that they had not come so far to mount guard over tents and baggage, and that they meant to share the fight. The young general, hearing of this heroic insubordination, galloped up to them. When they saw him, their shouts redoubled, and the oldest of them, stepping from their midst, said:

"General, my comrades and I have come here to fight for our country, and not to defend baggage trains; send us into the fight."

"You shall fight, my friend," replied the duke. "Leave the waggons to take care of themselves, and

march with your companions of the line. Show them that you, too, are soldiers of France."

They marched into battle and did wonders. As for the baggage, it looked after itself.

Two days after the battle Kellermann's report was laid before the Convention and read aloud.¹ At this passage the whole Assembly cheered :

"Where all were brave, it is invidious to pick out any for special comment, yet I must name the duc de Chartres and his brother, the duc de Montpensier, since their extreme youth makes the courage and self-control shown by them in the midst of firing so prolonged a matter deserving of the highest praise."

All eyes were turned upon the duc d'Orléans, and applause broke from every throat.

Who would have dreamed that, in the course of one year more, the duc d'Orléans would mount the guillotine, the duc de Montpensier languish a prisoner in the Tower of Saint-Jean, and the duc de Chartres pass over to the enemy ?

¹ Dumas, evidently, was unaware that the duc de Chartres was dispatched to Paris on the evening of the battle, and that he reported the victory to Servan, the Minister of War. Danton, who was present, had a curious conversation with the young duke, predicting the establishment of a "monarchie-démocratique," governed by Louis Philippe. He ended by saying "Remember that Paris is the heart of France, and do what we have not had time to do. Fortify it." This, as every one knows, Louis Philippe did. See "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," by H. Taine.—*Translator's Note.*

CHAPTER XII

The king of Prussia and his mistress—The Prussian retreat—Marat—
A volunteer army.

WE have already said that the Prussians abandoned the field of battle, but that the next day found them back at their posts as before. They stayed there for ten days. The battle was not as deadly as was at first supposed ; those 40,000 cannon shots had only accounted for 1,200 Prussians and 800 Frenchmen.

Yet Paris thought the victory decisive. Panic-stricken at the end of August and prostrate after the horrors of September 2nd and 3rd, Paris plucked up spirit at the news of the victory, clapped triumphant hands and started criticising. Dumouriez had not brought the king of Prussia bound hand and foot to Paris ? Then Dumouriez was a traitor !

In reality, the material position of the Prussians was neither better nor worse than before, but, morally, they had lost that confidence which the French had now gained. The ducs de Broglie and de Castres, both émigrés and both in the counsels of the king of Prussia, pressed him to march forward, supplies having now arrived from Germany. It was a bad start, that was all, they said—but, so far, their party had not even lost the first game. Why did he not march forward ? What prevented him ? We may as well explain at once, since the same cause, later on, delayed his retreat.

Whenever a big machine halts in its functions, there must be some cause—often something ridiculously small. It was a trivial thing that prevented the king of Prussia from carrying out the wishes of the ducs de Broglie and de Castres—quite imperceptible, indeed, to the eyes of the outsider. The king of Prussia had a mistress, for

in this matter he in no way followed the example of the Great Frederick, his predecessor. This mistress had not followed the army into France—having, probably, received no permission so to do. She was at Spa; and from there letters came showering every day, terror-stricken letters, full of fear lest French bullets should wound her king and French beauties strike him to the heart. Therefore, there were two parties in the king's Councils—the peace party and the war party. The peace party triumphed in the defeat of Valmy. His Majesty was reminded that he had been warned that he was only being made the cat's paw of Austria, who left him to do all the work, and then would reap all the credit. The king replied: "You are right, and if this were not a question touching the very essence of royalty, and therefore affecting every king on earth, I would let Austria get out of the tangle as best she could. But Louis XVI is in the Temple—a prisoner—and in danger of death." He could not abandon Louis without shame.

But, in political affairs, when a man is only held back from a course of action by a feeling of shame, the end is not very far off. The Countess of Lichtnau was a valuable ally to France.

There were two other friends of France about the king of Prussia—namely, the Frenchman, Lombard, his secretary, and the Franco-German Heymann, a general and an émigré. Lombard, seeing the king's indecision, proposed that he—Lombard—should let himself be taken by the French; that would bring him into touch with Dumouriez and help negotiations. The king agreeing, Lombard let himself be captured and was led into Dumouriez' presence. Lombard then told Dumouriez frankly that the king's sole motive for continuing his hostile march on Paris was that, having given his word to Louis XVI, he could not break it.

Dumouriez then made it abundantly clear to Lombard that to continue that march was to imperil the life of Louis, not to save it—and, that this might be proved beyond doubt, he sent Westermann, Danton's man, to

Heymann under pretext of an exchange of prisoners. By Westermann the truth was made clear. He had been one of the most active on the night of August 10th. He explained to Brunswick and the king of Prussia the real state of things; namely, that the Assembly had proclaimed the Republic and would give no further deference to any king, French or foreigner. The king of Prussia burst into furious anger. To the joy of the émigrés, he at once gave orders for recommencing hostilities. On the 28th, Brunswick issued another Manifesto—but his manifestoes had lost their novelty. On the 29th, letters arrived from England and Holland, both of which countries refused to join the Coalition. On the 30th, news came that Custine was marching on the Rhine. The Prussian frontiers had been stripped, and fears were entertained for the safety of Coblenz. Custine at Coblenz would cut off Frederick William's retreat.

Meanwhile, Dumouriez sent Westermann post-haste to Danton. Danton had a supreme brain for handling matters of this sort; he saw at once the advantage it would be to the new Republic to enter into negotiations with Prussia, even though those negotiations were to allow of a retreat which would save Prussia. Then, there was money in it. A million francs, perhaps, for himself, and another for Dumouriez, Westermann, and Fabre d'Eglantine. Dumouriez and Danton were both men of pleasure, and therefore they longed for money with which to purchase pleasure. All these things working together, the result was that Dumouriez received two letters; one from the monarchy, official, stern, inflexible, even violent—the other from Danton the man, and couched in another tone.

Danton inclined towards the negotiation, and he informed Dumouriez that Prieur de la Marne the Jacobin, and Carra and Sillery the two Girondists, were on their way to discuss the matter with him and with Frederick William. The conferences began, the King of Prussia being by now in a much milder mood. He had been made to see that it was all the fault of the

Émigrés, who were getting him into trouble for their own purposes. They were therefore made the victims of his wrath, and when he was asked what clauses he wished inserted in the treaty in their interests, he replied: "None at all. I shall make my own conditions and they can make theirs."

Then came the question of the Austrians, those kind allies who had left him to bear the whole brunt of Valmy without help of any sort from them. Dumouriez broached the subject to the duc de Brunswick.

"What is to be done?" he asked.

"Why, you know what the song says," replied the duke—

" 'Boon companions, get ye gone;
When the fun's over, each to his home.'

Well, we shall go home."

"With all my heart," said Dumouriez. "But who is to pay for the fun?"

"Well, it is not our business," said the duke, scraping his nails with a penknife. "We were not the first to attack."

"No," agreed Dumouriez. "The Austrians began it, and the emperor owes us the Low Countries as an indemnity."

"We want peace," replied Brunswick. "And when you want a thing, you must be prepared to pay for it. Send your plenipotentiaries to Luxemburg."

There still remained the question of Louis XVI. That is where the shoe pinched Frederick William. Luckily for him, Danton had prepared a way out of it for him; bit by bit, he had been got to declare that he abandoned the king, but that he must save the man. He was shown all the reports of the Commune, on the good treatment Louis was receiving. Dumouriez gave his word that he would save his head—and that settled the matter.

Consequently, on September 29th, the Prussian army began its retreat; but only at the rate of a league a day, for the sake of appearances. This pace was maintained

until the frontier was reached. After that—Quick march !

Dumouriez had given his word that he would save the king, and he wanted to keep that word. He reached Paris on October 12th—the pretext being to discuss the invasion of Belgium with the Minister of War, but his real object was a desire to see how things stood for himself. He went to see Mme. Roland, now lodged in the Ministry of Home Affairs ; took her a handsome bouquet, expressed his contrition for having been unable to get Louis to agree to the Deportation of the Clergy, was heard and understood—and warned that he was suspected of Royalism. He was, indeed, under suspicion of wanting to follow La Fayette in the rôle of General Monk. One after the other, so many were suspected of that ; in 1792 it was Dumouriez—in 1802 it was Napoleon—in 1831 it was Louis Philippe—and in 1850 it was Changarnier. His detractors waited for his speech to the new Assembly—waited to catch him tripping over the Oath of fidelity to the Republic. He made the speech, but he eluded the Oath, showing, however, far more audacity than was expected.

“ I will take no fresh Oaths,” said he, “ I will simply show myself worthy to command the sons of liberty and to maintain those laws that the people make through your medium.”

On the same evening he went to the Jacobins. Captious, cold, suspicious, the king of Prussia’s slow retreat stuck in their throats. Collot d’Herbois mounted the Rostrum to congratulate Dumouriez, but insinuated that he had sped his parting guest with something too much of politeness.

Danton was president ; and his position was difficult, since he, too, had had his share in the exchange of courtesies with the king of Prussia. His enemies insisted on a speech from him, hoping to see him blunder. He said : “ Let us console ourselves for our disappointment at not capturing the despot of Prussia by uniting to win a triumph over Austria.”

Unity was, indeed, essential at this moment. That

was why Danton had come to the Jacobins, and why he acted as president. Rough, outspoken Danton, his tongue could wound but never poison. He was too strong a man to stoop to spite. Having fallen out with the Gironde, he tried to bring about a reconciliation through Roland and his wife; their box at the Jacobins had been offered to Dumouriez, and, while waiting for them to arrive, Danton had seated his wife and sister there. But Mademoiselle Manon Jeanne Philippon, now wife of the minister, had become particular. She arrived on Vergniaud's arm, found two women already in her box—"two women whom she could not know," as she phrased it,—and refused to enter. Now these two women were the wife and sister of Danton. He adored his wife—a charming woman, with a heart of gold; the blood of those September massacres drained her veins—and she died six months later. Mme. Roland's scorn of this woman stabbed Danton to the heart.

Talma undertook to set things right; he gave a fête in honour of Dumouriez at which all the Gironde were present and most of the Jacobins. Chénier, David, Collot d'Herbois, Vergniaud were all there—art, politics, and the Gironde; there were many charming women too, actresses most of them—and among them Candeille, the beautiful author of "*La Belle Fermière*," and Vergniaud's love. Had some prophet been there to foretell the fates of those who, casting aside their discords, united to do honour to the conqueror of Valmy, what horror would have fallen on the gay festival! Exile;—with the guillotine—and treachery—which would have seemed to them the blackest doom? No prophet appeared—only a man—but that man was Marat. Uglier, dirtier, yellower, leaner, more full of spleen than ever before, he had unearthed Dumouriez' crime in dismissing the September assassins from his army, and was come, in the name of the Jacobins, to call him to account.

He walked towards the general to cross-examine him. Dumouriez stood awaiting him. Perhaps he alone kept

his colour as Marat, full of menace, strode towards him. Dumouriez himself commenced the attack.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Jean Paul Marat."

"Oh, they told me you were ugly, but you are worse than that. You are hideous." And, having said this, Dumouriez coolly turned his back.

Marat rushed out, furious, and went at once to the Jacobins to report the insult. Dugazon had seized a shovel when he saw Marat come in to interrupt the fête, and had put it on the fire to heat. No sooner had he left, than Dugazon put sugar to burn on this hot shovel and scrupulously disinfected the room after him.

By October 25th, Dumouriez was back at Valenciennes; there he talked with the duc de Chartres, with whom he was to emigrate, and Bournonville, whom he was to give over to the enemy; only five months later. It was only two months since the battle of Valmy, yet things had greatly changed. It was the French who had now passed the frontier and made themselves masters of the Palatinate, of Savoy and of Nice.

The Republic, like an infant Hercules, was grasping serpents; all émigrés, taken with arms in their hands were condemned to death; the cross of St. Louis was suppressed; the crown and sceptre publicly broken up—and the trial of Louis XVI decreed.

France was one and Europe was divided; therefore France carried the war into the enemy's country, and after having won one victory at Valmy, prepared to win another at Jemmapes. After a few skirmishes of no great importance, the French army got ready for a general engagement and bivouacked before the camp of the Austrians, who had withdrawn on to the heights round Mons. This was on the evening of the 5th. The army would have numbered 100,000 men if Dumouriez had not parted from two divisions—through a false manœuvre. These were the divisions of La Bourdonnais and of Valence. Valence had been told off to guard the Meuse and prevent the Austrians from receiving help. Valence was an Orleanist, naturally,

because of his mother-in-law, Mme. de Genlis, and that was why Dumouriez had given him this post of honour. La Bourdonnais, on the other hand, had been sent off towards the north; he was a Jacobin, and as all the chiefs of this Republican army, including Dumouriez, were Royalist, they did not want him to share the victory. Dillon, Custine, Valence, all belonged to the court party; at Jemmapes, as at Valmy, it was the soldiers, not the generals, who won the battle. They had neither bread nor brandy, neither shoes nor clothes; on the very day of battle they had had no food when, at 12 o'clock, they started to leave the marshes where they had passed that icy night.

But the Genius of Liberty had entered into that army. They sang her credo, the Marseillaise, and for their faith in her and for her rights they fought like men of steel. That army was a sight to see! No wonder they laughed, those elegant émigrés and severely formal Austrians, brought up in the traditions of Montecuculli and prince Eugene; a band of volunteers, with no uniform—some in shirts and cotton caps! Who could believe that Victory—a woman, capricious, and disdainful—would fall in love with scarecrows!

CHAPTER XIII

The battle of Jemmapes (November 6th, 1792)—Thouvenot—The Marseillaise—The duc de Chartres again.

ON the evening of the 5th, the two armies faced one another, and the French saw the magnificent position occupied by the enemy. The Imperial troops had retreated before them, so as to lure them on to Jemmapes. The trap had succeeded. The French were in the marshes below, towards which, like a double escarpment, the two villages of Jemmapes and Cuesmes seemed to descend. These two villages were fortified—embattled—and were besides dominated by a plateau where 19,000 picked Austrians sheltered behind sixty cannon. Behind this again the Austrians had Mons, a strongly fortified and friendly town which furnished them with all they needed. It was their turn now to revel in abundance while the French fasted. Valmy was reversed. Our aspect was so miserable that, though we outnumbered the Austrians, the duke of Saxe-Teschen, the Imperial commander-in-chief, did not think it worth while to call out the 6,000 men whom he had left in Mons as a reserve.

During the night, Beaulieu, a Belgian, tried to persuade the general to fall on us with his 28,000 or 30,000 men and crush us as we lay in our marshy camp, half-naked, dying of hunger and thirst. But the duke of Saxe-Teschen was far too high and mighty to compromise his dignity by a night-attack. Besides, Clairfact told him that the position of Jemmapes was impregnable. Our superiority of numbers was no advantage to us, because the nature of the ground made it impossible to reach the Imperials except by ravines and narrow passages; it was just an affair for the head of a

column ; on both sides, the heads of the columns only would decide the issue.

At daybreak, which does not come early in a Belgian November, our soldiers were able to see what lay before them. They had an amphitheatre of redoubts to scale. The Imperial army was well clothed ; their uniforms were gorgeous—too gorgeous perhaps, but warm for the wearers, and many of them had either fur or large white cloaks. They were well fed ; our soldiers were more envious of that than of their fine clothes.

Dumouriez cast his eye on the terrible amphitheatre, then disposed his men as follows : In the advance guard was Bournonville, facing the enemy's left on the heights of Cuesmes ; he was supported by Dampierre, posted between Frameries and Paturages, heading our right wing and supported by d'Harville, who, at the extreme right of our line, in the position of Siply, threatened the left wing of the Imperials who were camped at Berthaimont. In the centre, the duc de Chartres with twenty-four battalions, corresponded to the centre of the Austrians, and was to scale the plateau, in spite of the cavalry whom the enemy had posted on his path. Then, on the left, General Ferrand, with three major-generals under him, was to throw himself on the right side of Jemmapes, sweeping through the village of Quaregnon. Between each division the cavalry held itself ready to support the movements of the infantry, while the artillery was to batter the flank of each redoubt attacked. Dumouriez was in the centre with the duc de Chartres ; ever since Valmy, Dumouriez had been carrying out his scheme of covering that youth with laurels, that he might use them later when working to establish a new dynasty. His idea was clever, though of little profit to himself. In 1830 Valmy and Jemmapes, adroitly exploited, helped to lever the enthroning of "the best of Republics."

The attack was to commence and to succeed by the left. Bournonville and his Parisian volunteers had insurmountable difficulties to face on the right ; diffi-

culties of ground rather than of fortification, but the ramparts of nature are sometimes worse to overcome than those thrown up by man. At 8 o'clock, Ferrand commenced the attack; but he was old and lacked energy; by 11 nothing had been done, and yet under his orders were the best troops of the army, the veterans. At 11 o'clock Dumouriez made up his mind; he sent one man to this wavering left—but that man was Thouvenot, the half of his own soul. Thouvenot reached the front lines, took the command from the feeble hands of Ferrand, pushed on the wavering columns, passed through Quaregnon, rounded Jemmapes and carried the village.

Meanwhile, Dumouriez, easy in mind about his left, where Thouvenot represented him, went through the thick of the fire across the front of the battle and reached the right, where a terrific cannonading was going on. There he saw a marvel. The Parisian volunteers, led by General Dampierre, had mounted the first step of the gigantic stairway; forced thus to the front, they found themselves between two fires—riddled by the bullets from the redoubts above and by the muskets of our own extreme right, who took them for the enemy and pelted their flank. Behind them, Dumouriez' veterans watched—but would only aid at the last extremity, for there was a bitter hatred between the old troops and the new.

This was not all. The first movement they might make, whether of attack or retreat, would bring the Imperial dragoons down on them, who waited for the order to charge sabre in hand, ready to descend like an avalanche and hurl them, crushed, into the very marsh from which they had laboriously climbed. The Parisian volunteers, mostly Jacobins, thought they had been betrayed. Just as they felt sure that the Royalist general had sent them to their fate, he himself came to their rescue. Dumouriez met in his path the battalion of Lombard, a Girondist battalion that had been fighting in line with the volunteers from Paris; when they saw him, their courage flamed up again; Lombards and

Parisians attacked together. At that moment, the dragoons shot down—the ground shaking under the hoofs of their 1,500 horses; the Parisians stopped, awaited them—fired, sending 150 to the ground, and then calmly fixed bayonets. But Dumouriez threw two regiments of cavalry on the shaken dragoons, who took to flight and galloped without stopping till they had taken refuge in Mons. Then Dumouriez, having cleared the way to the heights, turned to the Parisians, the Lombards, and the veterans. “Your turn, boys; up with you; and let’s have the Marseillaise.” The Lombards and the veterans sang with a will—but the Parisians chanted the deadly “Ça ira,” and, inspired by that savage rhythm, swept aside the stupefied Hungarians and seized the heights. Dumouriez seeing them up, and knowing that nothing would stop them now, turned to the centre. There, his presence was necessary.

The centre, when Thouvenot took Jemmapes, was shattered in its turn and had doubled on its paces to cross the plain; two brigades had diverged; the one, seeing Imperial cavalry charging on them, had sheltered behind a house; and the other, daunted by the firing, had simply halted and come to a stop. Then two men—two young men of much the same age, but of very different caste—went to the head of these two brigades and brought them back into the fight; one of them was the duc de Chartres and the other Baptiste Renard, Dumouriez’ valet. It became apparent at this moment that Thouvenot had rounded Jemmapes and was master of the right; this news enheartened the centre, which marched straight on the plateau, climbed the ascent beneath the fire of 60 cannon and attacked the 1,800 men who defended it, body to body, hand to hand, man to man.

The duc de Chartres was one of the first to mount the plateau and force a footing for himself and his men. He hit on the very phrase to put heart into them and make them proof against any odds. “My lads,” he cried, “you shall be known in future as the battalion

of Jemmapes." He then sent his brother, the duc de Montpensier, to Dumouriez, to tell him that he had just overthrown Clairfact and his 12,000 men. The announcement was premature, but, once made, it was soon an accomplished fact.

Then, to crown all, Thouvenot, victorious, came up from Jemmapes and Dampierre from Cuesmes. The three tiers of redoubts were taken, the cannon silenced, and the enemy swept away. The battle being won, the army sat down on the field and ate. It devoured what the Imperials had left behind them; when one has fasted for twenty-four hours one does not despise the spoils of the vanquished enemy.

The whole Imperial army would have been cut to pieces if d'Harville had only succeeded in stopping Clairfact; but he came up too late; Clairfact, aided by Beaulieu, had passed, and it would have been dangerous to pursue him. He was on the road to Brussels.

The army of the new-born Republic gazed over the scene of her first victory! It was a solemn moment.

It is only fair to admit that the duc de Chartres played a great part in this victory. He, Baptiste Renard, Thouvenot, and Dampierre were the heroes of the day; yet the true conquerors were those whose names have not come down to us—those volunteers who, being under fire for the first time, gave so conspicuous an example of courage, patriotism, and simple faith. There may have been more sensational battles than Jemmapes; but none more pregnant. From that victory were born all the triumphs of the Republic and the Empire. Our soldiers marched from those heights to the conquest of the world.

CHAPTER XIV

The duke's protest—Manuel's advice—Danton and Desmoulins—The casting of the die.

DUMOURIEZ had written to the Convention: "I shall be at Brussels on the 15th and at Liége on the 28th"; but he was even better than his word, for he was at Brussels on the 14th and at Liége on the 28th. In less than a month he was master of Belgium, and on December 8th he entered Aix-la-Chapelle.

Meanwhile the king's trial had commenced, so Dumouriez was obliged to leave Liége for Paris, to keep his word to the king of Prussia. The ducs de Chartres and Montpensier accompanied him.

In reward for his admirable conduct at Valmy and Jemmapes, the duke found his sister Adélaïde proscribed;¹ the Commune had ordered her to leave Paris in twenty-four hours, and France in three days. He retraced his steps to escort her into exile, travelling back by the very roads that he had lately passed along so gaily, drunk with his double victory. He left his sister at Tournay and returned again to Paris. The proscription seemed so threatening that the duc d'Orléans printed the following protest:

"PARIS, December 9th.

"The Press is implying that I am harbouring designs of personal ambition, contrary to the welfare of my country, and that I have been working secretly to get myself or my son placed at the head of affairs, should Louis XVI be removed. It would not be worth while to reply to such imputations if they did not tend to sow dissension; but they encourage the forming of parties and schemes and

¹ Having been in England with Mme. de Genlis, her name was inscribed on the list of "émigrés."—*Translator's Note.*

hinder the establishment of that equality which is the true basis of our Republic. I therefore make my profession of faith once again ; it has not changed since 1791, the days of the Constituent Assembly. This is what I said then, and this is what I say now. I do not believe that your Committees intend to deprive any member of the king's family of their power of choosing between the rank of French citizen and the chance, near or distant, of the throne. I feel sure that you will reject any such suggestion, but, should you adopt it, I myself shall unhesitatingly hand in my renunciation of all claim to dynastic rule, to take up, instead, the state of simple citizen. My children are ready to sign a similar statement with their blood.

“(Signed) L. P. JOSEPH.”

This protestation had no effect on the Assembly. The duc d'Orléans' position was so false that it had become impossible ; he could only continue to vote with the Mountain by going back on his whole past ; he had done this, and yet he felt instinctively that if the Gironde started to attack him, the Mountain, which he was selling his soul to propitiate, would let him slip down the bloody descent that led to the scaffold.

Indeed, on December 16th, Thuriot led the Assembly to decree : “ That whoever shall attempt to break up the unity of the Republic and detach any integral part of it for the benefit of a foreign territory shall be punished with death.” This was to ensnare the Girondists, accused of Royalism, and force them to vote for the king's death. Buzot was told off to reply to this decree, and he spoke as follows :

“ The decree proposed by Thuriot has for aim the restoring of public confidence, but I wish to make another proposal that I think will answer the same end. Monarchy is overthrown, but she lives still in the customs and memories of her ancient worshippers. Let us do as the Romans did. They expelled the family of Tarquin ; let us expel the family of the Bourbons. One branch of this family is in our power, but there is another branch, no less dangerous ; I mean that of the Orléans. The bust of the duke has been taken in procession through the streets ; his sons are ardent

soldiers ; and their very virtues make them the more dangerous to the cause of Liberty. If they love Liberty let them make a last sacrifice for her and pass out into exile ; they must pay for the misfortune of standing so near to the throne and bearing a name so galling to our ears."

Was this said in enmity or friendship ? If the duc d'Orléans had but obeyed the suggestion and gone into exile, he would have saved both his life and his honour. So thought Mme. de Genlis. This is the passage from her diary recording her conversation with the duc de Chartres upon this subject :

"I made him see that the revocation of the decree against his family was an added misfortune, since their name having been once suspect could never again prove anything but a danger. I pointed out to him that, after what had been said at the Convention, it would be both wise and noble to impose upon himself a voluntary exile, and might, indeed, be the only way to escape proscription. Virtuous in principle and character, incapable of selfish ambition, M. de Chartres saw nothing too painful in the course I proposed. 'If our day of usefulness is over, and if we merely give offence,' said he, 'how can we hesitate ? We must leave our country.'"

The young duke gave the same advice to his father ; Mme. de Genlis had succeeded in making him look on the decree of exile as a boon. The position of the duc d'Orléans was terrible, and his son felt that it was so ; he seemed the object of concentrated hatreds. All the old sores from the days of the Ouessant were reopened. The king was accused of crimes for which the punishment was death. If the duke declined to vote, he would be suspected by both parties ; if he voted for life, he broke with the Mountain ; if he voted for death, he committed the unforgivable sin.

The duc de Chartres wanted to start for the United States and stay there till fortune changed. But Buzot's decree was a pure misfortune for the duc d'Orléans ; he resisted the entreaties of his son, who left Paris and rejoined the army with despair in his heart.

The good genius of Égalité had abandoned him. This is what had urged him on to his fate.

The irresolution—indeed, the weakness—of his character is well known ; so, too, is Mirabeau's bon-mot on that foolhardy cowardice. For some time past, Philippe Égalité had voted with the Mountain ; but, though already committed to their cause to a considerable extent, they now demanded something more of him—no less than that he should take his part in the king's trial. At first, no one even suggested that he should vote, certainly not that he should vote for the king's death. All that was asked was his acquiescence in the trial—but this was demanded and was to be the price of the Mountain's goodwill towards himself. Manuel was the first to negotiate with him. The prince cried out in horror.

"It is nothing short of tyranny to ask anything of the sort from me," he said. "I would die rather than agree."

"Good," said Manuel. "I expected nothing less of you. Stand firm in that resolution, for, if you yield to what they ask of you, you will be abandoned not only by your friends, but by those who have wrung consent from you, and one day you will perish miserably. If you keep to your resolution, all honest hearts will approve and I and my friends among them." And, his word thus given, Manuel left the prince. He was an excellent man, and during the massacres of September had worked hard to save many lives.

But behind Manuel was the Mountain, threatening to support Buzot's motion of exile. The duc d'Orléans clung to his life in France, and above all to his vast possessions there. He struggled hard—but at last he yielded. He thought he would only have to give that acquiescence in the trial which was all they had asked of him at first. "After all," said he to Camille Desmoulins, "if I have to agree to that, I need go no further. I am free to vote as I please." Poor prince, he was no longer free ; like Faust, once the devil had got him in his clutches, he had to fulfil his fate.

Manuel cried out when he heard what the prince had done. "He did not see the trap," he said; "he is snared. To-day, judge; to-morrow, hangman; next day, victim."

Manuel was right; he foresaw what must happen. Not even the decent screen of secrecy was allowed him. All votes were to be public and the duke to be known for the infamous thing he had done. A chasm was to open between him and any hope of future kingship; and to prevent any possibility of that chasm being bridged, they forced him to throw into it—his honour.

Courtois, of the Convention, from whose Memoirs we have taken these details, tells us that he received an invitation to go to the Palais-Royal; he got there at eight one evening. He found the duke, violently agitated, in his study, walking up and down with quick and jerky strides. After a few words on indifferent matters, he pulled himself together with a great effort and said: "You are a moderate man, Courtois; you are no friend to extremes; what line would you take in this great affair?"

"Your position is exceptional," replied Courtois; "you cannot take any of us as your guide."

"I know that," said the duke, "but I want you to put yourself in my place and be candid with me."

"Well, since it is impossible now for you to avoid having to act as one of the king's judges, I advise you to do all in your power to save his life."

"Yes, yes. That is not only wisest, but most humane. Yes, I am resolved. That is what I will do."

"You may be sure that many deputies will do the same," said Courtois.

The duke seized his hand convulsively. "Are they sure of themselves?" he cried. "Are they strong enough to resist persuasion? Worse—threats? I fear they will sell the king's life to save their own."

The door opened at that moment and Danton and Camille Desmoulins appeared on the threshold. Danton started on seeing Courtois, and going straight to him, said: "I did not expect to find you here. I warn you,

both you and Manuel are too late. The promise made yesterday must be kept. Well," added he, turning to the prince, "what have you decided?"

"I will not draw back from what I promised, though I was wrong to promise," said the duke. "I will appear at the Tribunal—but I will not vote with you. You know why I will not. Courtois has heard my views. Let him judge."

"Ah ha!" said Danton. "But you cannot play the advocate and refuse your brief. Come, come, citizen Égalité"—and Danton laid stress on the word—"what we agreed—what you SWORE yesterday—cannot be unsworn to-day. No further question once the thing is JUDGED. We have your word and count on you."

Camille Desmoulins had said nothing so far—but now he came forward. He liked the prince, who had always had a kindly regard for him—and he stammered more than ever as he said: "It is too late to change your mind. You must vote with us. It is the only way to stop the mouths of those who whisper against your good faith."

And, taking up a pen, he wrote:

"Placing duty before all, and convinced that all who have held or shall seek to hold sovereign power over the people merit death, I vote for the death of Louis."

CHAPTER XV

The duke of Orléans and the Mountain—The king's fate—Did Dumouriez try to save him?—Tirlemont and Louvain—The battle of Neerwinden (March 18th, 1793).

DANTON took the paper from Camille Desmoulins, read it with attention, weighed its terms, nodded approval, and gave it back to the duke, who took it with a sign of assent, in spite of his obvious repugnance. This repugnance did not escape Danton's eyes, who shrugged his shoulders and said significantly: "Fools may think this makes you unworthy of the throne, should it ever be in question; but all true republicans, on the contrary, will hold that by this step alone could you merit it. They, too, have to sacrifice their convictions. But enough of these minor matters. Terrible events are threatening; events that may overwhelm us all. Come what may, we must do our duty."

The duc d'Orléans answered with a sigh; then rang for refreshments. Camille Desmoulins tried to lighten the general embarrassment by a little bright talk—but the sombreness behind was only the more apparent. It became unendurable and the party broke up, each going his separate way. As they left, Danton said to Courtois: "If I had not enforced the keeping of the promise he made last night, the whole matter would have had to be thrashed out again. These cowards are our greatest danger. If I had not put the halter round his throat he would have escaped us."

Courtois asked what had passed at the Palais-Royal the night before, and heard that there had been a violent scene between the duc d'Orléans and the Mountain. The duke had fought hard and had spoken more than once, crying out, "Must one play the executioner to one's king and to one's family to win the esteem of you

revolutionaries ? ” But Danton had pressed the attack ; with flashing eyes, he thundered out a warning of exile—ruin—death. The duke had given in, promised everything they asked of him ; and now, in the hope of evading his promises, had called in Courtois as arbitrator ; Courtois, whose opinions the duke knew, but who knew nothing of the duke’s promises.

That is how Philippe Égalité came to sit among those who tried and judged Louis XVI ; dropping into the fatal urn that vote for death which he had not even written, but merely signed when worded for him by Camille Desmoulins.

On the evening of January 17th, Louis XVI was condemned to death by a majority of five ! On the 19th Buzot mounted the rostrum, asked that the sentence might be deferred, and added : “ I am convinced that another king will be proposed in his place—convinced that there is a party who will wish to crown another king in place of Louis. Compare events in England with those happening here, and it is plain that the party in favour of Louis’ death only desire to make room for a new king.” Thus it will be seen that the duc d’Orléans gained nothing by the concession he had made, terrible as that concession was.

On January 21st, 1793, Louis XVI was executed. This deed brought about the rupture of France with every other European country—and even plunged her into civil war. La Vendée, from smothered discontent, passed into open revolt. England dismissed our ambassador, and alienated from us Holland, Prussia, and Spain. Louis XVIII, in a declaration issued from Ham, took the title of regent and nominated his brother, the comte d’Artois, lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

Dumouriez was in Paris. Had he seriously tried to save the king from the scaffold—or were his projects for the advancement of the duc de Chartres only too well served by the knife of the guillotine ? He himself, the duc d’Orléans, and God, alone can answer. Nevertheless, he handed in his resignation after January 21st ; but the sword of the Conqueror of Valmy and Jemmapes

was too necessary to the Republic and his petition was refused. Dumouriez did not insist; no doubt he merely resigned that he might seem in his own eyes to keep faith with the king of Prussia. He presented several plans of campaign, and one for the rapid invasion of Holland being adopted, his advance guard entered that country on February 17th.

This plan of campaign was as follows: advancing on Berg-op-Zoom, they were to march from there to Breda, and so to Moerdick; then reach Dordrecht by way of the Bielbos, an arm of the sea; and so, from Dordrecht by Rotterdam and La Haye, push on to Amsterdam. Once in the capital, Holland would be conquered. Dumouriez, as commander-in-chief, laid his plan before his two lieutenants, Valence and Miranda, and recommended them to advance as quickly as possible from Nimègue, leaving Thouvenot on the look-out upon the Meuse. Then, leaving the greater part of his army, he reassembled 18,000 men in haste, dividing them into four divisions, and set out from Anvers with his artillery.

Before twenty days were over, General Berneroi had taken Klunder and Dascon; by means of two marvellous *coups de main*, he seized Breda and Gertruidenberg; 400 pieces of artillery, 500,000 lb. of powder, 6,000 new guns, and 35 transport boats, all in good repair, fell into his hands.

Meanwhile, the duc de Chartres bombarded Vanloo and Maestricht; he had received positive orders with reference to this last town: "Treat Maestricht as the duke of Saxe-Teschen treated Lille." The duke of Saxe-Teschen had destroyed Lille with his cannon. At the end of three days' bombardment, Maestricht was on fire; yet, the town being defended chiefly by French émigrés, under the command of General d'Autichamp, the besiegers were fighting their own countrymen.

While this was happening, news came that the prince of Saxe-Coburg, at the head of 60,000 Austrians, was advancing towards our posts on the Meuse, with the intention of joining the Prussians assembled at Vésel.

Their aim was to force us to raise the sieges of Maestricht and Vanloo, and, chasing us from Holland, to oblige us to repass the Meuse, on the banks of which they would await the retaking of Mayence by Custine. On March 1st, the prince of Saxe-Coburg commenced this great manœuvre; he fell on Aix-la-Chapelle, repulsing Dampierre and Steingel. On the 3rd, the arch-duke Charles, for his part, surprised General Leveneur, who was bombarding Maestricht from beside Wick, and who had to repass the Meuse, though he managed to save his artillery and implements. Seeing Leveneur retreat, Miranda, who, with the duc de Chartres, was commanding the bombardment of the left bank, also took to flight, leaving his baggage in the hands of the enemy. He withdrew towards St. Troud, where Valence, Dampierre, and Maizinski joined him; then Damartière and Champmorin arrived in their turn, after being driven away from Ruremonde; d'Harville and Steingel took the same road. At last, after a retreat beset with difficulties, our troops joined forces again at Tirlemont, the very point from which they had set out.

Dumouriez, for his part, was at work on the accomplishment of his plan of invasion. He was master of Breda, Klundert, and Gertruidenberg; he besieged Villeinstadt, and blockaded Berg-op-Zoom and Steinberg; Heurden opened her gates to him, when summoned to surrender. He had pushed on to the Moerdick and was preparing to pass the arm of the sea, when he learnt that his personal presence was indispensable to his army in Belgium. Valence had just been beaten near Tirlemont; the rout was so complete that the fugitives fled back to Paris, a thing that had never been seen before, not even when the Prussians were at Verdun.

Dumouriez reached Anvers on March 11th, and rallied his troops. He found his army in a state of disorder little short of terrible. The troops encamped before Louvain had lost everything—tents, cannon, equipages; the soldiers had been deserting in crowds, more than 10,000 volunteers having already passed

the frontier. Not one among the generals had influence enough to direct the retreat; far less to prick on the defence.

Dumouriez did not hide his opinions. A hatred of the Convention, a desire for the royal restoration, murmurs, insults, threatening sedition—soldiers and generals alike welcomed these things. A revolt in words was preparing the way for a revolt indeed. Danton and Lacroix, who were with the Belgian army in Belgium, started for Paris; they were anxious to soften the shock of the coming split between Dumouriez and the Convention. On their side, the Commissioners of the Convention, Camus, Merlin of Douai, and Treilhard, drawn to Lille by the rush of fugitives, desirous above all to reorganise the army there, hastened to interview Dumouriez at Louvain. Mutual recriminations then began. The commissioners blamed Dumouriez for what they called his anti-revolutionary conduct and especially for that restitution of church silver that he had ordered. Then Dumouriez cried:

“Do you think that I have only to account for my acts to you—or even to France? No; I hold myself in higher esteem and judge myself by a nobler standard. It is for posterity to judge me. Visit the cathedrals of Belgium—see the Eucharist trampled under foot; tabernacles and confessionals in ruins; and the Tables of the Law smashed to atoms. If the Convention applauds crimes like those, if she views them without repugnance and leaves them unpunished, so much the worse for her and for my poor country. If her salvation demanded that I should be guilty of such an act, I would not do it; this state of things is dishonouring to France, and I am resolved to put a stop to it.”

These words of Dumouriez were too much in harmony with the opinion the commissioners had formed of him to pass without opening their eyes to the truth. “General,” said Camus, “you are accused of aspiring to the role of Cæsar; if I knew that this were so, I would myself play Brutus and poignard you.”

“My dear Camus,” replied the general, smiling, “I

am not Cæsar and neither are you Brutus ; if I am to meet death by your hand, I am assured of immortality."

Then, shrugging his shoulders, he left the deputies, and wrote a letter to the Convention in which he said that the measures taken by the French government with regard to the Low Countries had so enraged Belgium against us that he had felt a retreat to the frontiers of France the only means to preserve the safety of the army. This letter was read publicly at the Convention.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, Dumouriez had rallied the troops ; he then gave battle almost on the very spot that had seen the defeat of Valence, and gained the victory. This was on March 16th. Once more in face of the enemy and victors of a great battle, the troops regained their *moral*.

Dumouriez then risked the battle of Neerwinden and lost it, as he says, through the fault of Miranda. On this point, however, that posterity to whose judgment he appealed has much to say, and even goes the length of stating that he has calumniated Miranda. The duc de Chartres performed prodigies of valour in this battle, where his horse was killed under him. He twice took the village of Neerwinden and was the last to leave it, like the captain of a sinking ship. General Valence received wound on wound from the sabres of the enemy. Dumouriez was everywhere at once. It was all in vain ; his day of defeat had come. The fatal destiny of the conqueror of Valmy and Jemmapes fulfilled itself. Four thousand French were killed or wounded, 3,000 taken prisoners ; all cannon and baggage fell into the hands of the enemy. Dumouriez accused Miranda of insubordination ; Miranda accused Dumouriez of treason. Dumouriez had not betrayed his army. No general is guilty of treachery on the field of battle ; all the treasures of the world would not heal the wound defeat would deal to his pride.

It was at this moment that Dumouriez' letter reached the Convention. As we have already said, it was read aloud. Marat, as all know, was Dumouriez'

enemy ; we have told what passed between them at Talma's fête ; now, when the letter from Dumouriez was read, Marat seized a pen and began scribbling furiously. His black loose teeth bit hard. He declared that, though the victory of Valmy was of some use to France, Grandpré, Mons, and Jemmapes were only disasters in disguise, French blood being shed there fruitlessly, to serve the perfidious ambition of an adventurer.

This verdict was scarcely encouraging to Dumouriez, who had hazarded his life twenty times in those four battles, who had saved France herself at Valmy and France's honour at Jemmapes ; and whose soldiers had been left to languish without bread when in their camps, without lint on the field of battle, and without drugs in hospital. No wonder that he felt himself menaced in Paris by the head of the Jacobins, and that, having lost the battle of Neerwinden, he felt that his only safety was to cross the Rubicon like Cæsar and march on Paris as the conqueror of the Gauls had marched on Rome.

Three days after the battle of Neerwinden, he entered into negotiations with the Austrians, and as guarantee of the engagements that he undertook he delivered over to them Breda and Gertruidenberg. This was on March 31st. These negotiations were no new thing ; something like a plan for the restoration of the monarchy in France had been broached between Dumouriez and Holland in the last days of January ; but the declaration of war made on February 1st had put a stop to this. To continue these negotiations after the declaration of war would have been a treason of which Dumouriez could not be guilty except in the last extremity ; but now that extremity seemed upon him. The news that came from Paris convinced him that his ruin was determined on.

CHAPTER XVI

The envoys—"I will march on Paris"—Danton's speech—The commissioners—Their arrest—Dumouriez flies with the duke of Chartres.

THESE new negotiations had scarcely opened when three emissaries of the Convention, Dubuisson, Proly, and Pereira, presented themselves before Dumouriez and gave him a letter from the Minister Lebrun, by whom they had been sent. They said they had certain communications to make to him with regard to affairs in Belgium.

Dumouriez was so full of bitter feeling about his defeat at Neerwinden and the injustice with which he had been treated when in Paris that he scarcely took the trouble to hide his real thoughts from the ambassadors of the Convention. At the very first interview, he disclosed his projects.

"The weak may stoop to dissimulation," said he, "but the strong can afford to speak the truth, since what they want they get; therefore I tell you without subterfuge that I mean to save my country in spite of the Convention. What is the Convention? An assembly of 745 tyrants and regicides—for I allow no difference between those who voted for the appeal to the country and those who voted against it. I snap my fingers at their decrees. I have told others—and I now repeat to you my conviction—that in a month's time this famous Assembly will be without authority except in Paris itself. There is another thing that I will not suffer—I mean, the existence of the Revolutionary Tribunal—and while I have four inches of steel at my side, I shall know how to resist the horrors of the Jacobins."

"But, general," protested Proly, "do you mean that you do not want the Constitution?"

"I want the Constitution of 1791."

"Ah, but without a king, of course."

"On the contrary, with a king."

"With a king!" repeated the stupefied envoys.

"I am in favour of a king," replied Dumouriez calmly.

"But not a Frenchman would agree with you."

"I think they would!"

"Why, at the mere name of Louis——"

"What does it matter whether his name is Louis or Jacques or Philippe?"

"But how would you get such a Constitution accepted?"

"I have my people ready—the attorney-generals of the departments and the presidents of the districts. Besides, better than that, I have a hundred thousand Austrians and Dutch who in three weeks' time will be in Paris."

"The Austrians in Paris!" cried the envoys. "And what about the Republic?"

Dumouriez shrugged his shoulders. "I believed in your Republic for three days," said he. "It is an absurdity, a dream, a Utopia. Since the battle of Jemmapes I have regretted every victory I have obtained for so bad a cause. Therefore—as I have told you—my ultimatum is, either a king—or the Austrians in Paris, in three weeks' time."

"But your project will compromise the fate of the prisoners in the Temple!"

"What does that matter? Is this a question of individuals? It is a question of principle. Though the last of the Bourbons should be killed—even the Bourbons of Coblenz—yet France should have her king. And if Paris add this last murder to those of which she has already been guilty, I will march on Paris and master the city; not as Broglie did—his plan was absurd—but with 12,000 men, some of whom I'll place at Pont-Sainte-Maxence and some at Nogent

and some at other ports of the river. By these means I should soon reduce your city to a state of famine."

The three envoys exchanged glances, and, understanding that they were at Dumouriez' mercy, feigned to enter into his views; for his part, Dumouriez declares that he never troubled to inquire their point of view, as he regarded them as too unimportant to matter. Their good-will or their ill-will was equally indifferent to him. He let them depart unmolested.

All this happened at Tournai, where were Mme Adélaïde, the sister of the duc de Chartres, and Mme de Sillery-Genlis, her governess. Dumouriez went to see the princess every day, and we are told that at these meetings they debated the question of making the duc de Chartres king. For two centuries the glamour of royalty had floated round the House of Orleans—now, at last, in 1793, it settled on the head of the young heir.

As we have already said, Danton had also been in Belgium to see Dumouriez and try to smooth away his resentment. It was not to Danton's interest that the conduct of the conqueror of Valmy should be too closely scrutinised. The retreat of the Prussians had been a big commercial deal by which Danton, too, had profited. He now returned from Belgium, and as he had got nothing satisfactory from Dumouriez, he resolved to stir France to one of those moments of furious energy that his fiery eloquence could always inspire. He mounted the rostrum, and in his ringing voice he cried:

"Citizens and representatives, show yourselves Republicans; your liberties will then have nothing to fear. Nations and heroes too, if they would be great, must pass through the school of misfortune. You have had reverses, truly,—but if you had been told, last September, when the king of Prussia was in Champagne, that the head of your tyrant would fall under the sword of justice—that the enemy would be chased from French territory and a hundred thousand Frenchmen march into Mayence, that our army would be at Tournai—you would then have foreseen the triumph

of our liberties. Well, your position is now as it was then. We have lost precious time and must make up for it. To-day the Convention must decree that every man shall have a pike provided for him at the national expense; and the rich shall pay for it. The Revolutionary Tribunal must spring into renewed activity; for the Convention must prove to Europe—to the French and to the Universe—that she is a revolutionary body and is resolved to maintain our liberties and strangle those serpents who threaten them. Now, citizens, I have spoken; it is for you to decree.”

All, or almost all, that Danton asked was decreed; but they also agreed to many propositions from Robespierre; and among others to that which demanded that within eight days all the relatives of Louis XVI should leave French territory or any territory occupied by the armies of the Republic; that the queen should be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal and tried as the king's accomplice; and that Louis Capet, their son, should be kept prisoner in the Temple until further orders.

It was then that Dubuisson, Proly, and Pereira arrived from Tournai and recounted their interview with Dumouriez as to the Convention. It was impossible to mistake the intentions of the general; the Gironde pretended not to believe the report of the envoys, but their denials served no purpose; the enemies of the revolting general now had witnesses to support them, and it was decreed that Dumouriez should be summoned to the bar of the Convention to render account of his conduct. Moreover, the Minister of War, Bournonville, was to start instantly for the Army of the North, to reconnoitre the state of affairs and report to the National Convention. Four commissioners, too, were chosen from the Assembly and sent at once to the army with power to suspend or arrest all generals, officers, soldiers, public functionaries, or other citizens whose conduct might seem to them suspicious. Such men were to come before the bar of the Convention, and seals were to be placed on all their papers.

These commissioners were elected then and there—

Camus, Bancal, Quinette, and Lamarque receiving the majority of votes.

Meanwhile, Dumouriez was taking steps to put his plans in execution. He had sent orders to General Miazinski, who was at Orchies, to march with his division to Lille, enter the town and arrest any commissioners of the Convention who might be there, together with the principals of the clubs, and, that done, to proceed to Douai, drive out General Mouton and proclaim both there and at Lille the Constitution of 1791. After this, he was to march past Cambrai to Péronne, take up his position there and await further orders. But the Genius of the Future was watching over France. Miazinski confided his movements to friends whom he deemed trustworthy, but they betrayed him, enticing him to Lille with only a feeble escort. Once arrived there, he was surrounded, taken prisoner and sent to Paris, where his head fell to the guillotine. When Dumouriez heard of this he sent his aide-de-camp Devaux at once to take command of Miazinski's division. But, since he had turned traitor, his luck had turned too; the aide-de-camp was taken, sent to Paris, and executed as Miazinski had been.

Dumouriez was devising plans to repair this double check, when, about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of April 2nd, a courier came to announce the arrival of the Minister of War and the four commissioners. The general assembled his staff and waited. Directly the commissioners arrived they were shown in to him. Camus was their spokesman, and, looking round, he asked the general to receive them in some room where he could read a decree of the Convention. Dumouriez took them into a little cabinet adjoining the larger room. There Camus gave the general the decree that he was commissioned to convey to him. Dumouriez took it, read it, and gave it back with unruffled calm.

"Well?" asked Camus.

"Well," said Dumouriez, "I am sorry for one thing, gentlemen."

“What is that?”

“Why, that circumstances, and the present state of my army, do not allow of my coming to Paris as the Convention decrees. However,” he added, “I beg to hand in my resignation, as I have already done more than once.”

“General,” replied Camus, “you will perceive that, charged with a special mandate, we are neither able to accept nor to refuse your resignation.”

“So be it,” said Dumouriez, “accepted or refused—it is all the same to me. All I have to say is that I will not come to Paris to hear myself libelled and abused, I, the man to whom you all owe your safety. My head is safe here; I will not bring it to you to be rolled upon the platform of your guillotine.”

“Do you mean that you do not recognise the authority of the Convention?” cried Camus.

“No.”

“You do not recognise the Revolutionary Tribunal?”

“I recognise it for a tribunal of blood—an assembly of executioners, of false witnesses—and whilst I have an inch of steel in my hand I will never submit to it. More than that, I swear that if I had the power, it should be abolished without the delay of a day or even an hour—but now, at once, for I hold it to be a disgrace to a free nation.”

Citations in the antique style were in vogue at this date. Camus launched forth into the paths of erudition and quoted the examples of the ancient Greeks and Romans who, both in civil and in military matters, submitted with an absolute obedience to the orders of their government. Dumouriez shrugged his shoulders.

“We quote inaccurately always,” said he; “we disfigure history when we use the virtues of Rome, Athens, or Sparta as excuses for our crimes. Tarquin was a tyrant of a different species from Louis XVI; surely you admit that; yet the Romans did not assassinate Tarquin;—they were content to banish him. If you refer me to a later period, that of Camillus and Cincinnatus, I must remind you that the Romans

had good laws at that time—and a well-regulated Republic. There was neither Jacobin Club nor Revolutionary Tribunal in Rome. We live in a time of anarchy ; your executioners demand my head ;—I have no wish to give it to them. Oh, I may confess that without fear of being accused of cowardice. I am known to despise death. But since you take your examples from the Romans I will remark that though I have often played the part of Decius, I will not play that of Curtius. You have opened the chasm—let who will throw himself in, I shall not do so.”

The deputies heard him to the end. Camus then replied :

“ General, I think you have a mistaken idea of the state of Paris. You are only called to the bar of the Convention. It is not a question of the Jacobins or the Revolutionary Tribunal.”

Dumouriez smiled.

“ I passed the month of January in Paris,” said he ; “ I saw for myself how disturbed and turbulent the city was. I know things have not calmed down since ; quite the contrary. I know from a trustworthy source that your Convention is dominated by that odious Marat and by the infamous Jacobins with their audacious tribunes, always filled by their emissaries. The Convention would have no power to save me, even if you wished it.”

“ Then you positively refuse to obey the decrees of the Convention ? ”

“ I refuse.”

“ Remember that your disobedience will not only ruin you—but may also ruin the Republic.”

“ Remember how the whole Assembly applauded when Cambon said that the fate of the Republic did not depend upon one man alone. I must confess, too, that for me the Republic is merely a name. To my thinking there is no Republic now—but merely anarchy. I have no wish to elude judgment, and I give you my word of honour—which is sacred to a soldier—that, directly the nation has a government and laws, I will

render a full account of my conduct and my motives ; I will do more—I will ask for a trial and give myself up to judgment. But to accept your present tribunal and submit to its sentence would be an act of madness.”

“In that case we had better retire and consult, general.”

“By all means, do,” replied Dumouriez.

The commissioners therefore withdrew, but returned after a moment’s interval. They looked grave and resolved.

“Citizen general,” said Camus, “will you obey the decree of the Convention and come to Paris ? ”

“No—not at this moment, gentlemen,” replied Dumouriez.

“Then we must suspend you from your functions. You are general no longer. I must give orders that all obedience to you is at an end, and that you are to be seized. Your papers, too, must be sealed up.”

“Arrest these four men,” cried Dumouriez in German, opening the door to admit foreign Hussars who were awaiting his orders and were prompt to obey them. The arrest was made without trouble. The four commissioners of the Convention and the Minister of War himself were made prisoners and sent to General Clairfact, who kept them as hostages and sent them to Austria, where they began that captivity of two and a half years which was only brought to an end by the exchange of these five men for Madame Royale. But, in the accomplishment of this act, Dumouriez found that he had touched the limit of his authority ; all beyond this was refused by his French soldiers as against the interests of France. Thus he saw all his hopes of rebellion vanish ; and was obliged to leave St. Amand on April 4th accompanied by the duc de Chartres, the two Thouvenots, M. de Montjoie, and an escort of forty men, his purpose being to reach Condé, where the Austrian chiefs awaited him. There they were to settle definitely the negotiations commenced at Ath.

At three-quarters of a league from Condé he encountered three battalions of volunteers, marching on

the town with arms and baggage. As this manœuvre was not in his programme, Dumouriez gave them orders to turn back. But, whether because they suspected treachery or whether from simple intuition, instead of obeying, they shouldered arms. Dumouriez, seeing this, set spurs to his horse, an example followed by all who were with him. The volunteers shouted, "Stop, stop!" and commenced firing; and as another troop barred his passage, Dumouriez and his escort tried to gallop over the fields—at this, as if he declined to serve his master any longer, Dumouriez' horse refused the ditch. Dumouriez dismounted, and abandoned his horse, mounting one that was offered him by Baudoin, the duc de Chartres' groom. A hail of balls sang in their ears, but, thanks to the devotion of this brave servant, the little troop were now able to gallop away. As for Baudoin, he pretended to be wounded, and sitting on the edge of the road behind a mound of hay, he gave false directions to the pursuing soldiers, so saving the fugitives a second time.

Dumouriez' fault was great, but his expiation was terrible. This modern Coriolanus had not even the satisfaction of his Roman prototype. Paris did not tremble as did Rome, and history is the more severe on him because he was denied the happiness granted to the son of Volumnia—whose bloody expiation washed out his sin.

Yet Dumouriez' punishment was worse than death: he was publicly declared a traitor throughout France, and recognised as such by all nations; he offered his sword in vain to king after king who was preparing to make war on France, and was refused by all. Living on a small pension allowed to him by England, he did not dare to re-enter France even in 1814—but died far from his country, leaving his body in exile and his memory to the judgment of posterity.

Before we follow the duc de Chartres into that long exile which he, too, was to suffer, let us return to Paris and see what effect his flight had on his friends, his family, and particularly on his father.

CHAPTER XVII

The Gironde triumphs—A fatal letter—Arrest of the duke of Orléans—
Prison days—Gamache and the author.

THE flight of the duc de Chartres directly affected the fate of his father Philippe Égalité. It was in vain that the duc d'Orléans and Sillery presented themselves immediately before the committee; in vain that they asked for a careful scrutiny of their conduct. The susceptibilities of the Convention were not disarmed, and the committee signed warrants for the arrest of Mme. de Genlis, General Valence, the ducs de Chartres and Montpensier, and even Montjoie and Sauvan. The strange thing is that all these warrants were signed "Duhem," and were not issued by the Convention but by a committee without recognised authority.

The Gironde triumphed and Barbaroux mounted the rostrum.

"Five months ago, we denounced the Orléans party to you," he said, "and since then you have looked on us as bad citizens; to-day you see that we were right. What is Dumouriez' aim? The re-establishment of the Constitution of 1791; whom does that Constitution call to the throne? Orléans."

The arrest of the Orléans family was proposed on the 7th; Chateau-Randon mounted the rostrum:

"I support the resolution to arrest the wife and children of Valence and also the citizen Montesson; but I think the woman Égalité should also be arrested, for among the letters seized on the courier sent by Valence, there are two from Égalité the son—one to his mother, and the other to his father. In the letter to his father he writes as follows: 'It is the Convention that has hurled France

into the gulf.' If the son writes in that tone, it is important to secure the mother ; I therefore demand her arrest."

Levasseur then took up the word :

"Let the Convention remember that by the testimony of the three commissioners from the Executive Council, Dumouriez is shown not only to have given utterance to his principles, but also to his anti-revolutionary projects in the presence of Valence and of the younger Égalité. I wish no further proof of their complicity ; even if the son of Égalité did not share Dumouriez' opinions he would be guilty for not having stabbed him when he gave vent to such treasons. I demand that his father Égalité and Sillery be also kept under surveillance."

The duc d'Orléans tried to defend himself :

"Citizens," said he, "the Committee for the general defence has reported to the Convention my request for an inquiry into my conduct. If I am guilty, then I deserve punishment. If my son is guilty—I see before me the bust of Brutus."

It was then the turn of Boyer-Fonfrède ; the Girondists, those incessant persecutors of the House of Orléans, were afraid that their own relations with Dumouriez might have cast suspicion on their party, as accomplices. Boyer-Fonfrède leapt to his place on the rostrum :

"Citizens," said he, "the Égalités have served the cause of liberty, but, for my part, I wish to owe nothing to men in whose veins runs the blood of kings. Therefore I now give voice to my suspicions ; Dumouriez has spoken of his atrocious plans before Égalité the younger—yet this man is not arrested. I demand that he be arrested and brought before the bar of the House, with Valence."

Buzot, in his turn, then demanded that the letter from the duc de Chartres to his father should be read aloud ; that letter in which he stated that the Convention had brought about the ruin of France. This motion being supported, the letter was read. We give

it here ; it is dated four days before the flight of the duc de Chartres and was written on the very day that Dumouriez delivered up Breda and Gertruidenberg to the Austrians.

“*TOURNAL,*

“*March 30th.*

“I wrote to you from Louvain, dear father, on the 21st, that being my first free moment since the unlucky battle of Neerwinden ; I wrote you again from Brussels and from Enghien, so you see it is not my fault, since we had no idea of the promptitude with which the administrators of the post would effect their retreat ; I have been ten days without letters, or public papers. In these offices as in all others there is an admirable disorder.

“My rose-coloured visions have gone, and in their place I gaze into profound darkness ; I see liberty destroyed—I see the national Convention ruining France by a neglect of all true principles ; I see the kindling of civil war ; I see innumerable armies falling on our unhappy country from all sides, and no French army to oppose them. Our troops of the line are almost cut to pieces ; our strongest battalions consist only of 400 men ; the brave regiment of the Deux-Ponts has only 500 men and can get no recruits ; every one joins the volunteers and the new corps. More than this, the decree that assimilated the troops of the line with the volunteers has put bad blood between them ; the volunteers are deserting and running away everywhere ; it is impossible to stop them. And the Convention believes that with such soldiers we can make war on the whole of Europe ! I assure you that disillusionment will soon come. France is being precipitated into an abyss.

“My sister is not going to Lille, where she might be worried about her emigration. I think it better that she should go to a village near St. Amand.

“*ÉGALITÉ THE YOUNGER.*”

The reading of this letter produced a terrible murmur through the Assembly, and, on the proposition of La Reveillière-Lepaux, a decree was pronounced placing the duc d'Orléans and Sillery under surveillance. Marat went further and demanded that a price should

be set on the head of the duc de Chartres, extending this to all fugitive Bourbons. This amendment was rejected, but that very evening, whilst the duc d'Orléans was giving a history lesson to the little duc de Beaujolais, he was arrested. The day after this arrest, the Convention received the following letter :

“CITIZENS AND COLLEAGUES,

“Two individuals entered my house, one of whom called himself a Peace Officer, and the other an Inspector of Police ; they handed to me a summons signed Pache, which required me to give myself up at the Town Hall. I begged them not to serve the summons on me. Invincibly attached to the Republic and sure of my own innocence and longing for the time when my conduct shall be examined in every particular, I would not have retarded the execution of this decree if I had not thought that it compromised the status that you have given me.

“PHILIPPE ÉGALITÉ.”

The Assembly passed to the order of the day and the duc d'Orléans, taken from the Town Hall to the Abbaye, was almost immediately transferred again from the Abbaye to Marseilles. Incarcerated in the fort of La Garde with the comte de Beaujolais, the duc de Montpensier (who had just been arrested), the duchesse de Bourbon, his sister, and the prince de Conti, his uncle, he was moved again after a little time to Fort St. Jean, where he passed the longest period of his captivity.

The duc de Montpensier has left charming Memoirs of this captivity, instinct with that gentle, youthful sadness that never seems devoid of hope. Besides, after a little time, the situation of the prisoners was ameliorated. The prince was allowed to communicate with his son and take his meals with him, read papers and receive letters ; by now, his hottest persecutors were dead, Marat first, then Buzot, Barbaroux, Pétion ; whilst, on the contrary, Danton and Camille Desmoulins, his friends, had survived.

On October 15th, the papers announced that the Convention had decided on the immediate trial of Philippe Égalité. The prince was playing cards with

his son when the news was brought to him by the gaoler who brought the papers.

"Ah, so much the better," said he. "Then it will soon finish one way or the other. Kiss me, children. This is a red-letter day in my life."

Then, opening the paper, he read the impeachment of himself.

"Why, it is founded upon nothings," said he. "Those who arranged this must have been rogues; but never mind; I defy them to find any proof against me. Come, children, don't worry about what I regard as good news. Let us finish our game."

On the following October 25th, at 5 o'clock in the morning, the duc de Montpensier was awakened by his father, who came into his cell accompanied by the commissioners whom the Convention had sent to take charge of him.

"My dear Montpensier, I've come to say good-bye," said he, embracing the young prince. "I am going."

And as the young prince was too moved to reply, he pressed him against his heart and burst into tears.

"I meant to go without saying good-bye," said he, "for parting is so terrible. But I could not resist my longing to see you, dear child. Good-bye. Do not grieve. Comfort your brother and fix your thoughts on the happiness of meeting again."

The duc d'Orléans started on his journey and the two brothers remained behind, each trying to inspire a hope in the other that he could not feel himself.

The prince was accompanied by one valet, a man called Gamache, a devoted servant, whom we knew ourselves when he was guard of the Park of Monceaux, and who has told us ten times over all the details of that journey and the death of the prince. The three commissioners of the Convention travelled in the same carriage, escorted by a detachment of the gendarmes. They travelled slowly, halting at night at the best hotels of the big towns on their route. They dined at Auxerre, and a letter was sent from there to Paris, by the commissioners.

CHAPTER XVIII

A faithful servant—The trial—The sentence—The German priest—The abortive conspiracy—The execution (November 6th, 1793)—The scapegoat.

WHEN they arrived at the Barrier, they were met by a messenger who mounted the carriage and directed it to proceed to the Conciergerie. This was the reply to the letter sent by the commissioners.

The arrival of the prince was known already ; the courtyard of the Palais de Justice was crowded with spectators when he descended. The cell reserved for him was near that of the queen ; it was the very one through which you nowadays enter the Chapel of Expiation, opening on the famous Hall of the Dead, now a church. The valet asked and obtained permission to remain with his master.

“ Well, so you would not leave me ? ” said the prince when they were alone. “ My dear Gamache, that is like you, and I am grateful. Let us hope that we shall not be imprisoned always.”

For one moment, the duke thought of writing to his children—especially to the duc de Chartres and his daughter ; but he dared not, for fear the letters should be opened. He was allowed an advocate, a man named Voidel, who had free communication with him. Like the prisoner, Voidel appeared convinced that the verdict would be acquittal.

On the 6th, they told him that a basket of wine from Aï, which he had ordered, had arrived, and he was just tasting it when the door opened. They had come to take him before the Revolutionary Tribunal. It was the gaoler who brought this news. He let him finish what he had to say, and then handed him a glass.

"Taste this wine, my friend," said he; "tell me what you think of it."

The gaoler dared not accept.

"Don't be afraid," said the duke. "If I were asking you to drink my health that would be another matter. That might compromise you—especially at this moment. But I only ask you to taste and give me your advice."

The gaoler drank two glasses of Aï. The duke emptied the rest of the bottle then and there, put two bottles aside and distributed the rest among the gaolers. He then went before the Tribunal. His entrance produced a profound sensation. At the moment of his arrest, debauchery, fatigue, inflammation of the blood, and premature baldness had destroyed all the beauty and elegance of the young conqueror of Ouessant; but, strangely enough, the meagre diet and sea air of Fort St. Jean, the very abstinence of prison life, had made a different man of the duke. He had grown thinner, his complexion had cleared, all pimples had disappeared, and on his forehead one deep wrinkle suggested thought and ever-present care. Moreover his calmness, due to the moral self-control that had come to the duke in the time of peril, that princely majesty that sorrow can give even to those who have no royal blood, all added to the fine front he showed when he faced his judges.

The accusation brought against him was vague and shadowy. If any man had sacrificed everything, honour included, to the Republic, that man was the duke.

"Did not you vote for the death of the tyrant with the ambitious hope of succeeding him?" asked Hermann.

"No," said he. "I was guided by my soul and conscience."

But they now made a weapon of that act which had killed his honour to take away his life. The other questions asked were these:

"Did you know Brissot? What post did Sillery occupy about you? Did you not ask Deputy Poulhier, 'What will you want of me when I am king?'"

At most of these questions, the duke simply shrugged his shoulders. They then asked :

“ Why have you allowed people to call you prince since the establishment of the Republic ? And what was your object in distributing such lavish alms during the revolution ? ”

“ Those who called me prince,” replied he, “ did so in spite of my wish to the contrary. I had a notice stuck on my door to say that all who used that word to me must pay a fine into the poor-box. With regard to the alms which you make an accusation against me, I should have deemed them one small thing in my favour, since I sold part of my land to get the money for those alms and by so doing helped the indigent through a cruel winter.”

He was condemned to death. The sentence was read aloud. He smiled ironically during the reading and simply shrugged again.

“ Since you have decided on my death,” said he, “ you might at least have found more specious pretexts for my condemnation, for you will never persuade any one that you really believe me guilty of the treason for which you have sentenced me to death.” Then throwing a last glance on the ex-marquis d’Antonelle, he added : “ You, less than any one, since you knew me well. But, since my fate is decided, do not leave me to languish until to-morrow. Send me straight from here to the scaffold.”

This was one of the favours that Fouquier-Tinville was always ready to grant. The prince was taken back to the prison, where two priests awaited him. In the passage from the tribunal to the prison a great change had come over the prince—or, we should say, over the man. When about to re-enter his dark cell, where he would be left alone with his memories, all the bitterness and indignation in his heart escaped in a flood of words.

“ The hypocrites ! ” he cried, as he passed under the high arch between the bars. “ I gave them all—rank, fortune, ambition, honour, the good name of my House

in history, even my natural and conscientious shrinking from the condemnation of my enemies,—and this is their reward for me! If I had acted as they say, from an ambition, I should be wretched indeed. No, it was a higher reason than desire for a throne that urged me on—it was desire for the liberty of my country and the happiness of others. Well—once more let me cry—‘Long live the Republic!’ That wish shall go up from my prison cell as it went up from my palace.” Then he added, in a broken voice—“Oh, my poor children!”

So finished his outbreak of rage. He leant up against the stove and dropped his head in his hands. The gaolers, the gendarmes, and the two priests looked on. They often heard such exclamations, but the man to whom they were listening now had been a prince—and although it was decreed that princes were abolished, the attention they paid to this one proved their feeling to the contrary. Then one of the two priests rose. He was a German, named Lothringer, heavy, almost vulgar—a man who fulfilled the sacred duties of consoler conscientiously, and no more. He approached the prince, and said: “Come, come—that’s enough repining. You have not yet confessed.”

“Leave me in peace, you fool!” cried the duke.

“Are you going to die as you have lived?” cried the stupefied priest.

The duke of Orléans did not reply, but the gaolers and gendarmes did so for him. “Yes, yes. He lived a good life. Let him make a good end.”

The second priest, the Abbé Lambert, had all the delicacy of heart and brain that was wanting in his comrade. Ashamed of the brutality of the Abbé Lothinger and also of the coarseness of the gendarmes and gaolers, he now approached the prince in his turn, and spoke softly to him: “*Égalité*,” said he, “I am here to give you the Sacrament—or at least the consolations of religion. Will you receive them from a man who feels for you sincerely and esteems you justly?”

“Who are you?” asked the duke.

"I am the Vicar-General," replied Abbé Lambert. "If you will not accept my ministrations as a priest, may I, as a man, offer to do any service for your wife and family?"

"Thank you, no," said the duke. "If my conscience is heavy, that is all the more reason that no eye but my own should probe into its depths. Believe me, I shall need no outside help to die as a good citizen."

Then the duke lunched, eating with a good appetite and drinking the two bottles of Aï that he had put aside. A member of the tribunal came to ask whether he had any revelation to make at this last moment in the interest of the Republic.

"If I knew of anything that threatened the safety of my country," replied the duke, "I should not have waited till now to reveal it. I have no resentment against the tribunal, nor against the Convention and the patriots—they had not foredoomed my death. That came from above."

At three o'clock they came to take him to the scaffold. He descended to the courtyard, where a row of gendarmes awaited him, sabre in hand. Beaulieu, the royalist writer, saw him pass from the window of his cell.

"I was then imprisoned in the Conciergerie," he says, "and saw him pass the windows and cross the courtyard. He was escorted by half a dozen gendarmes, sabre in hand. From his steady step and his really noble air one would have taken him for a general commanding those soldiers rather than for a poor wretch going to execution."

When he reached the gate, the prince sprang lightly into the cart. Coustard mounted beside him—that deputy of the Legislative Society who had saved the lives of nine Swiss officers on the night of August 10th; and also a poor workman in his blouse, a man whose very name no one knew.¹ Thus, the equality of death claimed representatives from the three estates of society—the aristocrats, the middle class, and the people.

¹ According to Lothinger, four persons went with the prince, namely Coustard, the workman, and an ex-noble, Nicolas de la Roque.—*Translator's Note.*

The cart started, going slowly because of the dense crowd; all eyes were on the prince, some in hatred, some in pity—many in simple curiosity; to see how a man who had lived so badly would die. He had regained all his courage and pride in presence of death, as a true Bourbon should. He had never carried his head higher than at the moment when it was to fall. Abbé Lothinger would not leave him, but had mounted into the cart with him and was worrying him with importunities. The cart stopped before the Palais-Royal and the duke rose and cast glance after glance into the courtyard, with a certain impatience. The Abbé profited by this halt to make a last attempt.

“You see that palace?” said he. “You will never live there again. Does not the sight of those perishable possessions move you to repentance?” The duke stirred impatiently. “Look,” said the Abbé. “There is not much further to go. Consult your conscience and repent.”

The duke stamped and murmured some words that were not audible. After a ten minutes' halt the procession moved on. The reason of this halt has often been questioned. Some say it was due simply to a stoppage in the traffic and others to a refinement of cruelty. Really neither of these was the reason. The Prefect of the Seine solves the riddle for us in his Memoirs. It had been designed to rescue the duc d'Orléans. More than a hundred armed men were in the Palais-Royal, together with those who were to give the signal and take command of the rescue. Two inns, one at the end of the rue St. Thomas and the other at that of the rue de Chartres, were full of gunners from the sections of the Arsenal Gravilliers, and Poisonière. Part of the gendarmes were gained over; moreover, more than eight hundred armed men were following in the crowd, some dressed as women, but all well armed. At a given signal, which was to come from the Palais-Royal, all these men, unknown to one another, were to act at once, recognising one another then by their deeds. A great turmoil was to split up the crowd, the armed force was to be dispersed, the gendarmes and soldiers



PHILIPPE ÉGALITÉ.
After Sir Joshua Reynolds.

who offered resistance were to be disarmed, and the duc d'Orléans rescued. Then they were to march on Robespierre, who lived close by, assassinate him, and carry the duke in triumph to the National Assembly. That is why the duke glanced so anxiously at the Palace; that is why he stamped when the priest tried to distract his attention by speaking of God; that is why he fell back on to the seat of the cart with knitted brows when he felt the cart start on its way again. Yet he did not lose colour.

Now this is why the conspiracy failed. By an accident that no one had foreseen, Robespierre had not returned to his home when the procession left the Conciergerie. They waited ten minutes before the Palais-Royal, but a chain of conspirators communicating by signs were still obliged to confess that Robespierre was absent. He was at the Committee of Public Safety; it was impossible to assassinate him there. These hesitations lasted for ten minutes; during those ten minutes the cart halted outside the Palais-Royal. When they got to the top of the rue de l'Echelle, Robespierre was reported to have returned home; and to get confirmation of this, the procession was again brought to a standstill; but, whether he had returned or not, they were now too far from the palace to receive the signal; the thread had snapped, and the cart continued its way;—that way led to the scaffold.

This second halt had broken the duke's spirit; he let his head fall on his breast till he reached the Place de la Révolution, when the roll of the drums caused him to look up again, when he saw the immense crowds that filled the square. The priest took advantage of this to continue his importunities.

"Incline yourself before God and confess your faults," said he.

"How can I, in all this noise and tumult?" asked the prince. "Besides, it seems to me that I have more need of courage than of remorse."

"At least confess the weightiest of your faults," said the priest. "God will accept your intent and bear

with your difficulties, and I will give you absolution for that and for all your sins in His name."

The prince thought over these words; then bowed his head and spoke softly to the priest, receiving absolution at the scaffold's foot. Both confession and absolution took but five minutes; then the prince leapt lightly from the cart. The onlookers saw then that he was elegantly dressed and in the English fashion, according to his wont. The executioners' attendants wanted to help Égalité up the steps of the scaffold, which were a little steep—but he pushed them gently away. When he was on the scaffold, the executioner wanted to take off his boots. "You can do that afterwards," said he, "do not waste time now. The executioner delayed no longer, but let the prince place himself on the fatal plank; it tipped over, and his head, calm and serene, fell into the basket. He looked indeed as if he had nothing on his conscience; or as if the priest's absolution had washed all sin away.

Opinion seems unanimous about the duc d'Orléans. Is it therefore the more just? We do not think so. Every epoch of national disturbance needs its scape-goat; its expiatory victim, who must suffer for the sins of all. We hound him into the chasm in the hope that that fatal gulf will then close. Was the duc d'Orléans guilty of all the intrigues that are charged to him? We reply without hesitation—No. It would have been impossible for him to act as lever to so many disturbances in six years and leave no trace of his complicity. There is nothing proved against him, either with regard to the conflagration of Réveillon, or the days of October 5th and 6th, or June 20th, or August 10th. No, the true agent of progress was the spirit of the public; the true motive power was the gold sent by Pitt, which he ordered to be spent without rendering account, and by means of which he hoped to bring the Revolution to dishonour through its own excesses and render it odious to the revolutionaries themselves.

But why was the duc d'Orléans universally hated ? That is simple. He was hated by the king because kings always must hate the head of a line which must succeed their line. He was hated by the queen because he said aloud, at his orgies and fêtes, what others only whispered. He was hated by the Mountain because they knew themselves guilty of ingratitude towards him. He was hated by the Girondists because he voted with the Mountain. He was hated by the aristocracy because he sided with the people. He was hated by the people because he had been born a prince. Surely these are hatreds enough to account for the blackening of his memory.

CHAPTER XIX

“Mr. Corby, an English traveller”—Two letters from Dumouriez—An unquotable answer.

THE duc de Chartres reached Mons on April 6th; we have already related the perils that beset him on his way there; an even greater danger awaited him on his arrival. The prince of Saxe-Coburg suggested that he should enter the Imperial service, with the rank that he had held in the French army. He refused. There has been much discussion as to his motive; was it simply due to foresight, or did it spring from his heart? Probably a little from both. The duc de Chartres as yet had only learnt to fear his fellow-men. Later, he learnt to despise them, and this contempt upset his judgment when duc d'Orléans and ruined him when king. Whatever his motive, he told the prince of Saxe-Coburg that the only favour he desired was a passport for his aide-de-camp César Ducrest and also for himself. These he obtained, and, having sent the news of his departure to his mother, who was being kept under surveillance at the château of the old duc de Penthièvre, he set out on his journey, taking the name of Corby and calling himself an English traveller. His intention was to go to Switzerland, passing through Liège, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne.

Meanwhile Dumouriez published the following letter in the German and English newspapers:

“Hearing that certain suspicions are current against me, and that I am supposed to have entered into an alliance with Philippe d'Orléans, the French prince now known under the name of Égalité, and being anxious to preserve the esteem of which I daily receive proofs of the most honourable nature, I am desirous of stating that I have no know-

ledge of any Orléans party, if such there be ; that I have never had any relations with the prince who is its supposed chief and whose name is used as pretext. He is a man whom I have never esteemed ; and since that fatal act by which he tore asunder the tie of blood and outraged all known laws, by voting for the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI, giving utterance to his opinions with revolting impudence, my contempt for him has changed into an absolute aversion and filled me with desire to see him delivered over to the full penalty of the law.

“As to his children, I believe them gifted with as many virtues as he has vices ; they served their country in the armies I commanded, with whole-hearted devotion, untainted by any personal ambition ; I have a sincere friendship for the eldest son, founded on well-merited esteem ; I know that, far from aspiring to mount the throne of France, he would flee to the end of the universe rather than see himself compelled to such a step. Moreover, I declare that, if after the crimes of his father, or through the atrocious workings of factions or anarchists, he should find himself obliged to choose between the virtues he has shown up to now, and the baseness of profiting by the catastrophe that has cast all sane Frenchmen and even Europe herself into mourning ; if, in such a case ambition blinded him to the point of aspiring to the throne, I would vow to him an eternal hatred and feel for him the same contempt that I feel for his father.”

After this letter, which was published, as we have said, in the English and German papers, it is difficult to understand how the great friendship between the duc de Chartres and Dumouriez could have continued. Can political motives weigh with a son to the extent of making him forgive such an outrage on his father ? We cannot understand it. But then, we were not able to understand the tender intimacy with which, in later years, the baroness de Feuchères was received at the château of Neuilly.

But what is still less understandable is the sequel to this first letter from Dumouriez, which we are now going to give. This second letter was written to Charette and was found among his papers. We will reproduce

it textually. It enables us to see how far reliance could be placed on the republican protestations of Dumouriez and to what degree he carried the contempt he vowed for the duc de Chartres if he aspired to the throne.

“MY DEAR CHARETTE,

“What events have passed since those days when, happy and peaceful, we two enjoyed life and its pleasures in that Vendée whose greatness we were then far from suspecting. I have lived brave days—I have been powerful,—I should have done much—and I stopped short too soon. I should have waited till the Revolution had done slaving. You and yours threw yourselves across her course, and what I prophesied when journeying through your country has come to pass. Civil war, organised as you have organised it, is a force that the French Republic, in the throes of dissolution, cannot withstand; but after your triumphs you will need Peace, and that peace, my dear chevalier, you can only ensure by establishing a throne. You know the sincerity of my feelings towards you; I admire your courage—as a soldier; I admire even more the talent you have shown as a general. But I must ask you what you will do if, in case of success, you should reconstruct the monarchy. In my retreat, musing over all the obstacles that come before my mind and across my path—for my life is almost as disturbed as yours, though I travel through more space and with less glory)—there seems to me but one sure and legitimate means by which you can solve your difficulties. I have reflected long on the causes that have brought about, developed, nourished, and killed the revolutionary movement. I say ‘killed,’ for the Revolution died on the day when she ceased to inspire fear. Well, shall I tell you where my reflections have led me since the beginning of things in 1789? France needs a king; there is nothing republican about her, either in character or customs; but she became revolutionary because her last monarchs did not understand the path she wanted to tread. The monarchy of Louis XIV was not what she wanted; new interests have arisen since then; the Third Estate, crushed down so long, has felt her power—and abused it; but that power has been doubled by the confiscations of property belonging to the clergy and the nobility. A king is needed,

but a king who will give to the Third Estate those guarantees that the Bourbons offered to the clergy and nobility. He must sanction all that has been done both good and ill. Do you think the Bourbons, for whom you are fighting, will ever accept such conditions? You have shown in every way too much breadth of mind not to know that the wall of separation between the Bourbons and France is insurmountable. This opinion is rife in foreign courts, and even among the émigrés, since the princes have shown themselves men without energy or will, surrounded by flatterers, just as they were at Versailles, men whose devotion is but that of the ante-chamber.

“Both princes are impossible; and though it was not granted to me to snatch the head of the family from the scaffold, there are other branches who are not so wedded to their absolute ideas. Not to mention the Condés, of which branch the duc d’Enghien is the hero, there is the Orléans family; and let me tell you openly what I feel here, my dear Charette, for what I write may easily come to pass, and, proscribed as we both are to-day by the Revolution, we may yet be accepted to-morrow as her liberators and controllers. The new duc d’Orléans, who is a fugitive and a wanderer, is in no way to blame for those events in which, in spite of us all, his unfortunate father took so large a part. I know that his father is execrated by zealots of your party, and that even his death has not quenched their hatred. What must we conclude from that? Why, that the young duc d’Orléans is the sole means of compromise possible between the Republic and the Monarchy. He has very clever ideas on many points, and in spite of his youth he has an enlightened brain. It was for him that the Girondists were really working when using the name of his father as a banner against the court. We wanted to attain our aim without disturbance and, above all, without bloodshed. The Jacobins overthrew our schemes, but the Jacobins are now demolished; and strong in my knowledge, I address myself to you as the one who can give back peace and happiness to France. His Highness of Orléans, who was under my orders, and who, I know, will be the first to honour your devotion to those principles which have always been his too, in spite of certain weaknesses and concessions yielded to the exigencies of the times; His Highness of Orléans, I say, has not been consulted by me on this matter; but I believe I can answer for him; and

feel sure that when the day comes he will not belie me. Now, this is what I propose to you.

“The career of the Convention is almost at an end ; most of its members will return to the obscurity from which they came. Many, with whom I have remained in correspondence, ask nothing better than to allay the revolution they have provoked. All is levelled to the ground ; they feel that something at least must be lifted up again, and therefore they are with us. Their influence on the sections of Paris is immense. The people are weary and will willingly submit to a king who will flatter their pride ; a king who took part in the revolution and therefore will not be a living reproach to them. But the goodwill of these several parties, together with that of the army, no longer hostile ; all these forces tending to the same end, cannot reach that end unless with your concurrence. A union of the two parties—of the two armies—you will feel the hopeful augury of that event ! I know in advance all the objections that you are going to make. ‘Will the prince consent ?’ I answer for him as for myself. ‘Have you the majority in the Convention ?’ Yes, or if there are a few voices still wanting, they are easily bought. All are for sale to the pretender. ‘Are you sure of the army ?’ The army asks nothing better than to hear the voice of her old general ; besides, we have been throwing out feelers. ‘What would you do with the Bourbons ?’ What they like—or what you like. They might be left in exile, or, after a few years of the new reign have gone by, they might return to France. There is nothing to be feared from them. ‘What basis of government would you establish ?’ The constitutional system of the National Assembly, modified as it has been by time.

“I will not tell you now what the gratitude of the prince and of the nation would mean for you, if this state of things should be brought about. You know that all would be granted you which could possibly flatter human ambition. They have made you lieutenant-general ; if the duc d’Orléans should be king, he would do more than this, and would reward more generously the service you would have rendered to your country. As for La Vendée and her troops, you would only have to speak ; your wishes would be commands. I am not proposing a conspiracy, still less a shameful act of treason. I see the thing from higher grounds, as you would see it yourself. I see it as

the triumph of our constitutional ideas cemented by the very triumph of your monarchical principles. La Vendée, giving a king to the Revolution. Do you realise how fine your rôle would be, my dear Charette? Finer even than that which Monk played in England; even as you are worthier than he.

"At the moment of writing, the English Cabinet has just compromised all our unhappy émigrés at Quiberon; men whose courage exceeded their skill in tactics. We must prevent the recurrence of such calamities. They tell me that the Comte d'Artois is about to make a descent upon your shores. If my letter reaches you before his expedition, believe your friend when he warns you that the English will ruin you through him. Think over what I propose. There is only one order of things possible; a constitutional monarchy. The Bourbons do not understand this; therefore you must address yourself to a prince of whom no party is afraid and who can reconcile us all with an impartial ardour. Yet you will always have the first place in his affections and his gratitude. Farewell, my friend. Weigh well all the reasons which induce me to choose you as the Atlas of the new reign, and believe me, with every sentiment of hope and admiration,

"Your very humble servant,

"DUMOURIEZ."

"P.S.—I hear that you and your lieutenants have more than 40,000 men at your disposal. That is more than we need. If, as I do not doubt, you accept the propositions that I am authorised to make to you, propositions which make you the second man in France, have the fewest engagements possible with the troops; bring your soldiers to a reasonable frame of mind. Write to me; and, as there is no time to be lost, as soon as I have your final word, I will abandon the precarious hospitality of foreign climes, come to Paris—and the Revolution will be over."

Charette's reply is well known. It was short and expressive—but, unfortunately, it is not quotable¹!

¹ "Dites au fils du citoyen Égalité d'aller se faire . . ." (Crétineau Joly, "Histoire de Louis-Philippe," 1862).—*Translator's Note.*

CHAPTER XX

The Irish fugitives—A professor of geography at Reichenau—A letter from the author.

IT is time that we returned to the duc de Chartres, and related the pilgrimage that constituted one of the noblest epochs of his life. This occurred during the interval of time that divided the writing of the two letters quoted in the last chapter; of which letters we confess we would prefer to think the duke cognisant of the second rather than of the first.

It was at Frankfort that the duke learnt of the arrest of his father and two brothers. If they had remained at Paris and if their trial had not been postponed, there is no doubt that the duc de Chartres would have risked all to go to their defence; and the spectacle of this young warrior rushing from exile to defend his father and brothers from their would-be executioners would have been worthy of the heroic days of old. But when he heard that they had been sent to Marseilles, it is probable that he was deceived into the belief that some protecting power was watching over them and had caused them to be removed from the circle of immediate death. He therefore continued his journey towards Basle; his heart heavy with the terrible news.

M. de Montjoie lived at Basle; the duc de Chartres had intended to take refuge with this tried friend, but he was recognised by Mademoiselle de Condé and by a captain of the Royal Swedes. The comte de Montjoie accordingly advised him to push on to Schaffhouse, where the princess Adélaïde and Mme. de Genlis had found shelter.¹ The princess was ill, and though the town did not afford very safe quarters for her, she

¹ In the interval they had been in the camp of Dumouriez, he having taken them from Tournay, where they were in danger from the enemy.—*Translator's Note.*

remained there with her brother and governess until May 6th. On the 7th, they started for Zurich ; but, being recognised as soon as they reached the place, they were obliged to travel on to Zug. There, the three fugitives pretended to be Irish, finding the assumption easy, as they all spoke English as if it were their mother-tongue. On the 14th, they rented a little house on the borders of the lake isolated from the town, and there they established themselves ; but this period of peace was transitory, for they were again recognised, after having been there just one month, and their troubles recommenced, the persecution this time being so brutal that the little princess almost lost her life. A huge stone was thrown through the window and narrowly missed her. If it had hit her, it must have injured her seriously. The duc de Chartres darted out of the house armed with a stick, and used it to such effect that he dispersed the six or eight peasants who surrounded the house ; but, in spite of his success, it was agreed that they must separate for the good of all. The question was, where could they go ? Which canton would afford them shelter, since they had been driven out of the two which were most friendly ? Luckily, M. de Montjoie thought of General Montesquiou ; he had just conquered Savoy and the Convention gave him the reward of merit by pronouncing a sentence of exile against him ; but as he had rendered considerable service to Geneva in his capacity as commander of the Alps, Switzerland had gratefully offered him hospitality. He lived at Bremgarten.

Mme. de Genlis wrote to him and explained the situation. The general at once invited the illustrious exiles to come to him ; he then established Mlle. Adélaïde and Mme. de Genlis in the convent of Ste. Claire, a quarter of a league distant from Bremgarten, but he advised the duc de Chartres to travel about incognito until the stormy times were over ; one day he might feel glad that this picturesque page had been added to the book of his life. This was also Dumouriez' advice. The one exiled conqueror wrote to the other as follows :

“MY DEAR MONTESQUIOU,

“Embrace our dear youth for me. What you are doing for him is worthy of you; let him profit by his misfortunes by using them to gain strength and experience. This madness will pass over and then he will find his right place in the world. Advise him to keep a detailed diary of his travels. Not only will it be piquant to read the doings of a Bourbon who has something better than hunting, women, and the table to occupy his time with, but also his Memoirs may some day serve as a certificate of his life, either after he has been restored to his rights or as a means of aiding that restoration. Princes should inspire Odysseys rather than Pastorals.”

Acting on this double advice, the duc de Chartres separated from his sister and went to Basle. M. de Montjoie was expecting him, but only to say farewell. All the horses were sold, with the exception of one only; this sale brought in sixty louis, and on June 20th, 1793, the prince set out with a single servant; that very Baudouin, who had risked his life to save that of Dumouriez during the flight from St. Amand. Baudouin was ill, but he would not leave his young master. On his part, the duc de Chartres having now only one horse, as we have said, gave it to his servant and walked by his side on foot. For the matter of that, this was the best way to see Switzerland. He visited Neufchatel, Morat, Uri, Unterwald, Bruglen, Kussnach, the manor of Hapsburg, cradle of the House of Austria; Grindelwald, with its blue glacier Rosenlauwi, where the Alpine roses grow in the snow; the Devil's Bridge, where Masséna was to bury the army of Souvarow; the St. Gothard, where Russians and Frenchmen were to fight among the clouds, and where the monks refused to receive the prince, declaring that they had no lodgings for foot-passengers, and sending him out to a stable where he supped and slept with muleteers; Gordona, where the landlady, judging him by his appearance, sent him into the barn, where, delighted to have a bed of hay, he overslept, and woke to find his host standing over him, gun in hand, waiting to be

paid ; and finally Lucerne, where, poor as he was, he found a priest even poorer than himself and paid the passage money to enable the man of God to cross the lake, on whose shores he was dismally waiting for alms.

Economical as he was, and in spite of the self-imposed privation due to the selling of his horse, he yet saw the day when he reached his last louis. At the moment of changing this last coin, he received a letter from M. de Montesquiou, to whom he had written in the hope of borrowing a little money. The general was as poor as he was and could send no money—but he suggested a plan. M. de Montesquiou was very friendly with Captain Aloyse Jost de St. Georges, Director of the College of Reichenau. A post in this college remained unfilled, because the man appointed to it had not put in an appearance ; the directors were getting impatient and declared they could wait no longer. The teacher who had not come was Chabaud la Tour, himself a man of very good family. The prince presented himself under this name, went through an examination, and was appointed professor of geography at a salary of 1,400 francs a year. The writer of these lines visited this college thirty-seven years later, the ex-professor having then been king of France for two years. Perhaps the reader may like to know what the present historian had at that time to say of life in Switzerland, the land of lofty mountain-tops and deep precipices, which gave hospitality to the future king. This letter was written to the king's son, heir-presumptive of the crown. It contained a warning of changes to come that was to prove only too prescient.

“ MONSEIGNEUR,

“ Will you grant me permission to write to you from a little corner of Switzerland which will be familiar to your heart, I am sure, even more than to your ear. At midday, yesterday, I arrived at Reichenau. It is a little village in the canton of the Grisons, and the only thing interesting about it is the strange story attaching to it. Towards the end of the last century the Burgomaster, Tscharnier, of Coire, founded a college at Reichenau ; and the whole canton

was being searched for a professor of French when a young man presented himself before M. Boul, Director of the establishment. This young man brought a letter of introduction signed by M. Aloyse Jost de St. Georges ; he was a Frenchman and spoke English and German too, and he was well-versed, besides, in Mathematics, Physics, and Geography. Such a treasure was too rare and too marvellous to be allowed to slip ; especially as the young man was modest in his ideas. M. Boul arranged to give him 1,400 francs a year and the new professor entered on his duties during the month of October 1793. This young man was your father, Louis Philippe d'Orléans, then duc de Chartres and to-day King of France.

"I confess, monseigneur, that it was with a feeling of pride and emotion that I learnt the details of this singular vicissitude of fate. Here, in this very spot, in this little room opening from the corridor by double doors, its panels painted with flowers, the mantelpiece placed across the corner,—pictures dating from the time of Louis XV and framed in arabesques of gold upon its walls, and, above, its ceiling ornamented in colours,—in this very room the royal exile, rather than beg his bread, had worked for and earned it. One professor who knew him and one of his scholars still lives there to-day. That professor is the novelist Zschokke, and the scholar is the Burgomaster Tscharner, son of the very man who founded the school. But the worthy bailly Aloyse Jost is dead ; he died in 1827 and was buried at Zitzers, his natal town.

"There is nothing left of the college to-day except the study that we have already described, where the future king of France gave his lessons, and the chapel at the end of that corridor, with its pulpit and altar over which hangs a crucifix, painted in fresco. The rest of the building has been turned into a sort of villa and belongs to Colonel Pastaluzzi. The very memory of this fact, so honourable to all Frenchmen that it deserves to take its place among our national recollections, might vanish with the old men who were concerned in it, and who are dying out, if we had not the chance to make it known to a noble and artistic spirit who, we feel sure, will not let oblivion rest on anything so honourable for himself and for France. That spirit is yourself, Monseigneur Ferdinand d'Orléans. You were our college comrade and will one day be our king. When you mount the throne you will touch with one hand

the ancient monarchy of France, and with the other you will reach out to the young Republic. You will inherit galleries where repose the relics of the battles of Taillebourg and of Fleurus, of Bovines and of Aboukir, of Azincourt and of Marengo ; you will know that the lilies of Louis XIV were the spear-heads of Clovis ; that the glories of a country remain glories whatever the age that has seen their birth or the sun that has warmed them into being. For with your royal circlet you will bind together 2,000 years of memories and make of them the consular fasces borne by the Lictors as they march before you. When that time comes, monseigneur, be great enough to remember this little isolated port, where, beaten by the sea of exile, buffeted by the winds of proscription, your father found a noble refuge from the storm. It would be a fine thing were you to command that this hospitable roof be raised again for the duty of hospitality ; and, on the very spot where the old house falls into ruin, to raise a new one, destined to shelter any son of the proscribed, who may come to knock at its doors even as your father came, with the staff of exile in his hand ; and this whatever his opinions or his country, whether he be threatened by the anger of a people or menaced by the hatred of a king. The future, serene and blue of sky as it seems for France, whose revolutionary work is over, is heavy with disturbance for the world. We have sown the seeds of liberty in our pathway across Europe and they are pricking up on all sides, like blades of wheat in May, and it only needs a ray from our sun to ripen the most distant harvest. Throw your eyes over the past and then bring them to bear upon the present ; have you ever known thrones tremble as they are trembling now—or met so many uncrowned kings upon their travels ? Think, and you will see that it would be well to found a refuge, if only for the sons of kings whose fathers could not do as your father did and take a professorship at Reichenau.

“ALEX. DUMAS.”

Indeed, this post at Reichenau was always one of the memories that the duc de Chartres, even after he became king, looked back upon with pleasure. When duc d'Orléans, he had a picture painted of this little study at Reichenau ; he is shown standing in the midst of the professors and scholars, giving a lesson in geography.

CHAPTER XXI

The ninth of Thermidor—The two Corbys—Mme. de Flahaut—A letter to Governor Morris.

THE great revolution of the ninth of Thermidor now took place. The duc de Chartres, by now become duc d'Orléans, expected this to bring about a change for the better in his own affairs ; the wind had veered round and was pointing not only to moderation, but even to reaction. He saw in this change the hope of rescuing some small fragments of his father's fortune, and resolved to leave the college. Armed with a certificate as to his ability as a teacher, and with a passport in the name of Corby signed by all the authorities of Reichenau and Coire, he set out on foot, his knapsack on his back.

Baudouin had come with him to Reichenau, but as he was a groom and as there was not much scope for teaching riding up mountains that goats alone could climb, he left the place and went back to M. de Montesquiou to tell him that his master would soon return. The duc d'Orléans found Baudouin waiting for him about half a league from Bremgarten ; the road was open to him, and M. de Montesquiou, less spied upon than at the time of his first visit, was able to receive him with more freedom. Nevertheless, desiring to be on the safe side, the duc d'Orléans decided to wait for nightfall before entering Bremgarten and enjoying the general's hospitality. Through this, a curious adventure befell him. It so happened that the name of Corby, assumed by the duke, was the name of a young aide-de-camp of General Montesquiou. This man went back to France when the general went into exile ; but, being afraid of the consequences, he had since left the

country and gone into exile himself, coming to live at Bremgarten. He had also changed his name and now called himself the Chevalier de Rionel. Therefore, when he saw another Corby sitting opposite to him at the table d'hôte, he was afraid to open his mouth lest he should denounce himself. M. de Montesquiou, who had faith in the real Corby, explained matters to him, and the young aide-de-camp declared himself honoured to lend his name for a few months to the duc d'Orléans ; remaining hidden himself under the name of Rionel, sure that no dishonour would come to his real name during its use by the young duke, who took for the nonce not only Corby's name, but also his position about the general.

For all this, the calumnies which had pursued the father did not spare the son. They said in France that when the duke left the army, he borrowed enormous sums of money and was now living sumptuously at Bremgarten in a palace that General Montesquiou had built with English gold. The duc d'Orléans could not bear to give rise to a scandal that affected the general as well as himself, and resolved to set out on his travels again, and wander farther on the road of exile, so broad for those setting out and so steep for those who would fain return. This time a woman took him under her protection ; Mme. de Flahaut. As we come to certain names in recounting these earlier years, we find the source of those influences which surrounded the throne in 1830.

Mme. de Flahaut started by writing to France to give the lie to those baseless calumnies.

"I saw the young duc d'Orléans in Switzerland," said she ; "his conduct to his mother has been perfect since he left the army and his manner of living is that of his ancestor Henry IV. He is somewhat melancholy, but gentle and modest. His sole ambition is to go to America and there forget both the greatness and the sufferings which attended his early years ; but he has no money. Could you not do him the service of letting his mother know of his noble conduct and of his veneration for her ? "

This desire to visit the United States arose from a circumstance connected with the whilom fortune of the prince. The Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States in France, from 1792 to 1794, had been received at the Palais-Royal in the last days of Prince Égalité, while there still remained to him some power. With his principles of exalted Puritanism, the American diplomat had only seen in the duc d'Orléans what, perhaps, Posterity may see,—a sincere Republican who had made every sacrifice for his country, perhaps misled by the double example of those two Brutuses whose name, symbol of rigid virtue, has served as pretext for so many crimes. He therefore felt for the duke a sincere friendship. Above all, he knew and appreciated the duchesse d'Orléans, feeling all the sweetness of that saintly woman. This man was Governor Morris.

Mme. de Flahaut, who visited at the Palais-Royal at that time, knew Governor Morris, and now that she had taken refuge, like the young duke, with General Montesquiou, she was seized with the idea of writing to Morris and telling him the duke's real position. By return of post, the prince received a letter from Governor Morris in which he invited the duke to go at once to America ; once in New York, he would be under the protection of the government, and not only would have nothing to fear, but no cause for anxiety. He enclosed a bill for a hundred louis on a banker in Basle, the money being intended to defray the expenses of the voyage.

The prince replied as follows :

“ BREMGARTEN,
February 24th, 1795.

“ SIR,

“ I accept with great pleasure the offers of help you send to me ; your kindness is a debt that I owe to my mother and to our friend. I am sure that my dear mother will feel comforted and eased in mind when she learns that I am near you. I am greatly desirous of working for my living in your happy country. Misfortunes fell on me almost as soon as I was born ; but, thank God, they have not

broken my spirit ; it is fortunate, now that I have lost all, that I never had time to get used to my position or to contract habits difficult to break ; that, in short, I was deprived of my fortune before I had had time either to use it or to abuse it.

“ Our good friend wants to inform you of certain particulars concerning my present circumstances, which are sufficiently deplorable. She will tell you all, and I hope, sir, that this confidence will seem to you a proof of my esteem and friendship for you.

“ L. P. D'ORLÉANS.”

This chance of better things came in good time, since the persecution that pursued our illustrious traveller was about to fall on Montesquiou. The duc d'Orléans learnt this fact indirectly, through overhearing a conversation that was not meant for his ears. He immediately resolved to leave, and the very next day he set out from Bremgarten. This was on March 10th, 1795. His sister had left the convent of Ste. Claire on May 11th, 1794, nearly a year ago, and was now in Hungary with the princesse de Conti, her aunt. Mme. de Genlis was at Hamburg, with Valence and Dumouriez. M. de Montesquiou gave the duc d'Orléans letters for Dumouriez, who, far from having abandoned his plans for restoring the monarchy, was plotting more actively than ever.

The duke reached Hamburg on March 20th, accompanied by M. de Montjoie and Baudouin. He found Dumouriez, who replied at once to the letter from M. de Montesquiou. This reply contained the following passage, which bears out what we have said about the hopes and wishes of the conqueror of Valmy :

“ As you surmise, I saw our dear young friend again with the greatest pleasure. He seems both resigned and brave. He stayed five days with me, and I would gladly have kept him all the summer, but if we had been recognised it would have been said that I was planning to raise him to the throne and that I was keeping under my hand the head of the new dynasty. As a matter of fact, it looks at present as if the Capetian Dynasty was at an end, for

though revolution may follow revolution, none of them will favour that. There will be another king of France some day—I do not know when—and I do not know who he will be—but I feel sure that he will not be from the direct line.”

It is remarkable that almost at the moment at which Dumouriez wrote these words, this very king of France whom he foresaw revealed himself by his action on Vendémiaire 13th; thus realising and falsifying Dumouriez’ prediction at one and the same time.

When he had reached Hamburg, the young prince yielded to a youthful caprice¹ and, instead of departing for America, was seized with the desire to travel north to the ends of the earth, as Regnard said. Before plunging into the cold reality of Washington and Adams, he longed to wander through the fantastic mists of Elsinore. He landed in Sweden on May 6th, 1795. It was just after the assassination of king Gustavus by Horn, Ribing, and Anckarstroem, and the duke of Sundermania was regent. This duke of Sundermania was nicknamed the Swedish duke of Orleans, and from him the exile was certain of protection. He was received most sympathetically, and sheltered from the persecutions of the French envoy, Rivals, who had received instructions from the Convention to keep careful watch over the young duc d’Orléans.

¹ There is good ground for the belief that this journey was advised by Dumouriez, who was most anxious that the prince should not marry Mme. de Flahaut, the fascinating widow.—*Translator’s Note.*



MADAME DE GENLIS.

CHAPTER XXII

The home of spectre and phantom—A weary exile—A never-to-be-forgotten letter.

DURING the two months preceding his arrival in Sweden the traveller had explored that country of old legends—home of spectre and phantom—that we call Denmark. He had seen the castle of Cronemburg and the gardens of Hamlet,—he had visited Elsenour and Gothenburg,—he had journeyed up the lake of Venez to the cascades on the river of the Goths at Trollhätan. He had then crossed into Norway and seen the spot at Fredrikshall where Charles XII died, and from there had gone to stay a while at Christiania; there, under the name of Corby, he made the acquaintance of the protestant pastor Monod, whom he met again later on at Paris; then he walked along the coast of Norway to the Gulf of Saltström and visited the Maelström, that horrible abyss that seems as if it must have come from a tale out of the Thousand and One Nights, in readiness for some new voyage of Sindbad the Sailor. Then, still on foot, he roamed from mountain to mountain in Lapland, passed the lake of Tys, up to the North Cape, and, having stayed for several days in the snows, facing a sea of ice, 18° from the Pole, he returned to Torneå, on the gulf of Bothnia, where hardly a Frenchman had been since Louis XV sent Maupertuis there to measure a meridional degree below the Polar circle. After this, returning by way of Åbo, he wandered over Finland, and after having visited the battle-fields of the Russians and the Swedes as far as the river Kimen, he came to Stockholm, where, as we have said, persecution awaited him again at the limit of the civilised world.

In spite of the help which the duke of Sudermania offered him, our wanderer took up his staff again, left Sweden and went on to Holstein, to rejoin Dumouriez, who was waiting for him with great impatience. Dumouriez had to give him an account of his negotiations with Charette, Puisaye, and even Bournonville, who had just gone back to France, having been exchanged, with the four commissioners, for Madame Royale.

Mme. de Genlis, however, was getting tired of exile; and, either because she was not satisfied with her pupil, or because she hoped that a seeming rupture with him would open to her a means of returning to France, she wrote him the following letter from her refuge in Holstein; a letter which is somewhat harsh, perhaps even severe, from a second mother so loved that she had even been preferred to the real mother, but a letter, nevertheless, which throws much light on the character of the man whose history we are writing. Here is the letter, which was published twice—in 1796 and again in 1834 or 1835;—thus twice playing a hostile part against the exile and against the king.

“SILR—MOSTENS,
“*February 18th, 1796.*

“Having had no knowledge of your place of abode, sir, for the last two years, and not having heard a word from you for seventeen months, I take the step of printing this letter in the public papers. You cannot then fail to see it, wherever you may be. As long as I could be useful to you and to your interesting and unhappy sister, it was my duty to keep up my intimate relations with you. I did so, and would do so again if you had need of me. When I left Switzerland in the month of May, 1794, we had been separated, you and I, for a year; you were far away and owed your place of shelter to a person with whom I had no acquaintance. A natural gratitude has made you feel for that person a confidence as great as your friendship for him; his advice was no doubt more valuable than mine, since I was alone with Mlle d’Orléans, shut up in that convent where I passed a year of absolute solitude with her; occupied

entirely with the care of her health and in perfecting the talents *that I had given her*.

“When I reached this country, a year and eight months ago, I wished to live here strictly incognito; for that reason, as I wrote to you rarely, and did not wish to trust my secret to the post, I did not tell you where I was. Yet, without giving my assumed name, or the name of the place where I was living, I found means to let you have news of me. I even sent you an address that would find me. The last letter I received from you was in the month of October, 1794; like your previous letters, it merely contained expressions of gratitude and affection for me; and the sweet name of ‘mother,’ by which you always call me, ought to convince me that your heart has not wavered from its due regard for me, in spite of the *mystery* of your conduct; for since our relations have come to an end I cannot have done anything to offend you. About ten months ago some one sent me a letter for you, imagining that I should know your address; every one said that you were in this country and even named your correspondent. I asked him which town you were in; he replied that he knew, but that he must not tell me. I did not insist and I sent the letter. I heard nothing more about you, and I made no attempt to find out where you were; but, I repeat, if I had thought that I could be of use to you, I should have warned you and sought you out *with the utmost diligence*. In the public papers of this country I read a letter signed by you, which announced that you were starting for America. As you have not repudiated that letter I must suppose that what it said is true, and that you are in America. I congratulate you on having taken this step. You will remember that I recommended it, three years ago, as the wisest thing you could do.

“It seems incredible that you do not know that they have been writing in several French newspapers about the *party* in France and partisans in foreign countries, who wish to place you on the throne. If you really do not know this, *it would be rendering you a great service to tell you of it*. During the ten years that I devoted to the care of you, I had time to study and to understand your character, *and I never found in you the slightest trace of ambition*. I was thankful for this, being certain that your life would be the happier and the more virtuous on that account. Since your education was finished, during those three years *when*

our relationship was so tender and so intimate, I saw in you constantly the most exalted patriotism, the purest and truest disinterestedness, and the most perfect rectitude of feeling. You wrote volumes of letters to me during my stay in England ; I left them at Paris in the keeping of a friend, who has sent them on to me. I have them all, together with those that you wrote me during the earlier part of our stay in Switzerland, and among them is the one you wrote me *when we first entered the convent*, in which you expressed so deep a gratitude for what I had had the pleasure of doing for you and for your poor sister, to whom I was devoting myself, being, indeed, her only resource. I shall keep these letters all my life. Occasionally they express sentiments *of an exaggerated nature*, and opinions somewhat immature, faults natural at your age. On these points we were not of the same mind. But, in spite of these slight differences of opinion, I find in re-reading these letters the reward for all that I have done for you ; I find in them the certitude that you are incapable of lending yourself to the designs that are attributed to you. You were twenty years old when you wrote the last letters of this collection, precious testimony of your gratitude and of *your filial affection for me*—and indeed, of every sentiment that is honourable in youth. You were *twenty* then ! Could one give the lie to one's former self in three years—at *twenty-three years old*—unless one were inexcusably weak of character ? No. I know that, at the bottom of your heart, your principles and opinions remain the same. *You—have designs on the throne ; become a usurper !* You, seek to abolish a republic that you have recognised and cherished—and fought with valour to maintain ! And at this moment, too, when France is settling down, when the government is established, founded, as it seems, *on a solid basis of morality and justice !* What confidence could France have in a constitutional king of twenty-three who only two years previously *was an ardent republican and the most enthusiastic partisan of equality ?* Would not such a king be as dangerous as another, and as likely to abolish the Constitution step by step, and become a despot ? According to general ideas it is less of a step from royalty, of any nature, to despotism, than from a democratic government to royalty, however mitigated.

“ If you mounted this blood-stained throne, overturned as it is, could you even flatter yourself that you were bringing

peace to France? No—not at all. A prolongation of the war with foreign Powers and civil war in every part of the Empire would be the result of that *fatal usurpation*. If France re-establishes royalty, she herself legitimises the claims of the brother of the unfortunate Louis XVI; if the throne is raised again, it belongs to him. Should you seat yourself upon it, you would be known always by the most odious of titles; *fresh parties would drive you out again* and you would then find in exile and proscription the only horrors that you have not yet experienced and the only ones that are insufferable—dishonour and remorse. Besides, even if you could legitimately claim the throne, I should see you mount it with regret, *because you have none of the talents or qualities necessary for a king*, except courage and honesty. You are cultured, enlightened, and have a thousand virtues; but each state in life demands its own qualities and you have not those which go to make a *great king*. Your taste and your character fit you for private life; to offer a touching spectacle of all the domestic virtues, but not to shine brilliantly, to act with unremitting energy, and govern with firm hand a great empire. I am sure, *sir*, that you think as I do about this, and I flatter myself that the people about you and the friends you have seen fit to make will not be able to awaken in you an ambition that, from every point of view, would be as absurd as it would be criminal. In short, I am certain that if those about you gave you different advice—which I have no right to assume—you would reject it and follow your own heart, whose right feeling will always guide you well. In printing this letter I feel sure that I am doing you a service, because it should serve to dissuade those who would make a party head of you, in spite of all appearances to the contrary. Every one must believe that your character is better known to your governess *than to any one else*, and I take it on myself to declare that the projects they attribute to you would be viewed by you with horror.

“Farewell, sir; devote yourself to the happy and calm obscurity which your misfortunes and your state enjoin on you; many terrible memories must haunt your solitude;—but many sweet ones too. Remember the many generous and humane deeds which shed honour on the days of your boyhood and which were also the delight of your unhappy brothers; remember, too, *the civic crown of Vendôme!* The future steps of your career have led you to many

brilliant actions ; but, in future, you will find that your true glory lies in a seclusion. Love your country always ; and console yourself for the injustice done you by the recollection of your own unshaken patriotism ; do not merely wish her prosperity, but desire *that she may be happy in her chosen manner*. In short, live henceforth only for virtue ; it is the only way to live happily.”¹

¹ The italics are no doubt Dumas'.—*Translator's Note*.

CHAPTER XXIII

Events in France—Letters between mother and son.

DURING this Odyssey, grave events had taken place in France.

The Girondists who had accused the duke, and the Mountain which had delivered him over to them, brought into agreement for a moment over this matter, had soon fallen out again. Marat was the stumbling-block. Accused at the request of the Gironde of having plundered the grocers, he was acquitted and was carried off in triumph, to return to the Assembly in time to concert with Chaumette, Robespierre, and Danton—(monstrous association!)—that famous insurrection of the Commune which produced the thirty-first of May, or rather, the second of June; I mean, the accusation of the Committee of Twelve, the proscription of the Girondists and the arrest of Mme. Roland.

After this, other great events crashed down, rapid as torrents and disastrous as avalanches.

Charlotte Corday assassinated Marat and was executed. Marie Antoinette was tried, condemned, and put to death. The duc d'Orléans was tried, condemned, and put to death. The twenty-two members of the Convention, call them Brissotins, Girondists, or Federalists, as you will, proscribed on June 2nd, were tried, condemned, and executed. Chabot, Barrère, Lacroix, Desmoulins, Danton, Héroult de Séchelles, Fabre d'Eglantine, and other Cordeliers, were tried, condemned, and executed. Lavoisier and twenty-seven Farmers-General, were tried, condemned, and executed. Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI, that saint, that martyr, was tried, condemned, and executed.

At last, in their turn, Robespierre, Saint-Just, Lebas,

Henriot, and eighteen other Jacobins were tried, condemned, and executed. Then the reaction commenced.

We ought to add to this bloody catalogue the shooting at Lyons and the drowning at Nantes; and then came the recovery of Toulon from the English by Degommier—or, more correctly, by Buonaparte. Through all this may be distinguished the men who were to make the empire: Jourdan, Kléber, Lefèvre, Bernadotte, Moncey, Augereau.

Then the reactionary executions followed the revolutionary ones; Carrier and Fouquier-Tinville were executed; Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, Amar, and Vadier were deported. After this came the day of the 13th of Vendémiaire, when Bonaparte reappeared to announce Napoleon. The Convention then gave place to the Directoire.

It was time. The prisons contained 9,000 prisoners, and threatened to burst if any more were crowded into them. A louis d'or was worth 2,600 francs in paper money. But, on the other hand, La Vendée was pacified; Bernadotte had beaten the Russians in Switzerland; Kléber had beaten the Austrians on the Rhine; and Buonaparte was carrying through his magnificent campaign in Italy. For all this, no one could prophesy as to the future of France. Among the members of the Directoire, none were in sympathy with the duc d'Orléans. Carette, on whom the Orleanists had counted, was shot. Sillery, the Parisian agent of the party, had been guillotined with the Girondists. The exiled prince therefore had plenty of time for his voyage to America before any important event came about to change the politics of the French government. Besides, this voyage had become a matter of duty to the prince, thanks to the susceptibility of the Directoire; for during a short halt made by him at Fredrikshall, he received a letter from his mother, dated May 27th, 1796. This is the letter:

“MY DEAR SON,

“The events that one after the other have fallen on

the head of your poor mother since she was so unhappily denied the consolation of communicating with you, although they have ruined her health, have but rendered her the more alive to everything affecting the objects of her affection; her anxiety both for her country and her children augments incessantly. She feels sure that you will share her feeling when you know that, poor as you are, you can yet serve both your country and your family, by putting the ocean as barrier between you and them. I am sure you will not hesitate to give this proof of devotion, especially when you hear that your brothers, detained at Marseilles, are about to start for Philadelphia, where the French government will furnish them with what they need to live suitably. Since misfortune has given my son a judgment in advance of his years, he will not deny his mother the comfort of thinking of him united to his brothers. If the thought of our separation tears my heart, that of your reunion will salve the wound.

“May the prospect of lessening the troubles of your poor mother—of rendering the situation of your family less painful—of contributing to assure peace to your country,—may this prospect arouse your generosity and maintain your faith! You know that your mother’s love needs to be excited by no fresh acts on your part. If I may know that you have met and kissed my Charles and my Antoine, my well-beloved, your mother will take those kisses as proofs of your tenderness towards herself. Do try to reach Philadelphia when they do—or, if possible, before them! The French ambassador at Hamburg will assist you about your passage; tell him at least that you are going. Oh, if I might press once again to my poor torn breast the son who will not refuse me this one consolation!

“If this letter reaches you, dear son, I hope that you will not refuse to reply and give your loving mother the comfort at last of receiving news of you. You must address the letter under cover to the Minister of Police for the Republic, Paris.

“P.S.—I hope I may feel that, for the last three months, although I have never been able to write to you, you have known, without being told, your mother’s great desire to hear that you are safely away from all the plotters and intrigues from which she now urges you to fly.

“L. M. A. DE BOURBON.”

The good and excellent princess poured out all her heart in this letter. Her son did not fail her, and he replied at once.

“FREDERICKSHALL,

“August 15th, 1796.

“MY DEAR MAMMA,

“I am both touched and delighted to receive the letter that you sent me from Paris on the eighth of Prairial, —the letter that the ambassador for the Republic to the Hanseatic towns had sent on to me by order of the executive Directoire. Following your instructions, I address this reply under cover to the Minister of Police.

“By the time my dear mother receives this letter her orders will have been obeyed, and I shall have started for America. When I wrote to the French Ambassador at Bremen to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and the one from himself that he enclosed with yours, I supposed I might ask him for the passports necessary for my safe travelling. You told me to do so, and he confirmed this. Directly they reach me, I shall embark on the first boat sailing for the United States.

“Even if I disliked the idea of the voyage that you ask me to undertake, I should hasten to fulfil your wish and go ; but I always wished to go to America, and I am therefore merely hastening the performance of a plan which was definitely decided upon in my thoughts. I should indeed have started some time back, but have been prevented by a succession of mishaps. I will not worry you with an account of them ; it is not worth while ; I was hoping that the obstacles in my path would soon be removed, and your letter smoothes all away. I shall start without further delay. What would I not do after the letter I have received from you ! I no longer feel myself cast down beyond chance of happiness, since I have still left the means of softening my mother’s sorrows, weighed down as my heart has so long been with the thought of her grief and her terrible position ! I dare not ask myself if I may hope to see her again some day, but surely I shall not be deprived of the comfort of seeing a few lines in her handwriting now and then and having news of her health and welfare ?

“It seems like a dream to think that I shall see my brothers again soon and have the joy of being with them ; I can scarcely believe it, for it has seemed so long impossible.

Do not think, however, that I am grumbling at my fate ; I have been too conscious that it might be worse. I shall not feel myself unhappy any longer if, after having joined my brothers, I hear that my dear mother is as well as she can be, and if I can once more serve my country by contributing to her peace and therefore to her welfare. I have never grudged any sacrifice for my country, and never shall, as long as I live.

“Since I am writing to my dear mother, I must seize this opportunity to tell her that I have long ceased all relations with Mme. de Genlis. She has even had printed at Hamburg a letter addressed to me, with a very inaccurate account of her own conduct during the Revolution, not even respecting the memory of my unhappy father. I certainly shall not reply to her letter, but I think it my duty to set down in their integrity a part of the facts that she has mutilated. I shall get this little account printed in Hamburg and I shall see that a copy of it is addressed to the Minister of Police, in the hope that he will give it to you.

“Good-bye, dear mother ; nothing could equal the joy I felt when I saw your writing again, after so long a time. I hope I shall soon hear that your health is better—and hear it from yourself. Do take every care of that health which is so precious to your children ; do it for our sakes, if not for your own. Farewell. Your son embraces you with all his soul. He is indeed happy at being able to obey your wish, once again.

“L. P. D'ORLÉANS.”

CHAPTER XXIV

Mme. de Genlis and the author—The *America*—A Dane's French—The privateer—General Washington—Adventures.

THIS letter from the duc d'Orléans shows how deeply he was wounded by the letter from Mme. de Genlis that we quoted in the preceding chapter. We knew Mme. de Genlis personally, and have often heard her say that the duke never forgave her for it. That is easy to understand.

The duc d'Orléans had made no use, as yet, of the letter of credit sent to him by Governor Morris. It was drawn on M. Paris of Hamburg and was for the sum of £400. The duke now sent £100 to his sister and kept £300 for himself. He then wrote to Governor Morris to announce his early departure for America, and looked about for a boat on which to sail. He easily found what he wanted, for a fine merchantman made the voyage between Hamburg and Philadelphia regularly, several times a year. It was called the *America*.

Governor Morris received the duke's letter in Germany, where he had been sent on a mission. He wrote at once to his correspondents in New York to open a credit account for the prince, who, in spite of his desire to sail immediately, was kept in Hamburg, his vessel being detained there by contrary winds until September 24th, 1796. A second letter that he wrote to the duchesse d'Orléans gives us all these details. His poor mother had profited by his quarrel with Mme. de Genlis, for her son came back to her entirely, and we ourselves saw the duc d'Orléans surround her with every mark of respect and love, not only on his return to France, but to the day of her death. This is his letter :

“MY DEAR MAMMA,

“I should have obeyed your orders long ago and started for Philadelphia if a continual west wind had not made it impossible for us to sail out of the Elbe. As I shall not be able to write at the actual moment of starting, I shall leave this letter with a merchant here in Hamburg, who has kindly promised to add the date of the *America's* departure. I am sailing on a very good American vessel, copper-bottomed, and well arranged. The captain is a very good fellow and the food excellent. Do not worry about me on the voyage, mother. The French Ambassador has given me my passports and has even had the kindness to add a letter to the Republican Ambassador to the United States. So you may be perfectly easy about everything.

“I am very impatient for news of my brothers, of whom I have heard nothing for so long. As I have not seen their departure mentioned in the newspapers, I fear it has not yet taken place. I long to hear that it has. You will find enclosed with this letter a copy of the paper that I told you about in my previous letter.

“Good-bye, mother dear; your son embraces you with all his soul; and with all his soul he trusts that the voyage he is taking will have the good effect you expect from it and soften at last the cruel position of those dear to him, whose hard fate has weighed on his heart so long.

“L. P. D'ORLÉANS.”

At last, as we have said—on September 24th, 1796, at the very time when Jourdan was being beaten at Würzburg, and Buonaparte, after having destroyed the third Austrian army sent against him, was forcing Wurmster to shut himself up in Mantua, the *America* sailed out of the Elbe and started her voyage to the United States.

The duc d'Orléans had taken his passage as a Danish subject. Except for the faithful Baudouin, his only travelling companion was a French émigré, formerly from St. Domingo, who, knowing very little English and hearing the duke speak the language with facility, begged him, in a patois almost unintelligible, to act as his interpreter. The duke asked him to speak French,

saying that, foreigner as he was, French was quite familiar to him.

"Why, certainly," replied the other. "You do not speak French at all badly—for a Dane."

And delighted at having found some one with whom he could talk, our émigré attached himself to the duke and did not leave him except once, when they were off Calais, where an unexpected event caused him to plunge suddenly into the hold. A French privateer, with two captured English vessels in his wake, hailed the *America* and commanded her to lay to, and be ready to receive a visit from her captain. The émigré was panic-stricken; he was afraid of being recognised and taken back to France. He still thought of France as she was in '93, and, in a flash, he saw himself already tried and condemned. The duc d'Orléans did his best to reassure him and persuade him to face the privateer, but in vain.

"It is all very well for you," replied the émigré. "You are not French. If you were, you would be as terrified as I am." And he darted down into the hold. A moment later, the privateersmen came on board, and the captain of the vessel showed them his papers. The duc d'Orléans, on deck, assisted at the examination.

"Good," said the privateer captain; "from Hamburg to Philadelphia, both neutral ports. Continue on your way—we have nothing to do with you. Only, if you will take a word of advice, hug the coast of England. It is safer than that of France."

And, dropping over the side, they rowed back to their ship. The head of the émigré now reappeared at the hatchway.

"Well?" asked he.

"Well," said the duke, "they have gone."

"Really gone?"

"Look!"

The émigré came from the hatchway and looked about him carefully.

"Ah ah!" said he. "They *have* gone. Devil take them, they gave me a nice fright!"

Twenty-seven days after she left Hamburg, that is to say on October 21st, the vessel dropped anchor at Philadelphia. The duc d'Orléans sprang from the ship to the quay, and, drawing a tricolour cockade from his pocket, stuck it in his hat. He was on free land.

The émigré came up to him.

"Are you French, then?" he asked.

"Of course I am," replied the prince.

"But—if you are French, why did you stand there when the privateer came on board?"

"If you had gone through as much as I have during the last four years, sir," replied the prince, "you would not be afraid of anything, and you would have come to the conclusion that no danger is worth the trouble of dropping down into the hold."

"Then—who are you?" asked the émigré.

"I am Louis Philippe d'Orléans, citizen of the United States." And, saluting the astonished émigré, the prince walked on into the town.

Fifteen days later, the ducs de Beaujolais and Montpensier embarked at Marseilles. During their imprisonment in the Tower of St. Jean the two brothers had tried to escape through a window some twenty feet above the ground. They hoped to gain the quay. The duc de Beaujolais got through first and landed safely on the ground; but the duc de Montpensier slipped and fell on the pebbles which form the shore of the port. His leg was broken, and when he saw that it was impossible for his brother to get away, the duc de Beaujolais went to give himself up. They had been promised their liberty for a long time past; but the day of deliverance had come and gone without result so many times that they had ceased to hope. At last, however, on November 2nd, they were told that they should be liberated on the 5th; all through the 3rd and 4th, they trembled lest this time, too, the promise should be broken, but each day they were told again that it would be kept. In his Memoirs the duc de Montpensier gives a full account of this liberation and the agony of mind felt by them.

“We were awake all night long,” he says, “and at 7 o’clock next morning we went on board the Swedish vessel the *Jupiter*. General Willot, the American consul, Cathalan, and kind Mme. de la Charce accompanied us. The townspeople, hearing of our departure, came in a crowd to see us off. The port and the neighbouring village swarmed with people, and more were to be seen at all the windows and along all the parapets of the fort. General Willot hastily gave us his best wishes for a prosperous voyage, whilst kind Mme. de la Charce seemed heart-broken, and was almost fainting; she was obliged to leave the vessel without saying good-bye. The anchor was raised, the sails began to swell out with the wind,—all who were not taking the voyage had to hasten back to the boats; and farewells were said again and again—a thousand times. A fresh wind blowing, we were quickly carried away from that land where we had been so wretched and yet which we loved so dearly. The wind turned contrary soon after, and we were kept in the Mediterranean for twenty-three days. This obliged us to curtail our stay at Gibraltar, which however, short as it was, General O’Hara, who was then governor there, made extremely pleasant to us. After a voyage lasting ninety-three days—and as painful as it was long—we reached America on February 8th, 1797. All our troubles were lightened, if not forgotten, at the thought that we were once again in possession of our liberty, and at the joy of pressing in our arms once more that dear brother whom we had long despaired of seeing.”

On February 8th, 1797, the three princes were reunited, free and almost rich, thanks to the letter from Governor Morris. They decided to travel into the interior. After having been present at the session when Washington, happy and proud to re-enter private life, handed over the presidentship to Mr. Adams, his successor, they set off on horseback on April 2nd, with no companion but the faithful Baudouin. A letter from the duc de Montpensier to his sister Mme. Adélaïde tells of their travels better than we could do. We therefore give it here :

“I hope you received the letter that we sent you from Pittsburg, two months ago. We were then in the midst

of our four months' wanderings, now at an end. We travelled a thousand leagues during that time, on the same horses, except for the last hundred leagues, which we did partly by boat, partly on foot, partly in public coaches. We saw a great many savages and stayed several days in their country. They are the best-natured people in the world, unless they are drunk or excited to anger. They received us most hospitably, because we were French, for they love France.

"After the savages the next most interesting thing we saw was the falls of Niagara; you remember I told you we were going there; it is the most imposing, the most majestic sight I have ever seen; it is 137 feet high, and the volume of water is immense, for the river St. Lawrence pours over in its entirety. I took a sketch of it, and I mean to make a water-colour of it, and hope you will see it at our dear mother's, but I have not commenced it yet and it will take some time.

"To give you some idea of the pleasant way in which one travels about this country, I must tell you, dear sister, that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all sorts of insects, often drenched to the bones and quite without means of drying ourselves; our only food was lard—or sometimes a little salt goat or a bit of maize bread. Besides this, we spent forty more nights in rough huts, where we had to sleep on wooden floors made of uneven boards, not to mention the boorishness of the inhabitants, who gave us very grudging hospitality, often shutting their doors in our faces. No. I should never advise any one to make a similar expedition; yet we do not regret it, for we have come back in excellent health and of course with a certain amount of fresh knowledge."

CHAPTER XXV

Chateaubriand's genius—News from France—"I am the duke of Orléans, sir"—Bonaparte—The wanderers' return.

FOUR years previously, Chateaubriand, that other exiled prince, had travelled over the same ground. I do not know what advantage France has gained—or may still gain—from the "fresh knowledge" our travellers acquired, except with regard to the water-colour promised to his sister by the duc de Montpensier; but Chateaubriand's travels gave us the "Genius of Christianity" and the "Natchez," to say nothing of that marvellous story bright with starry nights, murmuring of breezes from afar, resplendent with lakes that reflect the sky and cascades that reflect the sun in every drop of spray-cascades which float like gauze, sparkle like a star, and vanish like a vapour. Genius, sole prince by Right Divine—will you never have due recognition, save from posterity?

Our princes returned to Philadelphia. They had been obliged to cut short their expedition from lack of money; but they were scarcely returned when yellow fever broke out. In a few days the panic was universal, and every one fled, except the duc d'Orléans and his brothers; the same reason that had brought them to Philadelphia now kept them there. They stayed on, and the epidemic passed away without attacking them.

Their state of penury lasted until the end of September, when quite a large sum reached them from their mother. The young princes had had their imaginations so excited by their first expedition that they resolved upon another. They set out for New York, visited Newport and Providence, roamed over Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine, and pushed on to Boston,

meeting, perhaps, somewhere on their route young Fenimore Cooper, that great poet who was already dreaming of his marvellous epic poem whose heroes are hunters, soldiers, and savages.

All at once, news of the revolution of Fructidor 18th reached the princes with all its details. During the night of Fructidor 17th-18th, Augereau, called to Paris by Barras, entered the city with 10,000 men and 40 pieces of artillery, and the Parisians were awakened at 4 o'clock in the morning by the noise of cannon. Every one knows how that revolution was brought about, and what were its results. The two assemblies composing the Legislative Body were surrounded ; two directors and one hundred and fifty-four deputies, together with one hundred and forty-eight citizens, accused of complicity with them, were deported, and the refractory priests and émigrés banished anew ; while the exile of the Bourbons of both the elder and the younger branch was demanded with more rigour than ever. To crown all, the Directoire was invested with dictatorial powers, with the right to put towns under a state of siege, and to try suspected people by martial law. It was practically a second Terror, pursuing those of the Royalist party who had escaped the first.

The duchesse d'Orléans, respected by Marat and by Robespierre—who had found safe refuge with the old duc de Penthièvre during the terrible years of '93 and '94—was arrested this time and imprisoned in La Force, and finally sent out of France on September 26th, 1797, with a pension of 100,000 francs, payable from her confiscated estates. She retired to Spain.

Other news, even stranger than this, reached the young princes at the same time. A man, whose name was scarcely known when they left France, was growing rapidly into notoriety ; that name, heard at Toulon, had rung on the ear on Vendémiaire 13th and was repeated and repeated by the echoes of Montenotte, Arcole, and Lodi ; it was now filling the world. That name was Bonaparte ! However this last news might

astonish, it did not disturb the princes. This rapid rise in the world, which might be attributed to fortune instead of genius, was still but the rise of a soldier; and although, in premonition of events to come, the conqueror of Italy had already dropped the letter "u" from his name, and so changed it from Italian into French, yet Bonaparte alone, even supposing that a corner of the veil hiding the future had lifted for him—Bonaparte alone could have fathomed the future destiny of Napoleon.

Nevertheless, drawn to Europe by the desire to see his mother and to keep in touch with events with which a whole party continued to mingle his name, the duc d'Orléans resolved to leave America and go to Spain. One thing only made this project difficult to accomplish—that was the war which was already declared between the Peninsula and England. The princes took counsel together and resolved to go to Louisiana; from Louisiana they could get to Havana, and from Havana could reach any place in Europe. They obtained the consent of the Spanish Ambassador at Philadelphia and started on December 10th, 1797, the very day that Bonaparte, just back from Rastadt, was presented to the Directoire; the day Paris celebrated the Peace of Campo-Formio.

The princes had their horses; but the journey on horseback would have been too fatiguing for the ducs de Montpensier and Beaujolais, who were not in good health; so they bought a chariot and harnessed the three horses to it, much as emigrants do nowadays when they journey into the interior and negotiate with the redskins for a bit of land. The journey was a long one, for they could only do eight or ten French leagues a day; at Carlisle, the chariot turned over and the duc d'Orléans narrowly escaped being killed; at Pittsburg, they found that the Monongahela was frozen over, but by good luck the Alleghany was still navigable; they now bought a boat, just as before they had bought the chariot, and on January 3rd, 1798, the three princes risked the passage of the Ohio. After having had to

face and overcome dangers similar to those of a Polar expedition, they arrived at Fort Mansac, laid in a good store of game, and then started on the Mississippi, which they descended as far as New Orleans, reaching that town on February 17th. There they had meant to await the arrival of a Spanish corvette, but as it did not make its appearance, they embarked on an American boat, which was captured by an English ship in the Gulf of Mexico. The princes were afraid that this would prove more disastrous than was actually the case; the frigate was sailing under the tricolour, and they naturally thought they had fallen into the hands of the Directoire. When they heard the orders being given in English they were more reassured, but, before they went on board, the duc d'Orléans cried out to the lieutenant in English:

"I am the duke of Orléans, sir; my two brothers are the duke of Montpensier and the count of Beaujolais. We were going to Havana. Will you kindly tell the captain who we are?"

The captain came running up; he was later to become Admiral Cochrane, and we knew him ourselves in after years in Paris, when the duc d'Orléans had returned to France and was living at the Palais-Royal. He told the exiles that they would be very welcome to his ship, and sent them a rope to aid them to come on board, but the cord was either so badly thrown or so awkwardly seized that it fell into the water, and the duc d'Orléans after it; but he was such a good swimmer that there was no harm done. He was quit of the adventure at the cost of a bath, which in that almost tropical temperature was not dangerous.

What the princes had at first thought to be a misfortune proved to be a stroke of luck. Captain Cochrane placed his frigate at the duc d'Orléans's disposal, and having learnt that the princes were on their way to Havana took them there himself. They reached their destination on March 31st. There they were arrested by the formal instructions of the court of Madrid, which positively refused to allow the princes to enter

Spain. The old enmity between the regent and Philip V was not yet dead. The princes had been so well received at Havana that they thought of staying there and founding an establishment ; but on May 21st, 1799, the count of Frobert, Governor-General of the Island of Cuba, received orders to expel the French princes from the Spanish territories in the New World. Louisiana alone was excepted, and the princes had permission to stay there. This happened on the very day that Bonaparte raised the siege of St. Jean d'Acre—the day on which the king of Sweden joined the allies, and Souvarow seized Alexandria.

The duc d'Orléans refused this niggardly hospitality, and with his brothers embarked on a Spanish boat which took him to the English islands of Bahama and Halifax ; where the duke of Kent, son of the king of England and father of queen Victoria, received them like princes—but would not take the responsibility of sending them to England in an English vessel. The exiles were therefore obliged to return to the United States. Here there were no scruples about facilitating their passage to London, which they reached in January, 1800. Three months previously Bonaparte had brought about the eighteenth of Brumaire, and almost made himself master of France. When Louis Philippe landed at Falmouth and heard this extraordinary news, which had spread from France to the whole of Europe, he wrote the following letter to Governor Morris, his old friend. It expresses his profound astonishment.

CHAPTER XXVI

The nineteenth century opens—Dumouriez' confession of faith—The young princes' declaration.

"January 30th, 1800.

"I HEAR that a mail-boat is just starting for New York, and so I seize the occasion to tell you of our safe arrival after a voyage of twenty-one days. We had very little bad weather and, thank God, we did not meet a single cruising party. We did see one vessel that was not English, but, luckily, she was afraid of us. We were the luckier, because at this time the sea is covered with privateers, and four packet boats have been seized. The papers speak of nothing but seizures and dangerous winds. I will write you at greater length by and by, but can only snatch this moment to tell you of our safe arrival. You see I was born under a lucky star.

"Bonaparte, First Consul—the Abbé Sieyès his colleague—and the Bishop of Autun his minister!!!"

Thus the nineteenth century opened for Louis Philippe with three exclamation marks. And, truly, the sight of what was passing in Europe—that great rebuilding of the modern world at its genesis—might well astonish the son of Philippe Égalité, the pupil of Mme. de Genlis and the disciple of Dumouriez. Dumouriez, himself astonished at what was happening, wrote the following lines in strange contradiction of his conduct during the last seven years :

"You point to me as chief of the Orléans faction ; you draw me in as chief of that party, together with a lady celebrated for her pen, who, unhappily for her, has written against the young prince, who in his turn is compromised by the accusation that you bring against me. I know very

little of that lady—I have only seen her at Tournai, in 1793, when she accompanied the young and interesting princess whom I then saved from the proscription and from the fury of Robespierre and Marat and their followers. I have not seen this lady since. I was very intimate with the young prince ; and it was from my house that he wrote his reply to the indiscreet indictment that she launched against him. Both these documents were printed at Hamburg and are known to you.

“ You will easily see that there can be no intercourse between us and, still less, the union necessary to a party.

“ I have no need to defend the three young princes of that unfortunate branch whom traitors would separate for ever from the august tree which has so long been the honour of our country. I will only say a few words about the young duc d’Orléans. He mourned the death of Louis XVI with me and, joining himself to me in his desire to avenge it, he left France with me ; since that time he has been travelling continually in Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Lapland, Sweden, America, and Havana, where he has been staying for a year past with his brothers. When—through whom—with whom—how could he, so poor, so far away, and so unsettled of abode, communicate, intrigue, or plot with those Parisian traitors, who may make evil use of his name without his knowledge ? You, sir, living where you do, can get exact information as to his conduct and character. You are surrounded by people who know him well. Wherever he has been, he has never shown any qualities other than those of application, constancy, and virtue.

“ As for myself, if I were the chief of a Usurper’s party, I should have taken pains to flatter those traitors whom I have always covered with contempt when writing on this subject. I should certainly have reserved for myself the means of re-entering France and mingling again with my accomplices. I should have disguised my Royalist sentiments—my attachment to the natural order of the succession. Everything I have written has been a confession of faith as regards my feelings. Yes, sir—I am a Royalist, and recognise Louis XVIII as my lawful king. My every hope for the regeneration of France springs from his virtue, his experience, his enlightened views, his mercy—and from the hope that the nation will return to the paths of truth, reason, love of order, and devotion to her laws and her

kings. Such are the sentiments in which I shall live and die.

“I have the honour to be, etc.,

“DUMOURIEZ.”

This letter is to be found in the *Spectator of the North* for the month of October 1799.

Moreover, a declaration from the young princes supported this letter from Dumouriez. This declaration, which was to be the compact of reconciliation between the elder and the younger branch, was almost dictated by the comte d'Artois to the duc d'Orléans. A copy of it was sent to Louis XVIII, then at Mittau, whilst the original remained in the archives of the comte d'Artois in London. Here is the text of this declaration, which we must confess reads very much like a retractation.

“We declare that, in the conviction that the greater part of the French nation share the sentiments which animate ourselves, and as much, therefore, in the name of our loyal compatriots as in our own, we take the solemn and sacred oath, which we have already sworn on our sword to our king, to live and die faithful to our honour and to our lawful sovereign. If the unjust employment of brute force should succeed—which God forbid—in placing on the throne of France—in fact—but never by right)—any other than our legitimate king, we declare that, with an equal degree of confidence and fidelity, we will follow the voice of honour, which commands us to call to his aid, even with our last breath, our own sword,—God—the French—and France herself.”

We cannot refrain from asking ourselves the question—what reception would have been accorded the man audacious enough to place this declaration under the eyes of king Louis Philippe, at the Palais-Royal, on August 8th, 1830?

CHAPTER XXVII

Louis XVIII—Clemency and pardon—Mother and sons—The “count de Lille”—The emperor of the French.

THANKS to this declaration, the duc d’Orléans and his brothers took their rank as French princes with foreign states, and had their share of the subvention granted by England. This share amounted to an income of 50,000 livres. This compromise had been in negotiation for the last six months. The dowager duchesse d’Orléans had written to Louis XVIII, who, on his part, wrote to the duc d’Harcourt on June 27th, 1799 :

“ I hasten to acquaint you with the satisfaction I derive from having been able to exercise clemency with regard to the duc d’Orléans, my cousin. His mother, virtuous and noble princess, has borne her troubles with too fine a spirit for me to add to them another which would have stricken her to the heart with despair and death. She has been the intercessor between her king and her son. I was moved at the mother’s tears and received with feeling the vows and submission of the young prince, whose lack of experience had left him open to the wicked suggestions of his gravely criminal father. I have come to this determination with the approval of my Council, and I have great satisfaction in informing you that its members have voted unanimously for clemency and pardon.

“ LOUIS.”

Louis XVIII was a terrible usurer, and he exacted a heavy price for that “clemency and pardon,” which he did not give—but merely lent, that he might recall them again when he desired. In spite of this apparent reconciliation, relations were strained between the duc d’Orléans and the comte d’Artois. The duke, therefore,

decided to resume his project of travelling in Spain. The dowager duchesse d'Orléans was living at Saria, near Barcelona. Her three sons embarked for Minorca, where they found a Neapolitan corvette to take them to Barcelona.

But the views of the Spanish court had not changed ; the young princes were not allowed to land, and were obliged to return to England without having seen their mother and without having been able to communicate with her except by letter. The result of their correspondence was a reunion between the princess Adélaïde and her mother.

During this time, Marengo had strengthened Napoleon's budding power, not only over France, but over Europe, and he prepared to take for himself the title of Emperor of the French by forcing the king of England to abandon his title of king of France. This news had a great influence over Europe. On January 21st, 1801, the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI, the emperor Paul abandoned the cause of the Bourbons, and asked Louis XVIII to remove himself and his little court from Mittau. Did the emperor notice the strange coincidence of the date ? His request was, of course, equivalent to a command, and Louis XVIII left Mittau for Prussia. He found, however, that Prussia, too, was anxious to do nothing disobliging to the First Consul and the French Republic, and he was now asked to drop his title of king of France. As it was useless to resist, he did so, and called himself instead comte de Lille.

Bonaparte's fortune marched on with giant strides ; he was of those predestined and luck attended him everywhere. A bullet struck him at Marengo, but merely grazed his skin. The infernal machine of Carbon and St. Regent, meant for the instrument of his death, burst near him and killed fifty-six of those about him, wounding twenty-two more. Then he escaped Georges Cadoudal, the most dangerous of the many conspirators armed against him, and not only that, but the very conspiracy, by delivering him from Moreau and Piche-

gru, his two enemies, furnished him with another occasion for giving the lie to all rumours of an intelligence between him and the Bourbons.

The duc d'Enghien, arrested at Ettenheim on March 15th, 1804, was brought to Paris on the 20th and shot on the 21st, in the moat of Vincennes.

Finally, on November 2nd, 1804, Pope Pius VII left Rome, reaching Fontainebleau on the 25th of that month,—drove to Paris on the 28th in the same carriage as Napoleon, and on November 2nd, in the cathedral of Notre-Dame, consecrated him emperor of the French. These were terrible blows to the hopes of the exiled princes.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Theory and practice—Dumouriez in London—Did Louis Philippe serve against France?—The Charter.

LET us now see what effect these different events produced on the future king of France, who, himself, had a narrow escape from Fieschi's infernal machine and from the shots of Alibaud, Meunier, and Lecomte.

The duke wrote to the bishop of Landaff as follows, touching the death of the duc d'Enghien :

“TWICKENHAM,

“*July 27th, 1804.*

“I am sure that your noble soul is filled with just indignation over the atrocious murder of my unhappy cousin. His mother was my aunt and he himself my nearest relative, with the exception of my brothers. We were companions in childhood and you can imagine what a terrible shock this has been to me. His fate is a warning to us all ; it shows us that the Corsican usurper will never rest till he has effaced our whole family from the ranks of the living. It brings home to me the more vividly the boon your magnanimous nation has conferred on us, by taking us under its protection. I was so young when I left my country that I can scarcely be said to have the habits of a Frenchman, and I can truly say that I am attached to England not only through gratitude, but also by taste and inclination. I exclaim with all sincerity ; ‘May I never leave these hospitable shores!’ My lively interest in England, however, does not spring only from my own particular circumstances, but also from my feelings as a man. The safety of Europe—even of the world—and the future happiness and independence of the human race hang on the influence and independence of England. That, indeed, is the flattering cause of Buonaparte's hatred for you—and the antagonism of those about him. May Providence defeat his iniquitous plans and preserve this country in her happy and prosperous condition ! That is my sincerest

wish, my most fervent prayer ! You must know, too, my opinions upon this dissension among Christians—or, to speak more correctly, among men who profess the same religion. I hold that every man should remain faithful to the principles in which he has been brought up ; and that, in times like these, it is not well that such dissensions should be matters of discussion. It is not a question of being a member of this or that church, but of being Christian—or Infidel. In my humble opinion that and that alone is the point in times like these, when the vital essence of Religion and Morality is subjected to so threatening an attack and when the sad experience of the last few years has shown us with what rapidity irreligion and immorality can extend their fatal influence over mankind. I knew, my lord, from the knowledge that I had of your noble spirit, that your opinion on all these points would be what you have shown it to be ; but may I be allowed to add my congratulations on feelings so worthy both of an English Prelate and of a true Christian ? Kindly remember me to Mrs. Watson and to the Misses Watson, and believe me, with every feeling of esteem and consideration,

“ L. P. D'ORLÉANS.”

“ P.S.—The fall of the French monarchy, the imprisonments, confiscations, proscriptions, murders and butcheries that have accompanied this fall, and the shameful tyranny which is following it, are events calling for the consideration of princes and their subjects ; they teach princes to use their arbitrary power with moderation and even to doubt whether despotism is in any way suited to the enlightened races of our modern Europe ; and teach them, too, to be careful how they weigh down their people with taxes to maintain unjust wars or the luxury and prodigality of a court. On the other hand, these events teach their subjects—I will not say to submit to an extreme oppression from their princes, but—to support with patience minor evils, lest the effort to be free bring on them greater ones. Well-judged reforms may be brought about without danger, but resistance to reform too often terminates in revolution.”

It is worth noting that king Louis Philippe himself fell, forty-four years after the date of this letter, because he did not put in practice the theory which he expressed in this postscript, written by him when duc d'Orléans.

The death of Georges Cadoudal followed almost immediately on the execution of the duc d'Enghien; some of the conspirators mounted the scaffold; some were pardoned by the emperor; and some fled, to take refuge in England. We quoted before, a letter from Dumouriez in which he denies being chief of the Orléanist party. We also quoted the declaration in which the young prince protested, if the unjust employment of brute force should place on the throne of France, in fact, though never by right, any but his legitimate king, that even with his last breath he would call on his own sword, on God, and on the French. Are these two things forgeries, or is M. Théodore Muret mistaken when telling the following anecdote in his "History of the Western Wars"?¹ We will leave the reader to take his choice between the prince and the historian.

"This time the comte d'Artois felt his confidence shaken; he called one of Georges Cadoudal's officers to him, a man whose aptitude was well known; it was Brèche, who, luckier than his general, had succeeded in escaping to England after the failure of the attempt in Paris.

" 'Do you know Dumouriez?' asked the prince.

" 'No, your highness,' replied Brèche.

" 'That's a pity. Are those about him equally strange to you?'

" 'I do not even know their names.'

" 'I am sorry.'

" 'Why, sir?'

" 'Because I wanted to send you to see them.'

" 'For what purpose, sir?'

" 'To have a talk with them?'

" 'On what subject?'

" 'Whatever you like. That would not matter.'

" 'If that is all, I can manage to get into communication with Dumouriez or with his friends.'

" 'Please do so as soon as possible.'

" Dumouriez lived in a little country house near London. On the very next day Brèche went down to the place and walked about outside the garden, apparently absorbed in

¹ The anecdote is to be found also in Laurent de l'Ardèche's "La Maison d'Orléans."—*Translator's Note.*

gazing at the flowers. Some one in the house, having noticed him, asked him politely to come in. He accepted, and they talked for a little in English, until Brèche said :

“ ‘Surely you are a Frenchman like myself. Would it not be better to speak French ? ’

“ ‘By all means,’ said the other. They therefore talked in French, and Brèche asked if his new acquaintance was an émigré. The other replied that he was attached to the staff of General Dumouriez, who lived in that house. Brèche answered that he, too, was scarcely an émigré, having been an accomplice of Georges Cadoudal. The talk immediately took on a more animated tone.

“ ‘Did you go to Paris with him ? ’ asked the stranger.

“ ‘Yes.’

“ The other immediately went into the house, and returning in a moment, asked Brèche to come and lunch with Dumouriez. He accepted, and following his guide found himself in Dumouriez’ presence. They all walked about the garden.

“ ‘So you were in Paris with Georges,’ said Dumouriez. ‘He was a great loss to the Royalist party.’

“ ‘Irreparable.’

“ ‘Yet there are many branches of that party left.’

“ ‘Undoubtedly, but who will bind them together ? ’

“ ‘Oh, there is no lack of capable men.’

“ ‘I only know of one,’ said the Royalist officer.

“ ‘Who is that ? ’

“ ‘You yourself, general.’

“ ‘Oh, no. I have taken the command of republican armies ; though no Jacobin, I carried their colours. The Royalists will never forgive me for that—but there is another person who would be far more suitable.’

“ ‘Who is that ? ’

“ ‘The duc d’Orléans.’

“ ‘But he also commanded republican armies and was a member of the Jacobins.’

“ ‘That is true ; but more excuses are made for a prince than for a private person.’

“ ‘Even then we do not know whether the duc d’Orléans or the Royalists would consent.’

“ ‘I can answer positively for the prince. You must know more than I do about the Royalists.’

“ ‘But would an arrangement of that sort suit the English

government, without whose co-operation nothing could be done ? ’

“ ‘I can assure you that there would be no obstacles to fear from that side.’

“ ‘Then I have only one further question to ask, general, and that is—how would the elder branch of the Bourbons regard the matter ? ’

“ ‘Dumouriez snapped his fingers ironically and said :

“ ‘Whether they approve or not will not deter us.’ But, when he saw the effect these words had on his auditor, he hastened to add : ‘In the general interests of the Royalist cause.’ ”

Brèche then saw the object that had determined the comte d’Artois to send him to Dumouriez. After a few more purely insignificant remarks, he took his leave. The general made a note of his address, begging him to think over their interesting conversation.

On the next day, Brèche reported this conversation to the comte d’Artois, and the count bit his lower lip, a habit with him when preoccupied. He must have bit it very hard, some years later, when at Rambouillet he heard that the duc d’Orléans was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and when at Cherbourg, later still, he learnt that Louis Philippe had been proclaimed king. Brèche returned once more to Dumouriez’ house, but nothing of any consequence came of it.

Towards the end of 1805, the king of Sweden, Gustavus IV, made the first proposition to the duc d’Orléans to serve against his country. Here we touch on a really delicate matter, since the popularity of Louis Philippe rested so largely on the belief that he never served against France. It is therefore our duty, as historian, to go carefully step by step over this period of his life and to set down nothing the proofs of which are not in our hand.

The agent of Gustavus IV and of the Bourbons was a man named Fauche-Borel. He acquired the confidence of the emigrant princes and of the king of Sweden in this way. In spite of the protestation of Louis XVIII, Napoleon became emperor. France pro-

claimed him so, and Europe practically recognised him. The situation was a grave one for the pretender to the throne. He resolved to hold a family council and draw up a declaration of his principles, in case of a future restoration, so that, should he ever return to France, he could prove to the French nation that he was ready to make concessions to that spirit of liberty which had chased the Bourbons from France. The difficulty was to determine on a place where the meeting could be held. We know that Paul I had asked the king to leave Mittau; he had retired to Varsovia, with the consent of Prussia, but, though she granted him this hospitality, Prussia had declared:

“That this refuge is offered in a limited sense. It is merely a place of safeguard for his proscribed head; but in no case is Varsovia to become the rendezvous for any project formed by the House of Bourbon against the government established in France and recognised by Prussia.”

Therefore they asked Gustavus IV for leave to hold their meeting in a town under his rule, and he gave consent that it should take place in the little episcopal town of Calmar, in Sweden. King Louis XVIII and the comte d'Artois met there on October 5th, 1804.

It was at this meeting that the first bases of the Charter were agreed upon. Fauche-Borel was the intermediary between the French prince and the Swedish king. He was a Prussian subject and had been compromised in the Pichegru affair. He was imprisoned and remained there for some time, only obtaining release on the urgent representations of the king of Prussia. That is why he was chosen this time to secure the duc de Berry and the duc d'Orléans for the Swedish army. King Gustavus gave him full power to treat with the two young princes; but, quickly though he acted in the matter, the fortunes of Napoleon strode on even more quickly. The battle of Austerlitz brought the Peace of Pressburg, and the Peace of Pressburg broke up the Coalition. The author of the anecdotal Life of Louis Philippe denies that he ever

accepted the offers of the king of Sweden or consented to join the Coalition ; but the author of his public and private life states that he did. We will not decide between them, but will content ourselves with quoting a letter that the young prince wrote on November 5th, 1806, to the comte d'Entraigues, charged by England with a mission to Russia. There is a passage on Poland in this letter that is not without interest.

“ MY DEAR COUNT,

“ I am extremely sorry that I am engaged to-morrow ; but I shall be free on Sunday if you will give me the pleasure of your company at dinner. The count of Starhemberg will be here, and he knows how to appreciate you, and wants very much to meet you again and cultivate your acquaintance. I thought that day would suit you better than another because in this country Sunday is a day lost as regards business, and therefore should be given to one's friends. If you can come before dinner, we can talk at our ease, and chat can be more general during and after the meal. I agree with you that things are going badly, but I do not think that all is lost. Far from it. With energy and vigour all might be—and should be—regained. The emperor of Russia must not agree to the peace with Prussia ; if that peace be made, he must not recognise it. He must bring into action all the forces of his vast empire to prevent the revolutionary resurrection of Poland ; this he should do whether Prussia has the cowardice to submit or the courage to resist. The fate of the Russian empire and of the Prussian kingdom depends on that of Poland. I do not believe that Napoleon will try to force the Oder this winter ; if he does, and succeeds, I believe that that very action will bring upon him his Poltava and that the emperor Alexander will avenge Austerlitz and repair Auerstädt. All that is needed is speed, vigour, and above all, resolution. We will talk of all this thoroughly, and if you approve of my ideas, your own fiery pen shall record and transmit them.

“ With every assurance of my sincere affection and my every regard, believe me,

“ L. P. D'ORLÉANS.”

CHAPTER XXIX

Deaths of the duke of Montpensier (May 18th, 1807) and count of Beaujolais (May 29th, 1808)—“*Litera scripta manent.*”

ABOUT this time occurred the death of the duc de Montpensier, who had suffered continually since his captivity at Marseilles. A victim to phthisis, he languished away, gently and slowly, at Salthill, near Windsor. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and we looked reverently on his tomb there when we went to follow the body of Louis Philippe to his.¹

The comte de Beaujolais only survived him by a few months. Attacked by the same disease which had killed his brother, he was advised to seek a warmer climate. The only places—the two solitary ports—of a temperate latitude that the state of Europe left open to the proscribed were Malta and Madeira. The comte de Beaujolais chose Malta because Malta was English. The duc d'Orléans accompanied him there, but they found the heat so stifling that a physician proposed Nicolosi—that is, the middle heights of Etna. They wrote to king Ferdinand IV, who gave his permission; but the comte de Beaujolais was dead when it reached them. The young prince was buried early in June 1808, in the Church of St. John, with royal honours. In 1829, the duc d'Orléans, when travelling in England, raised a monument to the duc de Montpensier in Westminster Abbey, and in 1843 he paid the same tribute to the comte de Beaujolais. Then—by a singular freak of destiny—he returned once more, to die in exile like his two brothers.

It was from Malta, by the pillow of his dying brother, that he wrote the following letter to Dumouriez, dated

¹ “En allant déposer Louis Philippe dans la sienne.” See Introduction.
—*Translator's Note.*

April 17th, 1808. That terrible proverb, SCRIPTA MANENT, applies to politicians above all.

“My bizarre position has certain advantages which—if I do not exaggerate them—might be used to advantage ; I ask no more than that. I am a French prince and yet I am English ; partly from necessity, for no one knows better than I do that England is the sole Power that can and will afford me an efficient protection ; and also through my principles, opinions, and habits. In my conversations with the queen I go further than I can go in this letter to you, and after these conversations the queen lets me see her regret that I cannot execute the measures of which I have made her feel the necessity ; but I tell her that my *curricie* (God bless it) is waiting for me on the Hampton Court road, and that I must be settled there in June—that the allowance and protection accorded me by England, I would not forfeit for the world. . . . You know, however, that if the war kindling in Italy offers me any chance of loophole, my *curricie* can wait ! Here there is an English army which might find it useful if I were Neapolitan ; but, for my co-operation really to lead to anything—perhaps even before it would be desired or permitted—the government must explain its point of view, or at least deign to approve—or let us know clearly if I suit them or not.

“You would do me a great service and give me a great pleasure if you would make Mr. Canning see this ; enabling him to appreciate my position and making him feel that I should probably be useful to them, and that to be so is the sincerest and most ardent of my wishes. England wants to snatch the Ionian Isles from France. There are 6,000 men in garrison there, 2,000 of whom are Italians, and 1,500 Albanians and Epirots, who would willingly join the English side against the French. She would then have the disposition of affairs there, and Austria would agree to anything so long as the French were excluded. If England should deem me the right person to undertake this, I should be delighted and am ready for all ; I will answer for it that I should soon have the kernel of a little army which should make some noise. If England will not have me, I must console myself and seek my fortune elsewhere ; but I do really believe that it could be done. Turn this over in your mind—and I am sure that your friendship for me will lead you to do all you can for me.”

CHAPTER XXX

Marriage of the duke of Orléans (November 25th, 1809)—A letter from the bridegroom—The English veto—Queen Marie Amélie and an outburst of the author—The author at Palermo—Birth of the duke of Chartres.

UNHAPPILY, a second time, the rapidity of Napoleon's victories prevented a reply from arriving; the Peace of Tilsit destroyed the projects of 1808 just as the Peace of Pressburg had destroyed those of 1805.

In the midst of all this and during a visit that he paid to Palermo, the preliminaries were arranged for a marriage between the duc d'Orléans and Marie Amélie, daughter of Ferdinand of Naples and Caroline of Austria, the sister of Marie Antoinette, who was very far from guessing that, two years later, by his marriage with Marie Louise, Napoleon would become her nephew and nephew of Louis XVI.

But every one could guess now that there would be a war with Spain. Napoleon, to punish John VI for his alliance with the English, ordered Junot to invade the Peninsula with 28,000 men. Junot entered Lisbon on November 30th, 1807, and proclaimed the fall of the House of Braganza. On March 19th, 1808—that is to say, at the very moment when the duc d'Orléans and his brother were on their way to Malta—Charles IV was forced to abdicate at Aranjuez, in favour of his son, who on the same day—to the great rejoicing of the Spanish people—was proclaimed king of Spain and of the Indies, under the name of Ferdinand VII.

What rendered the Spanish people so joyous was that they were delivered from the government of Don Manuel Godoi and of the queen, Maria Luisa. This abdication did not fit in with Napoleon's plans at all; the emperor of the French and King of Italy had no

doubt already cast his eyes on Spain to present to some member of his family, as in the case of Naples and Holland. A young prince whom a nation raises with enthusiasm to the throne is less easy to dispossess than an imbecile and infirm old man. Napoleon, therefore, interposed between the father and son, and, calling them both to Bayonne, forced Ferdinand VII to return to Charles IV the crown that he had taken from him on March 19th, and which Charles gave up to Napoleon by the treaty of May 5th, 1808. There was then a change of crowns; Murat becoming king of Naples and Joseph king of Spain. It was then, too, that Ferdinand, who had taken refuge in Palermo, resolved to send his second son, prince Leopold, to make his *début* as a soldier in defence of the Spanish nation. The duc d'Orléans resolved to do all he could to take an active part in the war, and we will now give, word for word, the letter that he wrote to his future mother-in-law, on July 18th, 1808.

“MADAME,

“The kindnesses that your majesty has showered on me, and the candour, so noble and so worthy of yourself, with which you have deigned to question me on a point with regard to which I was anxious to express my sentiments, lead me to hope that you will forgive me for troubling you with a letter in which I can repeat them and prove them in the most formal, positive, and solemn manner. The more satisfaction I feel in profiting by the permission that your Majesty has deigned to grant me, to make you the recipient of the feelings which animate me and which I have professed so long, the more I desire to do it in writing so as to defy every insinuation that envy or calumny may make, whatever may be the success of my efforts or the fate that Providence has in store for me. I therefore dare to hope that your Majesty will forgive me for speaking about myself, since I am obliged to do so to attain my end.

“I am linked to the king of France, the head of my house and my master, by every oath which can bind a man, and by every duty which can bind a prince; not less so by my feeling of self-respect than by my view of my position, my interests, and the form of ambition which appeals to me.

I will not indulge here in vain protestations ; my object is pure and my words shall be simple. I will never wear a crown unless my birthright and the order of succession place it on my head ; I will never stoop to appropriate to myself what belongs to another prince. I should think myself DEGRADED, DEBASED, if I stooped to become the successor of Buonaparte, by placing myself in a position that I despise—that I could not attain except by the most scandalous perjury and in which I could not hope to maintain myself for any length of time except by such acts of TREACHERY and PERFIDY as those of which he has given us examples. My ambition is of quite another kind. I aspire to the honour of participating in the overthrow of his empire ; and of being one of the instruments which Providence shall use to deliver the human race from him and to establish on the throne of his ancestors my king—(head of my house and my master)—and to replace on their thrones all the kings he has dethroned. Perhaps even more than this, I aspire to the honour of showing the world that, when one is what I am, one despises, and disdains usurpation ; it is only parvenus without birth and without soul who snatch what circumstances place in their way but honour would forbid them to touch. The career of arms is the only one suitable to my birth, position, and tastes. My duty is at one with my ambition ; I am eager to follow that career, and I have no other object. I shall be doubly happy to enter the army if the goodness of your Majesty and of the king your husband procures me the chance, and if my feeble services can ever be of use to your cause,—I will venture to say ‘our’ cause, and that of all sovereigns, all princes, and all humanity.

“I beg your Majesty to accept, etc.”

This letter from the duc d’Orléans arrived the more opportunely the Spanish Council of Regency, presided over by Castanos, having just asked the king of Naples if a prince of his august house would command a Spanish army accompanied by his Serene Highness, the duc d’Orléans, whose participation in the affairs of the Peninsula could not fail to foment an insurrection in France. The duke’s offer of his sword was, therefore, accepted, and he made ready to depart as mentor to his future brother-in-law. But, as he did not want

to do anything against the wishes of the head of the family, he sent Louis XVIII the letter he had written to Queen Caroline, enclosed in the following epistle :

“PALERMO,

“July 19th, 1808.

“SIRE,

“I am at last able to give myself up to the hope that I shall soon have occasion to show my zeal in your Majesty’s service, and my devotion to your person. The late events in Spain, the captivity of the two kings and the princes, and the general rising of the whole Spanish nation against the tyranny and usurpations of Buonaparte, have determined the king of the Two Sicilies to send his second son, prince Leopold, into Spain, ‘to exercise royal power there, in the absence of his elders, the princes.’ Finding myself at the court of their Sicilian Majesties at this very moment, I hasten to profit by this unexpected chance to throw aside the painful inaction to which we have been condemned for so long. I have begged for leave to accompany this young prince to Spain, whose personal qualities and noble ardour render him worthy of the great enterprise with which he has been entrusted. I have asked to be allowed the honour of serving in the Spanish army against Buonaparte and his satellites, and their Majesties have graciously accorded my request. I flatter myself that my zeal will be my excuse, and that you will understand, sire, that I could not feel that zeal and let slip such a unique occasion—one of those chances that one looks for in vain a second time if one once has the misfortune to miss them.

“I am overwhelmed by the kindnesses of their Sicilian Majesties and words fail me to express my gratitude. I feel it deeply. There have been attempts to shackle me, to paralyse my zeal by trying to insinuate suspicions injurious to my character into the minds of their Majesties; the queen has deigned to tell me of this with the noblest frankness, and it has not been difficult for me to efface all trace of suspicion, for her Majesty is great enough of soul to triumph over prejudices when she sees that they are without foundation. Nevertheless, remembering that *verba volant et scripta manent*, I wished to give into the queen’s hands in writing the words I had already said to her, and I hope your Majesty will pardon the liberty I take in enclosing a copy here.

“If I can only have the happiness of fighting against your enemies, sire ! If I can only have the even greater pleasure of restoring them to the paternal government, the tutelary protection of your Majesty ! I know, sire, that the re-establishment of your Majesty is one of the dearest wishes of their Sicilian Majesties, and prince Leopold is inspired by the same desire. We cannot penetrate the designs of Providence, and learn the fate which awaits us in Spain ; but I see only one alternative. Either Spain will succumb, or her triumph will bring about the fall of Buonaparte. I shall be merely a Spanish soldier until circumstances give me the chance to unfurl with advantage the standard of your Majesty ; but we shall let no occasion slip, and if, before I can receive your orders and instructions, we find ourselves able to persuade the armies of Murat or Junot to turn their arms against the usurper, if we can cross the Pyrenees and enter France, it will be in the name of your Majesty proclaimed to the whole world—so that, whatever our fate, our epitaph may be :—‘They perished for their king, and in delivering Europe from the usurpations which have degraded her.’

“I beg your Majesty to accept with your usual kindness the homage of my profound respect and entire devotion. I am, sire, your Majesty’s most humble, most obedient and most faithful subject and servant,

“L. P. D’ORLÉANS.”

But the English Ministry had other views. When the young princes reached Gibraltar, they found that orders had been sent to Lord Collingwood, commander of the fort, to keep prince Leopold prisoner and send the duc d’Orléans back to England immediately. The prince had to go back to London ; he begged for permission to go to his mother in Port Mahon, but the only thing he could obtain was leave to go to Malta if he did not touch at any Spanish port. His sister joined him at Portsmouth when about to embark. It was fifteen years since these two poor exiles had last met, and the reunion was a great joy to them both. It must have been on this occasion that they swore never to part again—a vow which they kept so faithfully both in this world and the next. When they reached

Malta, they made a pilgrimage to their brother's grave. Exile has sown the world with Bourbon tombs : the sisters of Louis XVI at Rome and Trieste,¹ the comte de Beaujolais at Malta, the duc de Montpensier at Westminster ; king Charles at Goritz, and king Louis Philippe at Claremont ! And who knows where the last survivors of that great race which reigned over France for eight centuries will sleep their last sleep ?

England's refusal to let the prince carry out his mission in Spain was a rough check to his plan of marriage with Ferdinand's daughter. Louis Philippe realised that it was urgently necessary for him to be in Palermo. He left Malta, leaving his sister to the care of Mme. de Montjoie ; then, as he found things changed for the worse at the court of Sicily, he wrote to his mother, on whom he counted for conquering the opposition of queen Caroline, and asked her to join him at Cagliari, where he awaited her ; but he waited in vain. His mother was refused permission to join him, even as he had been refused permission to join his mother ; he was therefore obliged to return to Palermo, where he found his sister come from Malta to give him the good news that the objections of the English Cabinet were at an end at last. The duc d'Orléans and Princess Adélaïde immediately embarked for Port Mahon, but their mother, the duchesse d'Orléans, impatient to see her children as soon as possible, had started for Sicily. The two ships crossed, and when the young people reached Port Mahon, they learnt that their mother had started for Palermo three days before. They therefore retraced their steps—and this crossing of the seas in hope of reunion, started in 1797, and undertaken so often in vain, ended in the meeting of mother and children on October 15th, 1809, at the Palace of Santa Crux, a quarter of a league from Palermo.

The duc d'Orléans was right ; the presence of his mother smoothed away all obstacles, and on November

¹ Dumas must mean Louis XVI's aunts, the sisters of Louis XV.—*Translator's Note.*

25th following, Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie were married in the charming little Byzantine chapel of the Palazzo Reale.

I have always had a pious veneration for Queen Marie Amélie; although her race was fatal to mine, for her father and mother, Ferdinand and Caroline, poisoned my father¹ in the dungeons of Brendizi;² but I am not one of those people who visit on the innocent the crimes of the guilty, and the virtues of the daughter forbid me to write at length of the Neapolitan Claudius and the Venetian Messalina. Perhaps some day my filial vengeance will evoke those two blood-stained spectres and force them to pose in naked hideousness before posterity; perhaps some day the assassin of Caracciolo and the mistress of Acton will account to me for the father's love that they snatched from me when I was scarcely old enough to know what it is to have a father; but before I take my revenge on those two corpses I will wait till their exiled daughter is herself sleeping, pale, cold, and deaf, beside the husband who swore fidelity to her in this very chapel which has awakened in me such sinister memories.

What I have to say about this chapel is this. I was at Palermo in 1835,³ and I visited it with that religious respect that I have for sacred places; I thought the queen on her throne would be glad to have a souvenir of her days of exile, and that, among her souvenirs, sweetest would be a picture of that chapel in which she and her husband exchanged vows so chastely kept. I therefore begged Jadin, my travelling companion, to make a drawing and to put into it all his talent and his heart. He set to work at once and passed eight days under that vaulted roof, brilliant with mosaics,

¹ The poisoning was not fatal; he died in 1806. Thackeray, who considered that he must have died in 1799, took the son to task for remembering the father. See "Dumas on the Rhine" in Thackeray's works, edited by Saintsbury, vol. v.—*Translator's Note*.

² I found a terrible account of these nine successive poisonings among my father's papers; it will be found at full length, and signed by him, in the Memoirs that I am writing at this moment.

³ See "Le Speronare," by Alex. Dumas.—*Translator's Note*.



LOUIS PHILIPPE AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

which he transferred to his canvas in minute detail. We brought the drawing back with us to France, and our first care was to send it to the queen, with a letter in which we endeavoured to express the pious veneration which prompted us to do as we had done. Eight days after, some servant of the court came to ask Jadin how much was owing for the picture. Poor Jadin stammered that he had not meant anything of that sort. Next day, he received a hundred crowns; the debt was considered paid. Poor princes of this world, do you know what it is that causes revolutions which bring about your fall? Your hearts, dried up and wearied with flattery, have lost all power to beat in sympathy with those generous and loyal hearts which pity your grandeur and would console you for it. When the day of disaster comes, you have attached yourselves to nothing and therefore find nothing to which you can cling—and you fall to the foot of the precipice, your hands torn by the thorns and brambles by which alone you were surrounded.

The marriage which the duc d'Orléans had so dearly desired seemed to bring the double realisation of his hopes. In the early days of May 1810 a Spanish frigate came to request the duke, in the name of the regency of Cadiz, "to put himself at the head of the victorious armies of Spain, and, promising liberty to the French people, to rescue the throne of his ancestors and re-establish order in Europe, proclaiming the triumph of virtue over tyranny and immorality." As this request from the regency answered the dearest wish of his heart, the duc d'Orléans hastened to accept, and replied, on May 7th, by a manifesto in which he referred to the services that his ancestor, the regent, had rendered to the throne of Spain, and promised to do his best to follow the example given a century before. On May 22nd, therefore, he embarked on the frigate, the *Vengeance*—a name that suited the situation and promised well. But Providence had decreed that the duc d'Orléans should not serve against France. Doubtless God had other views for him. On his arrival at

Tarragona, the governor declined to hand over the command to him. He had received fresh orders during the prince's journey, which, if rigorously executed, would force the duc d'Orléans to return to Sicily without setting foot on the shores of Spain. The prince, disheartened, sailed out to sea again, but he did not want to leave the Peninsula without one last effort. He therefore sailed for Cadiz, which he reached on June 20th. He at once called upon the members of the regency, from whom he had received the invitation to come, and placed himself at their disposal. Again this time it was England who crossed the prince's wishes. Her ambassador had declared that, if any sort of commandant were given to the duc d'Orléans, the English troops would immediately evacuate Spanish territory. Louis Philippe tried to appeal to the Cortes against this decision, and on November 30th he came to the door of the Hall in the Isle of Leon, where they were sitting, but he was refused admittance.

It was useless to struggle further against an ill-will so general; the duke set sail again for Sicily, and when he arrived at Palermo, found that his wife had given birth to a son who received in baptism the names of Ferdinand Philippe Louis Charles Henri Joseph of Orléans, duc de Chartres. The king of Sicily and the dowager duchesse d'Orléans were his godparents. This son died thirty-two years later, on July 13th, 1842. His death was terrible—an unexpected blow and one that caused bitter tears; yet, in one way, it was providential, since it removed the only obstacle that stood in the way of changing the monarchy to a republic.

When the prince reached Palermo, he found Sicily ripe for revolution. The despotism of queen Marie Caroline and the indifference of king Ferdinand had exasperated the Sicilians; revolts ensued from all sides; Lord Bentinck and his 25,000 men intervened. Ferdinand abdicated in favour of his son, and Marie Caroline, pursued by the hatred of her late subjects, retired to Austria, where she died at the Castle of Melzendorff,

near Vienna, from eating an ice that probably contained poison.

During this time, the destiny of Napoleon was nearing its accomplishment; the Hand of the Lord was being withdrawn, little by little, from the man who had seemed so miraculously protected. Winter cold came to the aid of the Coalition, and treason completed the work that cold began. The bulletin of Leipzig carried horror to Paris itself; and the campaign of 1814 shone as a last reflection of that genius which had triumphed at Arcola, the Pyramids, and Austerlitz. Then, on April 3rd, a decree of the Senate proclaimed not only the downfall of Napoleon, but of his dynasty. On May 3rd, at 6 o'clock in the evening, Napoleon disembarked on the Island of Elba, the sovereignty of which was guaranteed to him by the Treaty of Fontainebleau, together with an army of 400 men and revenues of 2,000,000 francs.

Some time before, the duc d'Orléans had written the following letter to king Louis XVIII:

"SIRE,

"Is it possible that a brighter future is foreshadowed—that your star is at last emerging from the mists that obscured it, and that that of the MONSTER who has crushed France is paling in its turn? How admirable are present events—'how glad I am at the successes of the Coalition! It is time to complete the destruction of the Revolution and of the revolutionaries. My great regret is that my king has never let me take service with the sovereigns as I so ardently desired to do.' I wanted, 'by way of retribution, for my errors,' to dedicate my own person to the work of opening for my king his path to Paris. My thoughts, at least, would hasten the fall of Bonaparte, whom I hate as much as I despise. What greater enemy have we than this man who killed our poor cousin the duc d'Enghien, and usurped your crown which he has befouled with his crimes? God grant that his fall is imminent! I pray for it each day."

It is curious to compare this letter from the duc d'Orléans, written in 1814, with the decree by means of which Louis Philippe tried to revive his popularity

in 1840, when it was beginning to wane. On May 12th, 1840, this important resolution was announced to the French Chambers in the following terms :

“SIRS,

“The king has ordered his Royal Highness the prince de Joinville to proceed with his frigate to the Island of St. Helena, there to receive the mortal remains of the emperor Napoleon. The vessel, with these remains on board, will then sail for the mouth of the Seine, where another boat will bring them to Paris. They will be interred in the Invalides. A solemn ceremony, with full religious and military honours, will inaugurate their disposal in the tomb in which they are to rest eternally.

“It is due to the majesty of the dead, that his august remains shall not abide exposed in a public place, in the midst of a noisy, careless crowd. It is more fitting that these relics should be placed in a silent, sacred spot, where those who respect glory and genius, grandeur and misfortune, can visit them with devotion.

“He was both emperor and king ; he was the legitimate sovereign of our country. He had a right to be entombed at St. Denis ; but the customary grave of kings is beneath Napoleon. He shall reign and command again in the spot where sleep the soldiers of our fatherland, and where her defenders will ever go in search of inspiration. His sword shall be deposited on his tomb.

“Art shall create a monument worthy—if that can be—of the name to be inscribed on it. It shall rise under the dome, in the midst of that temple consecrated to the God of Battles. This monument shall be of simple beauty and of lofty form, and shall seem impervious to the hand of time, even as the memory of him whom it commemorates. Such a monument alone can enshrine Napoleon.

“Henceforth France, and France alone, will possess all that remains of Napoleon ; his grave, like his fame, shall belong to his own country. The monarchy of 1830 is the sole and legitimate heir of all those memories of which France is so proud. It is meet that that monarchy which was the first to rally all the forces and conciliate all the desires of the French Revolution should elevate and honour fearlessly the statue and the tomb of the popular hero ; for there is one thing and one only which does not fear comparison with glory, and that is liberty.”

CHAPTER XXXI

Accession of Louis XVIII (April 1st, 1814)—The duke of Orléans arrives in Paris—Birth of the duke of Nemours—The king revives all the old ceremonies.

BEING now called to occupy the vacant throne of France, Louis, known as the eighteenth of that name, left Hartwell on April 18th, entered London two days later, and crossing the Channel in a royal yacht, repaired immediately to St. Ouen, where he signed the Constitutional Charter.

The duc d'Orléans at Palermo, in the midst of the Sicilian troubles, was still, on April 23rd, unaware of the abdication of Napoleon and the accession of Louis to the vacant throne. Hearing unexpectedly that an English ship had arrived with tidings from France, he hastened to the British Legation, where he found the ambassador holding a *Moniteur* in his hand. Immediately offering it to the prince :

"Permit me to congratulate you, Monseigneur," said he, "and to inform you that Napoleon has abdicated and a Bourbon prince again occupies the throne of his ancestors." Two hours later all the cannon in Palermo thundered forth in honour of the event.

The English captain was ordered by Lord William Bentinck to place his ship at the duke's disposal should the latter wish to return to France, an offer which was promptly accepted. Accompanied by a single servant, he left Palermo the very next day, April 24th, and arriving at Paris early in May, put up *incognito* at an hotel in the Grange-Batelière. Longing to behold his birthplace, without waiting to change his clothes, he at once went out and hurried to the Palais-Royal, where he walked all over the garden. Then, crossing the Court of Pillars, he arrived at the Gate of

the Grand Staircase. It was open. Hastily entering the vestibule and brushing aside the porter, who took him for a lunatic, he ran towards the Grand Staircase, fell on his knees, and, bursting into tears, kissed the lowest step. Whereby the bewildered porter began slowly to understand that he saw in the eccentric visitor both the former and the present master.

As the nature of the king's sentiments regarding the duke were doubtful, and his reception might easily be unfavourable, it was clearly of great importance to obtain all possible information before requesting an audience. The duke therefore proceeded to look up his old friends, Valence, Macdonald, and Beurnonville, and having conferred with them, he next sought Mme. de Genlis. He had ascertained that she was living at the Arsenal, where the emperor had granted her an apartment, in addition to a pension in acknowledgment of the correspondence she regularly maintained with him, the substance of which remains unknown. Undoubtedly it was of too private a nature to be allowed to continue in existence.

"What!" exclaimed Mme. de Genlis, recognising her former pupil, "is it indeed you! By this time, surely, you have resigned all idea of ever obtaining the crown!"

To which the duke replied by an ambiguous gesture which might mean anything or nothing. He spent an hour with the woman whom he had often called his "true mother" and his only friend, but whom he had never forgiven the famous letter of 1796 to which we have already referred.

The next day he presented himself at the Tuileries. Although Louis XVIII secretly cherished a profound disbelief in his cousin's sincerity, he nevertheless held firmly to the principle laid down by Fox. "Refuse your friends, but grant all to your enemies!" And his reception of the duke was consequently gracious in the extreme.

"If I am not mistaken," said he, "you were a French general five-and-twenty years ago. Well, that at least

is a thing which need not change: you are a general still."

"In future, sire," replied the duke, "I will do myself the honour of always appearing before your Majesty in the uniform which your gracious permission entitles me to wear."

Besides this, on May 15th, the king gave the duke the commission formerly held by his father, of colonel of Hussars, and also invested him with the Cross of St. Louis in full chapter, with the complete ceremonial of the order. He also, which was much more to the point, confirmed him in the possession of the ducal appanage, besides restoring the whole of his father's estates, even including lands which, having been alienated by Philippe Égalité, had legally become State property, the debts charged on them having been paid off.

The business of determining his political position and rearranging his affairs occupied the prince from May to July, when, accompanied by MM. Atthalin and Sainte-Aldegonde, he again embarked for Palermo in order to bring his family home. For this purpose the ship *Ville-de-Marseille* was allowed him by the government, and the month of September saw him again settled at the Palais-Royal.

As the king's liberality had reached the point of restoring to the duc d'Orléans property to which he had no claim, it may easily be understood that the dowager duchess had no difficulty in regaining the enormous fortune of her father, the duc de Penthièvre, which had been confiscated during the Revolution, and which, including funded property, palace, parks, and castles, amounted to nearly a hundred million francs.

On October 25th, the duchesse d'Orléans gave birth to a second son, baptized by the names of Louis Charles Philippe Raphael d'Orléans, duc de Nemours.

Although at this date I was still very young, I well remember the general consternation at the successive appearance of all the customs of the old régime, disallowed and forgotten for two-and-twenty years. There were the Sundays, the holidays and half-holidays which

closed all shops and stopped all business ; there was the ceremony of the Vow of Louis XIII, then the Expiatory Mass of January 21st, and, worse than all these, some impudent remarks had been dropped on the subject of the sale of emigrants' estates, hinting that such sales might be invalidated. A feeling of uneasiness spread abroad ; for there was a total lack of sympathy between the people and this antiquated, strait-laced court which had neither rewards nor smiles for friends or enemies. Before three months had passed the public had divided into four camps : Royalists, Napoleonists, Constitutionalists, and Republicans. Promptly perceiving which side he ought to take, the duc d'Orléans attached himself to the Constitutionalists. Says La Fayette in his Memoirs :

“ I felt obliged to visit the duc d'Orléans in response to his kind inquiries of my son, whom he had known in the United States. He appeared greatly pleased, no doubt remembering my former quarrels with his branch of the family, and referred to the times of proscription, to the similarity of our ideas, to his great esteem for myself, and indeed appeared so superior to the prejudices of his family that I was obliged to admit that in him I saw the only Bourbon capable of reigning constitutionally.”

Is it not possible that the words spoken that day by the duc d'Orléans may have been the seeds whence sprang, in 1830, the best of Republics ?

CHAPTER XXXII

A Napoleonic St. Bartholomew—The government succeeds in blundering
—Description of the royal family.

MEANWHILE, however, the Bourbon government was hastening down the road to its own destruction. It was supposed to be contemplating nothing less than a sort of Napoleonic St. Bartholomew, wherein all Imperial partisanship should be utterly quenched. Was the execution of such a project possible? or even probable? The question is immaterial. In every nation arises from time to time a period of discontent in which all that increases the unrest is seized upon readily. The more absurd the report the faster it grows, and the more impossible it is the wider it spreads. Thus, the rumour of this contemplated St. Bartholomew massacre was popularly believed; but it was not likely that 150,000 veterans, whether incorporated in the new army or dismissed to their homes, would allow themselves to be slaughtered without resistance. A counter confederacy was formed, and the officers, whether actually in danger or not, began to plot together and form secret societies. The government decided that this movement must be crushed, and consequently forbade all officers, from lieutenants to generals, to remain in Paris without permission. Those not born in the capital were ordered to return to their own provinces.

This extraordinary order was received with absolute stupefaction. What! was Paris, the great centre of civilisation, a hundred-gated Thebes with an open door for each of its hundred departments, was Paris to become a privileged town, open to some, forbidden to others? From this moment everybody vied in encouraging his neighbour to rebel, thereby also encouraging

himself. Many officers, obliged to choose between disobedience to orders on one hand, and relinquishing the half-pay which was their sole support on the other, resigned the money, and, free from restraint—though perishing with hunger—remained at Paris to raise their voices against the government.

It was resolved to make an example. A letter written by General Exelmans to Murat, king of Naples, congratulating the latter on having retained his throne, opportunely fell into the hands of the police. Therefore Maréchal Soult, who for ten years had bitterly envied the good fortune of his former friend and companion, dismissed General Exelmans from active service and banished him to sixty leagues from Paris. Exelmans considered that the Minister of War had no authority over officers not in active service, and remained quietly at home. The police were sent to arrest him; the general announced that he would blow out the brains of the first man who dared to touch him, and walked haughtily out, no one venturing to oppose him. This took place in December 1814.

An Order in Council dated December 29th summoned General Exelmans to appear before a court-martial of the 16th military division held at Lille, being accused—

“Of having corresponded with an enemy, Joachim Murat, king of Naples, unrecognised by the French government.

“Of having acted as a spy in writing to the king of Naples.

“Of having written offensively concerning the power and person of the king’s majesty.

“Of having disobeyed orders given by the Minister of War.

“And, finally, of having broken his oath taken as a Chevalier of St. Louis.”

On January 14th, 1815, General Exelmans surrendered to meet these charges at the citadel of Lille, and on January 23rd was unanimously acquitted on all counts by the court-martial; a triumph for him, followed by a very unpleasant time for the government.

Eight days previously, January 15th, a riot had taken

place, caused by the refusal of rites of sepulture to Mlle. Raucourt.¹ And on the very same day General Heudelet, commanding the 10th division, had issued the following order for the day in accordance with instructions given for the whole country :

“ The bishops are commanded to arrange a solemn service of prayer to God, whereby on January 21st all true Frenchmen may express their exceeding grief and remorse for the crime which on that day plunged the whole of France into mourning.

“ The army has always expressed its sorrow and indignation, and is eager to join in this act of national piety.”

Thus the government succeeded : first, in alarming all who had been interested in buying State property by the doubt raised as to the validity of such purchases ; secondly, in alienating the army by the persecution of officers ; thirdly, in offending all thoughtful persons by the refusal of burial rites ; and lastly, in deeply irritating all Republicans by this solemn mass ordered for January 21st.

Thereupon ridicule joined with hatred. It could hardly be counted a crime if the king's wig resembled a pair of pigeon's wings with a tail like a root of salsify, nor that he wore epaulettes on a civilian coat instead of on a military one, and displayed an elephantine leg adorned with a black gaiter instead of showing a well-turned calf and an elegant patent leather boot. Still less that he had to be drawn in a chair instead of appearing on horseback, and held reviews from the vantage point of a balcony instead of appearing in the orthodox manner on the field. But his measures had aroused so much ill-feeling that his infirmities ranked as offences ; his learned comments on Horace were held up to ridicule ; his appetite, already proverbial, originated sundry anecdotes, some witty, others merely coarse, but none

¹ This name, which needed no commentary when Dumas wrote, is now forgotten. Mlle. Raucourt, whose real name was Saucerotte, was an actress of distinction, but the attribution to her of certain immoral practices led to the authorities at Saint-Roch acting as mentioned by Dumas.—*Translator's Note*,

the less fatal in that they provoked laughter instead of enthusiasm. In short, except for the few powerless supporters of the inefficient monarch, not a voice was raised anywhere in defence of the Restoration. And if, after the king, we consider his brother and the next generation, both male and female, we see that there was not one single person in the whole family capable of effacing the unfortunate impression produced by the head of the House.

Next in order of succession stood the king's brother Charles, comte d'Artois, who had once been young and handsome, and even been considered brilliant, but who had now exchanged all these qualities for piety, a turn of mind which that cynical age counted mere idiocy, something lower than a crime and worse than a blunder. The count's foolish look, his hanging lip, his waddling gait, and his utter inability to converse on any subject other than horses, guns, and hunting, fatally obscured a certain chivalrous note in his character which faintly reminded one that he descended from Henri IV, and was a successor to Francis I. Worse than all this, in the popular opinion, he had committed the unpardonable wrong of promising the abolition of *droits réunis* in the name of the new régime, a promise which remained unfulfilled.

After Charles came his eldest son, the duc d'Angoulême, good, brave, and loyal, but lacking intelligence. Weak both physically and mentally, full of fads and fancies, his numerous blunders provoked the mirth of the courtiers themselves—much more of those who, not being courtiers, had no object in idealising a man utterly insignificant apart from the Divine Right which had placed him where he was.

His brother, the duc de Berry, was the exact opposite, being strong in constitution, full of life, and overflowing with health and spirits. He possessed numerous good qualities, balanced by as many grave defects, and was a curious mixture of martial brutality and the dissolute manners of the court. Always associating with both officers and soldiers, he was perpetually offending the

one and irritating the others, and hardly a day passed without some damaging tale.

One day the court was edified by hearing how the prince had torn off the epaulettes of a colonel with his own hand, and on another how he had added insult to injury in refusing a cross claimed by a veteran soldier. It is true that he made reparation, either in deference to orders, or from the promptings of his own conscience—replacing next day the torn epaulettes of the colonel with those belonging to a general, and bestowing the cross accompanied by an unexpected donation; but he could not heal the wounds he had dealt; no reparation could efface the bitter recollection of the insult.

But even the most envenomed backbiters found nothing to condemn in the conduct of the duchesse d'Angoulême,¹ the unhappy martyr of 1793, whose life had been spent in tears, dungeons, and exile. She was a saint, but one of those saints of severe aspect, harsh voice, and austere devotion who inspire aversion rather than love, because their virtue seems too superior to the weakness of poor humanity.

There remain the two princes of Condé, last descendants of a race of heroes that with them became extinct. They were chiefly remembered in connection with the days of emigration—that is to say, as emigrants who had borne arms against France; and they now spent their time in vainly endeavouring to recognise a host of gentlemen who claimed to have served under them. The aged father died in the effort, the tragedy of the son is yet fresh in our recollection.²

¹ Daughter of Marie Antoinette.—*Translator's Note.*

² Louis Henri Joseph, last prince of Condé, 1756–1830. Found strangled with a handkerchief—whether a suicide or not seems uncertain.—*Translator's Note.*

CHAPTER XXXIII

The character of the duke of Orléans—The conspiracies—Fouché—The emperor lands from Elba—His proclamation.

FOR the duc d'Orléans the position of affairs seemed now most favourable. Still young (he was just forty-one), good-looking, skilled in all bodily exercises, brave, witty, well-educated, able to converse on any subject, a faithful husband blessed with several charming children, he had contrived from the very first day of his arrival to let it be known that, not only he had never borne arms against France, but that he had refused every offer made to him to do so. His popularity began to acquire the firm foundation which made him the popular choice in 1830.

Those who examined his character critically might, however, have discerned that his courage was physical rather than moral, that his understanding was superficial rather than deep, that in his heart he nourished a profound contempt for his fellow-creatures, and that he held prejudices against which no historical teaching could prevail. Dates and events he knew well, but he was unable to understand and apply their deeper meaning.

Consequently the duc d'Orléans' supporters were chiefly found among the middle classes, financiers, lawyers, speculators, merchants and manufacturers. These all greatly admired his knowledge of political economy, of commerce and manufactures, and also his legal subtlety. On the other hand, the entire artistic community, poets, historians, painters, and sculptors, was instinctively averse to him. They felt that in architecture he would be merely a stonecutter, that in painting, sculpture, and poetry the commonplace of his

nature would always prevail over the artistic; and finally, historians did not love him because he had countless reasons for not loving historians. But, be that as it may, the duke's adroitness, his seductive language, his half-veiled hints about the royal policy, the opinion given of him by the emperor Alexander at Mme. de Staël's receptions,¹ his enormous fortune—that great attraction to inferior minds—were all factors in establishing the duke, within six months of his return to France, as head of the Opposition and hope of all the discontented.

In the month of February a conspiracy was formed in favour of the duc d'Orléans, the heads of which were, comte Drouet d'Erlon, commanding the military division of Lille, comte Lefebvre-Desnouettes, commanding the former regiment of Imperial Guards, and the brothers Lallemand, one a general of artillery, the other governor of the Département de l'Aisne.

Had it not been for the event of March 20th, we should have known whether the duke was actually aware of this conspiracy or totally ignorant of it. But March 20th, claiming the attention of all France, has made even a guess impossible. Moreover, the conspiracy, happening to coincide with the Napoleonic flood, was carried away and absorbed by it; and only Napoleon himself, in spite of endeavours to put him off the scent, was not deceived. Said he: "It is the duc d'Orléans who has been dethroned by my return, not Louis XVIII!"

The plans of the conspirators, however, were so simple, not to say infantile, that it is difficult to suppose the duke can really have known anything about them. The leaders, each of whom held a military command, were to concentrate their troops upon Paris, seize the king, and insist on his accepting a constitution. If he refused, he was to be conducted out of the kingdom, and the duc d'Orléans compelled to ascend the throne.

¹ "The duke of Orléans is the only one of the family holding Liberal opinions. As to the rest, there is nothing to be hoped for from any one of them."

Besides this conspiracy there were two others in existence,—one concerned with the return of Napoleon ; and another, which on May 1st, when the Chamber would reopen, was to manifest itself among the lawgivers themselves. Its object was to force a positive confirmation from the king of all the material interests which had had their origin in the Revolution. Should he refuse, the elder branch of the family would be made to give place to the younger one. But for the inherent difficulty of inducing soldiers and lawyers to work amicably together, these two plots might easily have been blended into one.

One man was concerned in all three : Fouché, duc d'Otranto.

The landing of the emperor was only made known to the king on March 5th, and in the evening the news began to be whispered about in the salon of Mme. de Vaudemont-Lorraine, where Fouché was one of the guests. Hastening home, he sent for one of the Lallemands.

“Monsieur,” he said, “you must lose not a moment in carrying out your plans ; the court suspects, but knows nothing yet for certain. Go at once and warn your brother and General Drouet and General Lefebvre-Desnouettes that they and their troops must start immediately for Paris.”

Lallemand departed for Lille on the 6th, and on the 7th the following Order appeared in *Moniteur* :

“ORDER

“Having received the report of our trusty and well-beloved Chancellor, head of Our Orders of Knighthood, We have ordained and declared as follows :

“*Article I.* Napoleon Bonaparte having appeared in arms in the Department of Var, is hereby declared a traitor and rebel. All governors, military commandants, national guards, civil authorities, and ordinary citizens are enjoined to arrest him and to bring him immediately before a court-martial, which, on proof of identity, will award such punishment as is decreed by law.

“ *Article II.* All soldiers and employés of all ranks who shall have followed or accompanied the above-named Bonaparte will be liable to the same punishment and held guilty of the same crimes, unless they appear and submit themselves within eight days.

“ *Article III.* All officials, civil or military, whether chiefs or subordinates, pay-masters or tax-gatherers, also ordinary citizens, who shall have rendered assistance, either direct or indirect, to the above-named Bonaparte will be held liable to prosecution and punishment as being promoters and accomplices of his rebellion.

“ *Article IV.* All persons who, whether by speeches in public places, by meetings, by publications, or by the affixing of placards, shall have taken part, or induced others either to take part in rebellion or to abstain from suppressing it, will be held liable to the same penalties.

“ Given at the Palace of the Tuileries, the 6th day of March, 1815, in the twentieth year of Our reign.

“(Signed) LOUIS.”

This was preceded by a proclamation announcing the meeting of the Chambers, and was followed by a single line which alone indicated the actual state of things :

“ Monsieur started this morning for Lyons.”

It is true that the court journal, in the magniloquent style for which it has always been famous, added the following :

“ Compelled by his fatal destiny, Bonaparte has quitted the Isle of Elba, where the imprudent magnanimity of the allied sovereigns had rewarded the desolation of their kingdoms by permitting him still to reign as a sovereign prince. This man, though renouncing power, has never renounced the madness of his ambition, and now, after a year of apparent apathy, covered with the blood of generations, presumes in the names of usurpation and massacre to dispute the mild and legitimate rule of the king of France. Certain underhand dealings, certain commotions in Italy, inspired by his deluded brother-in-law, have so inflated the pride of the coward of Fontainebleau that he now exposes himself to find the death of a hero. May God grant that

he find only the death of a traitor ! The soil of France rejects him ; should he persist, the soil of France will engulf him ! ”

It is to be regretted that this production is unsigned, and we are therefore unable to honour duly the political genius who was so skilled in the use of epithets and antithesis !

The landing of the emperor was known at Paris on March 7th. All France knew it on the 8th and 9th, and the news reached Vienna on the 11th, where it greatly astonished the Congress there, engaged at that moment in waltzing at prince Metternich's. The magical words “ Napoleon has left Elba and landed at Cannes ” brought the waltz to an abrupt conclusion.

“ I told you that arrangement would never last ! ” said the emperor Alexander to Talleyrand—and “ You see, sire,” said the emperor of Austria, “ what comes of protecting your Parisian Jacobins ! ”

“ It is true,” replied Alexander, “ and I will atone by placing myself and my armies at your Majesty's disposal ! ” Thus was inaugurated the Coalition of 1815.

Napoleon replied to the Order of king Louis, to the newspaper articles, and to the Resolutions of the Congress at Vienna by issuing the following proclamation :

TO THE ARMY

“ Soldiers ! Still we are unconquered ! Two men have forsaken our ranks and have betrayed their laurels, their prince, their benefactor ! Shall we permit adversaries, who have spent their lives in blaspheming against our beloved France, and fighting against us in hostile armies, to bear rule over us and to insult our eagles which they dared not face ? Are they to inherit the fruit of our glorious labours ? Shall we suffer them to deprive us of honour and wealth, and to slander our glory ? If their reign is to continue, then for us all is lost, even to the very memory of our immortal battles. Behold how these degenerate Frenchmen strive to vilify deeds which the world with one consent

has pronounced to be glorious. If a voice be now raised in our behalf it is the voice of a former enemy, the voice of one whom we have met on the field of battle.

“Soldiers! I have heard your voices in my exile and I have traversed dangers and difficulties in answer to your call. He whom you raised on your shields, whom the voice of the nation summoned to the throne, he, your general, has returned to you. Hasten to his banner; tear down this proscribed flag which for five-and-twenty years has been the rallying-point of the enemies of France. Let the tricolour, the banner under which our glorious battles were fought and won, again float triumphantly on the breeze.

“We may forget that we have ruled over other nations, we may not suffer others to rule over us. Who can claim to be our master? who would have the power? Resume the eagles of Ulm, Austerlitz, Jéna, Eylau, Friedland, Tudéla, Eckmuth, Essling, Wagram, Smolensk, la Moskowa, Lutzen, Wurtschen, and Montmirail. Do you think this handful of men, audacious only for the moment, will dare to face you? Let them return whence they came, and continue, if they will, their shadowy reign of the last nineteen years. Remember that these princes, imposed on you by foreigners, cannot but be bitterly hostile to the honour and glory which are rightfully due to you and your children. Your deeds brought glory to the French nation when fighting to obtain freedom from them and their yoke, and your glory is their condemnation. But if these princes against whom you fought are indeed the legitimate sovereigns of France, then you, the veterans of Sambre et Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, Egypt, of the West, and of the Grand Army, are but rebels, your honourable scars are a disgrace, your victories are crimes, and only humiliation awaits you. All honour, reward, and consideration will be for those who have fought against their country and against us.

“Soldiers! Your chief has raised his standard and calls you to assemble round it. His very existence is bound up in yours, his rights are your rights and the rights of the nation, his honour and glory are yours also. Victory will be ours; our eagles will fly from tower to tower till they rest on the pinacles of Notre-Dame. Then indeed you may be proud of your actions, for you will have given freedom to your country. And when in an honoured old age you

recount your valiant deeds to a listening circle of fellow-citizens, you will be able to say with pride—‘ And I also was one of that glorious army ! twice we entered Vienna, we forced the ramparts of Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow, and we delivered Paris from the stain of treason and the pressure of an enemy.’

“ All honour to my brave soldiers, the glory of France ; and eternal shame on the degraded Frenchmen, of whatever rank, who for five-and-twenty years have fought with the stranger against their bleeding country !

“ NAPOLEON.”

CHAPTER XXXIV

Napoleon's triumphal march—The duke of Orléans flies from Lyons—
Louis XVIII leaves the Tuileries—Waterloo—The future of Europe.

ON the evening of March 5th the duc d'Orléans, in obedience to a royal command, appeared at the Tuileries. He received orders to accompany the comte d'Artois to Lyons, but disobeyed them and allowed the count to depart alone. During March 6th he remained in Paris, but returned to the Tuileries in the evening and represented to the king, that, as commander of the Royal Guard of Honour, he ought to be allowed to remain there. The king, however, insisted, and the duke was obliged to comply. He started for Lyons the next day, having made all possible arrangements to enable his family to retire to England in case events should prove unfavourable to the royal cause.

Every detail of each separate stage of Napoleon's marvellous triumphal march is well known. Not a single obstacle was encountered. Before reaching Vizille he met the 3rd regiment of the line and the 2nd Engineers, which both declared for him. Then La Bédoyère and his regiment swelled the escort. On passing Grenoble the city gates were brought out to him, the authorities having refused to give up the keys.

The comte d'Artois, the duc d'Orléans, and the duc de Tarento were at Lyons, occupied in reviewing the army lately commanded by the latter. But the spirit pervading the ranks was very evident, and left little doubt as to which side the soldiers would take when once they found themselves face to face with a leader whom they absolutely refused to consider an enemy.

On March 9th Napoleon passed Grenoble, on the 10th he slept at Bourgoin. At 5 o'clock the same evening

he entered Lyons by one bridge, de la Guillottière, just as the duc d'Orléans fled by another with one faithful gendarme for sole escort.

The next day an officer of the royal household appeared on a balcony at the Tuileries. Waving his hat, he announced that the king had just received news that the duc d'Orléans at the head of 20,000 National Guards of Lyons had attacked the usurper near Bourgoins and had completely routed him.

But during the night the duke returned to Paris, and the newspapers were not slow to announce the fact. The very next day he sent off his family to England, with the exception of Mme. Adélaïde, who refused to leave him. The dowager duchess also declined to leave Paris, and on the 16th the duke, being given charge of the northern departments, set out for Péronne, arriving at Cambrai on the 17th, and at Lille on the 18th. At midnight on the 19th the king himself left the Tuileries, taking the crown jewels along with him, and an hour later the comte d'Artois and the duc de Berry also left for Flanders.

On March 22nd the king arrived at Lille, where the duc d'Orléans awaited him. The next day he continued his journey, leaving the duke without any special instructions. "What are your Majesty's orders?" the latter inquired. "Do whatever you think best," the king replied. Consequently the prince wrote the same day to Maréchal Mortier as follows :

"LILLE,

"March 23rd, 1815.

"MY DEAR MARSHAL,

"I leave in your hands the entire command of the northern departments. Most gladly would I have shared it with you, but I am too true a Frenchman to be willing to sacrifice my country's interests when fresh misfortunes compel me to leave it. I go to seek exile and oblivion. The king having left France I cannot give you any orders in his name, and I can only cancel those already given, and advise you to do whatever your excellent judgment and stainless patriotism may suggest as being best for the

interests of our country, and most in conformity with the various duties you will have to undertake.

“Adieu, my dear marshal; it is with a sorrow-laden heart that I write thus, but whatever changes Fortune may have in store, I hope to retain your friendship, even as you may always count upon mine. I shall never forget what I have seen of you during the short time we have been together. I admire your character and your loyalty as much as I admire and love you personally, and with all my heart I wish you all the good fortune you deserve, and which I trust you may enjoy.

“L. P. D’ORLÉANS.”

Hearing that the duke’s mother had remained in Paris, the emperor, with the letter just quoted in his hand, ordered that she should be treated with all the respect due to her age and character. As her estates were again confiscate, he assigned her an annual income of 300,000 francs (£12,000) from the public treasury. The duke meanwhile rejoined his family in England, and quietly awaited events at Twickenham.

He took care, however, to have active agents working for him in France. Four days after Waterloo (June 22nd) Maréchal Soult made a report to Napoleon containing these lines :

“The Orléans name is in everybody’s mouth, which seems to me an important fact that your Majesty ought to hear without delay. I have desired General Dejean to report personally to you on the subject, giving you whatever information he has been able to obtain.”

Three days later M. Boulay de la Meurthe discoursed on the same subject in the Chamber :

“I warn you,” said he, “that we are surrounded by plotters and discontented persons who would have the throne declared vacant in order that the Bourbons may be restored. Now I have reliable information, and I can prove what I say; there is undoubtedly an Orléanist party in existence. The end and object of this faction appears to be to extend its ramifications even among the patriots. It is, however, doubtful whether the duc d’Orléans would accept

the crown. If he did, it would only be to restore it to Louis XVIII."

The emperor, leaving the stricken field of Waterloo at 8 p.m. on June 18th, posted the next day from Quatre Bras to Laon, and abdicated at the Tuileries on the 21st. Then, on June 25th, at Malmaison, began those three days of agony in which the doubt, felt for the first time, of the reality of his "star" was the bitterest drop in the cup. For at that time Napoleon was far from comprehending that throughout his dazzling career he had been but an implement in the hands of Providence, and he understood not the workings of Destiny. Later, when at St. Helena exile, solitude, and misfortune had exercised an enlightening influence, he saw more clearly and uttered the prophetic words: "Fifty years more will see Europe either republican or Cossack!"¹

In another fifty years Europe will be republican or Cossack!

Providence has thought fit to fulfil these prophetic words of a great man.

¹ In the original edition the chapter closes with the following passage: "Ah, sire, is not the question now decided? The divine, the inextinguishable fire yet glows in the heart of France, that Prometheus among nations. While you lay chained on your Atlantic rock, your country, rent by a triple vulture, had yet a destiny to fulfil. Inspired by her sufferings, other nations, hostile once, now our brothers, became conscious of aspirations hitherto unknown, and from us they imbibed that lion-like enthusiasm which we now call Liberty. Look, sire, from your couch in the *hôtel des Invalides*, and behold all Europe in flames! Sicily fights for freedom; Florence, Rome, Berlin, Vienna proclaim republics, the dying groan of a crucified Hungary cries for vengeance; even Poland, ghost of a dead Past, rises like a spectre from the tomb. Yes; it is true that Sicily again lies under the heel of the grandson of Ferdinand and Caroline, that a grand duke again reigns at Florence and a Pope in Rome, that Berlin still owns a king and Vienna obeys an emperor. It is, alas! true that a bleeding Hungary, wounded like the Saviour, in feet, in hands, and side, inclines her thorn-crowned head, and that the phantom of Poland, like the ghost of the king of Denmark, returns unavenged to its sepulchral couch. But all this is only the second act of the great European drama. Once let a nation taste, if but with the tip of its tongue, the life-giving essence of Freedom, and its longing will never be quenched. It is the preordained lot of France that she one day shall pour out in overflowing measure this veritable water of life for which all nations thirst and for which they will joyfully die."

The Republic has risen upon us like an apparition evoked by a supernatural intelligence, throwing the whole European system into the crucible and threatening to break up the ancient world.

From that *hôtel des Invalides* where Napoleon reposes he can see—if such things be permitted by God,—Europe in flames ; Sicily gaining her independence ; Florence, Rome, Berlin, Vienna proclaiming the Republic ; Hungary arraying herself against the domination of the House of Austria ; Poland rising in defiance of the Czar her conquerer. The first act of the great drama is truly of terrible violence. But will this superabundant energy be able to survive the revolution it has produced ? Experience proves that the wild passion of nations for liberty, like a fever, subsides by degrees ; and the cold fit is then at hand when every force is strained for the supreme effort. It is not that the love of liberty is ever extinguished in the national heart, in an advanced epoch of civilisation. No, indeed ; such universal love can never perish. But as it grows calmer and in consequence more enlightened, it learns the better to understand its mission ; and thus it will arrive by peaceful paths at the legitimate realisation of the progress and the blessings that it once wished to seize at the instant with mailed fist.

Louis Philippe re-entered Paris on July 29th, 1815.

CHAPTER XXXV

A subject of calumny—The duke declares for the Constitutionalists—
His punishment and protest.

CONSIDERING the recent events, and especially the fact that Louis Philippe's name had been bandied about as that of the head of a party, the duke might well feel a little uncertain as to what sort of reception would be accorded him at the Tuileries. He put a bold face on the matter and expressed his great indignation at being made the subject of so much calumny. The king let him have his say, and, when he came to an end, observed: "I am not anxious, my cousin! You are the next in succession after Berry, and I have as much faith in your good sense as in your good heart."

The king then confirmed him in the possession of his appanage, but still refused him the title of Royal Highness, remarking, "He is much too near the throne already."

As a sort of compensation, however, the duke obtained a seat in the Chamber of Peers, a privilege belonging to the princes of the royal family; but whether this distinction was really intended as a favour or a pitfall is difficult to say. In those troubled times it was a problem how to sit in the Chamber without declaring for one side or another, and an occasion promptly presented itself which enabled the duc d'Orléans to announce which flag he intended to follow. The committee of the Chamber of 1815, the Chamber which condemned Maréchal Ney (undoubtedly guilty, but who had been specially protected by the capitulation of Paris), had introduced the following clause into its address to the king:

“Without presuming to trench on the royal prerogative of mercy, we venture to put forward the claims of justice, and humbly request from the throne a due distribution of rewards and punishments as well as the purging of governmental administration.”

However reactionary the majority in the Chamber might be, it was impossible for such a clause to pass unchallenged. All the moderate party opposed it vigorously, but their amendments were lost, and the clause was just being passed when the duc d'Orléans rose. There was an immediate silence, every one understanding that the duke's opinion, now given to the public, must inevitably indicate his future political career. He spoke as follows :

“Gentlemen ! all that I have just heard only confirms my opinion that something more definite should be offered to the Chamber than the amendments which are now before it. I propose the entire suppression of this paragraph. Let us leave to the king the care of taking necessary constitutional measures for the maintenance of public order, and do not let us formulate demands which malevolence may hereafter use as weapons wherewith to disturb the State. Our position as the ultimate judges of those towards whom we are invited to show justice rather than mercy imposes absolute silence on us. It seems to me that any preliminary manifestation of opinion in such cases would greatly impair the proper exercise of our judicial functions ; we cannot be judges and accusers at one and the same time.”

Clamorous voices rose in the Chamber as the duke finished his profession of faith. There was now no longer any doubt as to his sentiments ; he had declared for the Constitutionalists.

Punishment speedily overtook him. The king at once cancelled the decree permitting the royal princes to sit in the Chamber, and banished the duke to London, where he rejoined his family, whom he had not yet recalled, as if foreseeing his stay in France would be brief. He had scarcely arrived in London when, not

wishing to end all friendly relations with the king, he issued the following protest :

“FRENCHMEN !

“I find myself compelled to break the silence I desired to keep. Perfidious insinuations are being made, and I am credited with treasonable intentions. My honour requires a protest which I now address to the whole of Europe.

“Frenchmen ! you have been deceived and led astray by those among you who claim the right of choosing their own master and who, misled by their seditious hopes, have insulted a prince who is the most faithful subject of his king, Louis XVIII, king of France, by crediting him with disloyal desires.

“The principle of Legitimate Descent is irrevocable, and is to-day the only guarantee of peace, not only for France, but for all Europe. Revolutions have only succeeded in confirming the force and importance of this principle, which, consecrated by a warlike league and an amicable congress of sovereigns, must invariably regulate the order of reigns and successions.

“Frenchmen ! I should indeed be proud to bear rule over you, but only in the unhappy event of such rule being forced on me by the extinction of an illustrious line. And it is not impossible that in such case my intentions might prove to be widely different from those which are now attributed to me.

“Frenchmen ! A few only among you have been thus misled. Return to your better selves and unite with your prince and fellow-citizen in proclaiming yourselves faithful subjects of Louis XVIII and his natural successors.

“LOUIS PHILIPPE, DUC D'ORLÉANS.”

Notwithstanding the pains taken to render this confession of faith as clear as possible, the prince was unable to return to France before the beginning of 1817.

Serious events had taken place during his absence, the natural results of what had occurred before his banishment : we mean the assassinations of Maréchal Brune at Avignon and of General Ramel at Toulouse, the execution of La Bédoyère at Paris, and the death of Murat at Pizzo. Those which occurred during his absence

were the executions of Maréchal Ney and of Paul Didier. The first requires only brief notice, the second was more important.

The case of Ney, accused of high treason and desertion, was referred to the Chamber of Peers. His doom was certain from the very first, and even before sentence was pronounced his wife appealed to the duc d'Orléans, entreating him to endeavour to procure the intercession of the regent. The duke wrote warmly in his behalf, but in vain, and Ney was shot at 9 a.m., December 7th, in front of the Observatory.

At the same time the king created the prince Hohenlohe a peer of France, and bestowed the dignity of field-marshal on the duke of Wellington. Could political indecency have gone further ?

The Orléanist plot hatched by the Generals Drouet, d'Erlon, Lallemand, and Lefebvre-Desnouettes will not have been forgotten. It failed, being annihilated in the general upheaval of Napoleon's return from Elba. But the Empire had again fallen, the Bourbons were again hurrying on their downward path ; the Orléanist party regained courage and recommenced its intrigues.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Paul Didier—His early career—A speculation in a king—The conspiracy—André and Paulette—"Let us try again."

IN the early days of February 1816, a "Committee of Direction" had been formed by the disaffected. It sat in the rue Cassette and consisted of seven commissioners, or, rather, of seven propagandists. Of these Paul Didier was one.

At this date Didier was nearly fifty-nine, having been born at Upsi in 1758 and educated by a country curé in religious and monarchical principles. Imaginative, enthusiastic, and courageous, he was swept off his feet by the revolutionary deluge of 1788 and 1789; but the horrors of August 10th were too much for him, and drove him into the ranks of those who considered that the Revolution had now done enough, and that it only remained to readjust the position of the Crown. Consequently, when Lyons rebelled, he fought on the Royalist side, and when the town was at last taken after a siege of sixty-two days, his name was on the bloody lists of Dubois-Crancé and Collot d'Herbois. Assuming another name, he escaped to Marseilles, where he joined the confederates of the south, and thence fled to Switzerland and Germany.

For five years he was one of the most remarkable members of the little court surrounding the comte de Provence; but on the Directory coming into power Didier found it possible to return to France, and in Paris he found many of his fellow-emigrants—de Joigné, du Bouchage, du Belloy, de Marieux, de Precontat, and de Dreux-Brézé. Faithful to his Royalist antecedents, in 1799 he published anonymously a pamphlet entitled "The Mind and Will of the French Nation" ("L'Esprit

et le Vœu des Français"). In 1802 there appeared a second, "On the Revival of Religion" ("Du Retour à la Religion"). At this period his most intimate friends were Cambacérès, Fouché, and de Montalivet. He was one of the first professors appointed to a new legal college founded at Grenoble, but having quarrelled with a colleague, M. Pal, he was obliged to resign when the latter became rector in 1810.

From that date until 1814 Didier was immersed in speculations. A man of his type is bound to work on a grand scale, and his undertakings were enormous. They failed, and when the Bourbons were again restored he saw only ruin before him.

One of these various speculations had had the object of placing Louis Philippe on the throne, and Didier had been on the point of starting for Palermo when Napoleon abdicated, and the duc d'Orléans' return to France followed as a natural consequence. Didier then bethought himself of reminding Louis the king that something might be due to an old partisan of Louis comte de Provence. To give more weight to his claims he produced a third pamphlet, again entitled "The Mind and Will of the French Nation" ("L'Esprit et le Vœu des Français"), which was simply an amended edition of the one published fifteen years earlier. However, the former "comte de Provence" had a memory, and Didier was appointed "Member of the Council of State" and Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur.

But Didier wanted a seat in the Court of Appeal, and applied for it in vain. Disgusted with what he called the "Bourbon ingratitude," he was one of the first to declare for Napoleon when the latter quitted Elba. Unfortunately, Napoleon's meteoric course left him no time to discern the merits of Didier, who at the end of the Hundred Days found himself not only unrewarded, but compromised by his desertion to the emperor. The only thing which seemed to offer a chance was to return to his former plans of intriguing for the duc d'Orléans, who was just then staying at the hôtel de la Grange Batelière before resuming possession

of the Palais-Royal, and who received Didier without hesitation.

Since the formation of the "Committee of Direction" in the rue Cassette, Didier had become one of the chief members of the "Society of National Independence," such being the more imposing title now assumed by the former "Committee." The Talleyrand ministry had fallen and been replaced by that of the duc de Richelieu, whose claim to office, according to Talleyrand, consisted in his being "the one man in France well acquainted with the Crimea"! The criticism was just in so far as the duke had spent the best years of his life in the Russian service, some of them as governor of the Crimea, and was now called on to govern the French nation and to regulate the French mind, knowing as little of either the one or the other as if he had indeed been born and bred in the Crimea itself. The other members of his ministry were Clavet, Corvette, Dubouchage, Décayes, and Vaublanc.

The committee decided on making its first attempt at Lyons. The ruling spirits were Talleyrand and Fouché. Next to them in importance came Didier, Jacquemet, a retired colonel, Lavalette, formerly a receiving officer in the Basses Alpes, Montain, doctor of medicine, and Rosset, a paper-maker. The rank and file consisted of persons of no social position, the most important among them being Rosa, a sergeant of the Legion of the Rhône. The following plan was arranged:

On the evening of January 21st, some former members of the police who had been dismissed under the new régime were to appear at the hôtel de Ville professing to have captured a malefactor. With this excuse they would easily approach the sentinel and disarm him. At the same moment, on a given signal, Rosset would issue from a side street at the head of a hundred picked men who would overpower the guard, seize the guns and turn them upon the place Louis le Grand, thus kindling the flame of insurrection.

But on the 19th General Maringobe received two letters revealing the whole plot, and Simon Jacquemet,

Lavalette, Montain, Rosa, and Rosset were immediately arrested. Paul Didier escaped, flying from Lyons as he had fled twenty years before, with this difference, that, then a Royalist fleeing from Jacobins, he was now a Liberal fleeing from Royalists.

Six months later the prisoners were tried at the Assizes ; Jacquemet, Rosa, and Simon were acquitted, Rosset and Lavalette were sentenced to ten, Montain to five years' imprisonment.

This first conspiracy was discovered through one of those strange combinations of chance which have so often caused the failure of the best-conceived and most skilfully conducted enterprises.

One of the least notable members of the society was a poor silk-weaver, consumptive, pale, weak, and suffering. In order to attract less notice he changed his lodgings, taking a room at the very top of a house in a remote quarter. In the attic adjoining his there lived a girl called Paulette, young, virtuous, and beautiful, who, having resisted the seductions of youth and luxury, could not resist the claims of pity. She heard André coughing and panting as he mounted the six successive flights of stairs to his attic ; she knew he was alone and suffering, and she offered the care and attentions of a sister, which soon changed to those of a sweetheart.

One night Paulette watched beside André while he slept, and was startled by a knocking at the door and the sound of unknown voices. Ashamed of being found in a young man's room at such an hour, she hastily slipped into a closet opening out of the room. The knocking continued, André awoke, and, supposing that Paulette had gone to her own room whilst he slept, went to open the door, and admitted Didier and another conspirator.

"This is one of the members of the committee," said Didier, introducing his companion. "I arranged to meet him here in order to put the police off the scent."

André put his poor attic at their disposal and the

two conversed freely. As far as talking went, they rearranged the whole face of France, they banished Louis XVIII, made the duc d'Orléans king, and installed Calvinism as the religion of the State instead of Roman Catholicism. Paulette in her closet heard all they said, and, terrified at what she heard, remained concealed until her lover's regular breathing assured her that he slept. Then, returning to her own room, she sank on her knees imploring guidance from above. Troubled beyond bearing by the threatened subversion of her religion, she went the next morning to confession and told all to the priest, leaving him at liberty to inform the authorities on condition that André's life and liberty were spared.

The confessor gave information, but the promises made on André's behalf were broken. The poor girl endured the horror of seeing her lover arrested in consequence of her denunciation, and André, unable to bear the severity of a six months' imprisonment, died in prison before the trial took place. The broken-hearted Paulette had preceded him, dying of grief a week earlier.

Didier would have been taken like the rest, had not the gendarme sent to arrest him been himself concerned in the plot. He contrived to send Didier warning, and left him ample time to escape before appearing at his lodgings. Didier lost no time, and arrived safely at the frontier of Savoy.

Far from considering their cause hopeless, the conspirators now agreed to turn their attention to the Isère, one of the most disaffected departments, considering that a plot which had failed in Lyons might hope to succeed in Grenoble. The comte de Montléveau, a man of known courage and undoubted integrity, was then prefect of the department, and the military commander was General Donnadieu, a brave soldier, who, although of the Protestant faith, was a loyalist to his fingers' ends.

Didier spent three months in preparing the ground for an insurrection at different points. From the very first he had been obliged to acknowledge that the only name he could conjure with was that of Napoleon ;

the department remained obstinately deaf to all others. Consequently, to suit the common people, he professed to be working for the emperor, but Tallyrand, Fouché, and the initiated generally, understood well that it was for the duc d'Orléans. Didier's head-quarters were at Quaix, a little town north of Grenoble, at the house of a former officer under the Empire, whose name was Brun, but who was generally known as "the Dromedary," because he had fought in Egypt in the cavalry corps raised by Bonaparte which was mounted on camels instead of horses.

One of the first meetings took place at Buisserate, a village on the road to Lyons, close to Grenoble. Didier harangued with all his customary fervour, but, behold, in neither harangue nor proclamation was there a single word about either the emperor or Napoleon II.

"What's that you're talking about?" exclaimed Brun. "You have not even mentioned the emperor. If we rise, we rise for Napoleon or we don't rise at all. I don't, that's clear!"

Thanks to this incident, that particular meeting proved a failure!

The propaganda was most successful in the mountainous district of Oisans, where Didier found two energetic helpers: Dussert, a former guide to the army of the Alps, and Durif. Both had been mayors of their respective towns, Allemont and Vaujany, and both had been displaced by the new government; hence their discontent.

Sure of his two lieutenants, Didier turned his attention towards Lamure. Lamure was still seething with enthusiasm for Napoleon, who there, hardly more than a year before, had with one word brought the troops sent out against him over to his side. There, recruits were numerous and the lists were augmented by the names of Drevet, a former soldier of the Guard, of the brothers Buisson, one a druggist, the other a grocer, of Genevois, a landowner, of the brothers Guillot, and of Dufresne and Dumoulin, both half-pay officers. Here, as in the mountains of Oisans, Didier

left two lieutenants behind him. One was Biollet, a retired major, the other Pelissier, a captain. By their means more than three hundred officers and non-commissioned officers were induced to join in less than six weeks. A forgery purporting to be a letter from Metternich promising the help of Austria for Napoleon II was widely circulated, and it was given out that the Orléans name was merely used in order to prevent any interference from England.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Didier and his confederates—Failure of the rising—The trial of the prisoners—General Donnadiou.

CONSIDERABLE efforts were also made to win over the professors and students at the College of Law at Grenoble. M. Gros, a barrister of the High Court, published in 1841 a letter addressed to the editor of the *Dauphiné Gazette*. It is headed :

“DIDIER AND HIS CONFEDERATES”

“At the time of Didier’s conspiracy,” says M. Gros, “I was studying law at Grenoble, and I became the object of much attention from the chiefs, who were anxious to associate me with the plot. The most pertinacious of them was a former officer of gendarmes, Joannini by name, who was extremely desirous to convert me. Before pledging myself in any way, I wished to ascertain the precise object of the enterprise and its real head. I cross-questioned Joannini, whose information had hitherto been vague to a degree, in the hope of extracting something definite from him, and he at length acknowledged that their aim was to place the duc d’Orléans on the throne. Thinking that my want of enthusiasm was due to incredulity, he produced a letter which designated the duke in no uncertain fashion.

“‘A prince,’ it said, ‘who gave hostages to liberty in his earliest youth, who has fought bravely in our ranks, and whose known liberal convictions make him a constant object of suspicion to the other members of his family.’

“I was then twenty-two,” continues M. Gros, “and I was ardently devoted to the emperor, to whom I owed my college education and my rank as an officer. I utterly refused to take any part in a plot in favour of any member of the royal family.”

From time to time various vague reports concerning meetings and propaganda reached the ears of General Donnadiou. He inquired further, sent out spies of his own, and came to the conclusion that something really serious was going on, and that an outbreak might soon be expected. He then sent information to Paris, mentioning Didier as head of the conspiracy, but all the answer he got was the information that Didier was not in France, and that the Isère was the best-behaved of all the eighty-six departments !

The marriage of the duc de Berry with the daughter of the king of Naples was now close at hand. The princess was to land at Marseilles and proceed on the road to Lyons. On May 3rd the troops stationed at Grenoble and in the neighbourhood were to leave their respective barracks and line the road between Saint Vallier, Vienne, and Lyons. Didier chose the same day for the rising.

Thus the duchesse de Berry on entering France was welcomed with a rebellion. Four years later she was widowed by an assassination.

The rising took place as arranged, but the troops, instead of joining the conspirators, remained loyal. There was a furious struggle, the rebels were defeated, and Colonel Vautré returned to Grenoble the same evening followed by three carts conveying prisoners.

Didier fought desperately in the front of the battle, but seeing that the day was lost and that two-thirds of his men were either dead or prisoners, he escaped to the woods of St.-Martin-d'Herès.

The trial of the prisoners began on May 6th. Four were selected from among a hundred and twenty, and the same evening three were condemned and one acquitted. The condemned were Drevet, a former soldier of the Imperial Guard, Buisson, a grocer, and David, who, however, was recommended to mercy. All three belonged to Lamure.

On May 8th a scaffold was reared in Grenoble, and by 4 p.m. all avenues leading to it were packed with an expectant crowd. The prison gates opened and the

guard appeared, then two priests, each leading a prisoner. As they appeared before the crowd, Drevet and Buisson cried simultaneously, "Vive l'empereur!" Did they really think they were dying for him, or did they merely hope to excite the sympathy of the crowd? A few voices responded to the cry with "Vive le roi!" the majority remained silent. At the foot of the scaffold the prisoners again cried "Vive l'empereur!" Pale, but quite calm, they ascended the steps and died like men—convinced of the justice of their cause.

The evening before the execution both the prefect and General Donnadieu received a government warrant placing the whole department under martial law, and giving full powers of discretion to both civil and military authorities. On May 9th the civil court resigned, thus vesting all power in the military. The court-martial lost no time in assembling, and at 11 o'clock on the first day thirty prisoners were before it. The proceedings lasted eight hours, at the end of which twenty-one out of the thirty were unanimously found guilty and sentenced to death.

The next day, Friday, May 10th, at the tolling of the passing bell of Saint-André opposite the prison, the gates again opened and the assembled crowd, filled with horror, counted fourteen prisoners issuing one by one, each accompanied by a priest. The mournful procession moved slowly towards the Esplanade of the Gate of France, a large piece of ground on the north side of the town washed by the Isère on one side and skirted on another by a thick belt of plane trees and sycamores. Here the execution was to take place. The prisoners knelt in line by the edge of a ditch, the priests offered the crucifix for a last kiss and then moved aside, the word was given in the midst of profound silence; a terrible burst of firing followed, and a hundred balls accomplished their destined work.

Entreaties for pardon and petitions for mercy for the other prisoners had already been forwarded to the king by General Donnadieu. On the evening of May 14th the following dispatch was received in reply:

“Telegraphic Dispatch of May 12th, 1816.

“4 p.m.

“Telegraph line from Lyons.

“From the Minister of Police to the General Donnadieu in command of the 7th Division.

“In the name of the king’s majesty, I hereby give you notice that no pardon can be granted except to such prisoners as can give important information. In the case of David and the twenty-one already condemned, the sentence must be carried out. The decree of May 9th referring to the concealment of rebels may be modified. A reward of 20,000 francs is offered to any one effecting the capture of Didier.”

This dispatch arrived on the night of May 14th. It left no room for hesitation, and the execution was fixed for the 15th.

At four in the following afternoon, Maurice Miard, a boy of sixteen ; Jean Baptiste Alloard, aged sixty-five ; Claude, Piot, Bellin, Mary, Hussard, and Bard followed the road on which their companions had preceded them, and knelt by the same ditch still red with the blood shed five days previously. Miard was not killed at once, the poor boy was seen to raise his head, and a second discharge finished him.

David had been sentenced by the civil court together with Buisson and Drevet. He therefore had no claim to the military execution, but died on the scaffold.

The conduct of General Donnadieu has been most unjustly blamed by Liberal writers who did not understand the whole meaning of this mysterious affair. On the contrary, his behaviour appears to have been admirable. Not only did he protest against this execution in an energetic letter addressed to the Minister of War, but, knowing that his old brother-in-arms, comte Drouet d’Erlon was at the head of the conspiracy, and was at that moment in Grenoble hiding in a friend’s house, General Donnadieu sent for him, and at the last moment got him safely out of the town disguised as a footman at the back of his wife’s carriage.

Once outside Grenoble, comte d'Erlon, who had also been provided with a passport, reached the frontier of Savoy and escaped. When the duc d'Orléans became king he did not forget the dangers encountered in his cause, and he rewarded comte d'Erlon with the bâton of a marshal of France.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Didier's flight and adventures—His capture—The trial and execution.

FOR some little time Didier remained concealed among the hills and woods of Saint-Martin-de-Herès, but finding the neighbourhood more and more insecure, he gained the mountain range on the left bank of the Isère, which extends as far as Turin. Aided by poor peasants who sheltered him at night and guided him by day, he crossed the ridge of La Coche, lying between Savoy and the valley of the Isère.

Here he was joined by three other conspirators in much the same case as himself. They were Dussert, Durif, and Cousseux, and they now insisted on knowing the truth about this enterprise which they had joined, as they thought, on behalf of the emperor. They had acquired a painful certainty that Marie Louise was not, as they had been assured, at Eybaies, and also that count Bertrand, whose signature had been used by Didier, knew nothing about the plot. Didier was compelled to acknowledge that his object had been to place the duc d'Orléans on the throne.

"But," exclaimed Dussert, "France does not want the duc d'Orléans!"

"If that proved to be the case," replied Didier, "we should have proclaimed the Republic."

"Certainly we should," said Dussert; "one Bourbon is no better than another, and Louis XVIII no worse than the rest!"

Cousseux left them that day. Dussert and Durif remained; but considering Didier as a traitor who had betrayed them, they no longer felt bound to keep faith with him. In the evening they arrived at Saint-

Sorlin-d'Arves, a little village, and went to the inn kept by a man named Balmain.

Worn out by fatigue and tortured by wounds, Didier flung himself on a heap of straw and fell fast asleep. His companions remained by the fire, and when they were quite certain he slumbered, they told their host who he was and also of the price upon his head. At daybreak they quitted the inn, leaving Didier still asleep. Miserable as his couch was, it was luxurious compared to those he had lately occupied.

When at length he awoke, Mme. Balmain was the only person in the inn. Being asked what had become of his companions, she hesitated, stammered, and at length flung herself at his feet, crying :

"Fly, fly for your life ; they have betrayed you !"

Didier at once understood. Utterly exhausted though he was, with bleeding feet and painful wounds, he roused himself, and, with the wonderful courage which never deserted him, betook himself to the woods. Under the guidance of a goatherd he reached the entrance of a valley leading down towards France. Here his strength failed him and he fell. For an hour he lay stretched on the earth, an hour of anguish worse than that which precedes death, for it was the hour before the last extinction of hope,—that hour when the sentenced criminal begins by losing faith in man and ends by losing faith in God.

At length, resigned to endure the worst, he rose and proceeded again on the road to Saint-Sorlin, arriving at length at the little village of Saint-Jean-d'Arves. An old woman sat on a bench in front of a solitary house, enjoying the last rays of the western sun. Didier stopped and begged for shelter. She raised her head and looked curiously at him :

"You are the man they are hunting for," said she, "the man who has conspired against the king ?"

Didier anxiously examined the old woman's face, vainly endeavouring to decide whether its expression was one of enmity or of pity. It expressed nothing but the immobility of old age, and he was at the last gasp.

"Yes," said he, "it is true, I am Didier, and you can give me up if you will—only first give me some food and a bed, and I will wait here for the gendarmes."

"Give you up!" cried the old woman, "no indeed. In all the country there is only one man base enough to betray a guest, and that is Balmain. Come in, sir."

Didier went in, and was just dipping a piece of bread into some milk when the old woman's husband came in. He inquired who the stranger was. Didier told him. Unfortunately he was less courageous than his wife, and said he dared not keep him, adding that the Piedmontese police had been searching all the valley since the morning. However, he called one of his sons.

"Follow this boy," he said, "he will take you to a lonely barn in the middle of the wood. You can hide there, and we will bring you food at night until you are able to go farther."

There was evidently nothing else to be done, the danger was imminent. Didier followed the boy. Meanwhile the Piedmontese carabinieri were searching everywhere under Balmain's guidance. When that worthy had returned to his inn, his wife was obliged to acknowledge what she had done, and, furious at the idea of having turned traitor only to lose the reward of his treachery, he did his best to help the trackers. Evening approached. The day had been spent in fruitless searching, when one of his children acknowledged, under threats, that as he came home with his sheep he had seen in the distance a stranger and a boy going towards the barn in the wood. This told all to Balmain, who knew the lonely building to be not unlikely as a hiding-place, and he started again, followed by the soldiers. Darkness began to fall. It was that calm and solemn hour when the silence which spreads over nature appears to become yet deeper and more impressive in the heart of the ancient woods. Balmain himself confessed, later on, that at that moment, when the heart of man is softened by the gathering shades as if the surrounding darkness were at once a danger and a sanctuary, his heart sank within him when he per-

ceived a darker mass in the surrounding gloom, and thought that the unhappy fugitive was perhaps sleeping there under the protection of the God who succours the defenceless. He staggered, and stood still, passing a hand over his damp forehead.

"Come, come, innkeeper—what's up?" said the officer in charge. "Have you lost your way? What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said Balmain, collecting himself. "I was only thinking how best we could surround the place." Then, as if vainly wishing to put off the evil hour: "Would it not be better to wait until the moon rises?"

"Not at all," said the officer: "get on with you!"

There was no chance of hanging back; Balmain led the way, surrounded the barn with soldiers and went in, accompanied by the officer and two soldiers. They found Didier sleeping on some straw and seized him before he had time to awake.

Worn out, suffering, and in despair as he had been only an hour before, Didier at once recovered all his energy and courage. He raised his head proudly, and instead of dragging himself with difficulty, he now walked so as not to retard the soldiers who escorted him. He was taken to a house belonging to the notary of Saint-Sorlin, and thence to Turin to await extradition. All this occurred on May 17th, the day but one after the second military execution and the day after David's death on the scaffold.

On the 18th, Dussert's brother-in-law, a man named Sert, appeared at the prefecture of Grenoble and showed M. de Montlevau a certificate signed by the quartermaster of the soldiers who arrested Didier, stating that the capture of the latter was due to information supplied by himself and Balmain. The 20,000 francs were therefore divided between Sert and Balmain, it being agreed that the lives of Dussert and Durif should be spared.

Didier, being surrendered by the authorities of Turin, arrived at Grenoble on the afternoon of Ascension Day, escorted by a field officer and an officer and non-com-

missioned officer of gendarmes. The carriage drew up on the quay, at the hôtel Belmont, then occupied by General Donnadieu. A letter contributed by the latter to the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, 1840, gives the following account of the interview :

“ After I had ordered dinner for Didier I spent two hours in conversing with him on the subject of the great enterprise conceived and attempted by him.

“ He explained that when he left Paris, he was the seventeenth of the commissioners employed to promote a rising and that he had been present at a meeting of very influential persons, who gave him his instructions and supplied the necessary money. At Grenoble, once occupied, the signal was to be given for a general rising throughout France. He himself, with all the artillery and ammunition obtainable, was to march upon Lyons, where he would be expected the day after Grenoble was taken. He considered his failure entirely due to a providential accident which caused me to encounter Lieutenant Aribert, otherwise I should have been arrested at exactly half-past ten ; and he, at eleven, would have been master of the town, where he was certain of success, being in correspondence with both inhabitants and troops. Two days before, he had been present when I inspected the battalion d’Hérault, and he had been obliged to repress the too great ardour of one of the captains actually on duty, being himself sure of success, and being most anxious to keep control of the movement, in order to avoid disorder and bloodshed. He also told me many things concerning his associations with Paris which I cannot relate here. From my house he was taken to the prison, and I did not see him again until shortly before his execution, when I visited him in order to inquire whether at that last awful moment he would relieve his mind by making any further statement. He was perfectly calm and resigned and, when I mentioned the king, said he had no complaint to make, but uttered some memorable words with great emotion, calling on the Eternal Judge before whom he would shortly appear. In accordance with his wishes I transmitted these sayings to the king in a special dispatch, which ought to be found in the archives ; it would be treasonable for me to repeat it. I left him, feeling overcome with painful emotion, and deeply regretting

that so fine a character and such splendid courage should have been perverted to such deplorable uses."

After the first interview Didier was lodged in the prison, and General Donnadieu sent his report to the king. The ensuing proceedings were very brief; Didier made no attempt to escape through legal subtleties. Wearied of life and disgusted by his late experiences of mankind, he was resigned to die.

On Saturday, June 8th, he appeared before the civil court. The defence was a fine justification of his character, not a single one of the distinguished personages who might have been implicated being alluded to in it. The counsel for the defence was M. Motte, who, in his peroration, besought the court for a recommendation to mercy, but was interrupted by Didier, who tore a leaf out of a pamphlet and wrote the following note upon it:

"I have already made my sacrifice, my children will know how to make theirs.

"I thank my counsel for his generous defence, but I beg him not to intercept the course of justice. I ask nothing from the king."

The court retired, and, after an hour's consideration, returned to pronounce sentence of death. Didier heard it with the serene calm which had never forsaken him since his arrest. The execution was fixed for June 10th at eleven in the morning.

At 9 o'clock General Donnadieu came to the prison, wishing to have a last interview with the man of whom, in spite of himself, he had conceived so high an opinion. Any one wishing to form a correct idea of this interview should read a work published by General Donnadieu entitled "The Old Europe of Kings and Nations," in which they will find the following:

"General Donnadieu offered Didier a reprieve, possibly a pardon, if he would make disclosures. He answered, with a melancholy smile:

"What would you have me confess, who in another

hour shall have ceased to exist ? But you can tell the king this : Bid him distrust the men who surround him and who will break oaths as easily as gossamer.' And he added, ' Tell him this also : His worst foe is one of his own family.' "

Two hours later the executioner announced that all was now ready ; Didier rose and went forward at once, without troubling to alter his costume, which consisted of blue trousers, a thick white cotton dressing-gown, and a nightcap. Accompanied by a priest, the Abbé Toscan, he walked calmly to the scaffold, neither hurrying nor lingering. One might have supposed he was going to meet a friend rather than walking to his death. At the foot of the scaffold he humbly kissed the crucifix, signed to the priest to remain below, and mounted the steps with a firm tread. The executioner wished to assist him, but Didier waved him aside and laid himself on the fatal plank, murmuring a few words of prayer or farewell. A moment later he had ceased to exist. The clock of Saint-Louis struck eleven and a quarter.

When I visited Grenoble in 1836 I went to the cemetery, and was shown the tomb of the conspirator of 1816. It bears this simple inscription :

PAUL DIDIER

CHAPTER XXXIX

The Louvel conspiracy—An apocryphal story—Assassination of the duke of Berry—Birth of the “Child of France”—The duke of Orléans protests.

AFTER this, one conspiracy succeeded another with great celerity. The history of Carbonarism may be studied in Louis Blanc’s admirable work, the only fault of which lies in its being somewhat too systematic. At some future time, perhaps, we may be able to narrate the events of this epoch at greater length than is possible to-day, and to quote other documents besides those relating to the events between May 15th and June 13th. Meanwhile, it is enough to mention the various conspiracies.

After Didier’s abortive plot came that of Pleignies, Tolleron, and Carbonneau; then those of l’Épingle Noir, of Caron, of Berton, and the four sergeants of La Rochelle, whose execution took place on the day fixed for a ball at the Tuileries. On the palace walls next morning the following couplet was found affixed :

“ Pour donner à Louis deux fêtes en un jour,
On égorge à la Grève et l’on danse à la cour.”

“ To provide for our monarch two feasts in one day,
At the palace we dance, on the scaffold we slay.”

After these came the Louvel conspiracy, which succeeded in its aim because there were no accomplices, and which concerns our history on account of the important change wrought by the death of the duc de Berry in the fortunes of the duc d’Orléans. A curious anecdote in connection with it is found in the “Mémoires Historiques” of the police.

According to M. Peuchet, Keeper of the Records,¹ the king, two or three days before the assassination in the place Louvois, sent one morning for M. Decazes at a much earlier hour than usual. On arriving at the palace the duke was immediately admitted to the royal presence, and, according to the Mémoires from which we quote, the king desired him to go to the crypt of Sainte-Geneviève, and to bring thence anything he might find lying on the tomb of Cardinal Caprara.

The commission seemed a strange one, but Louis XVIII had occasionally odd caprices, and Decazes was well acquainted with the curious fancies at times indulged in by his master. He went, and brought back to the king the only thing he could find, a piece of Oriental alabaster. Much to his surprise, the king seemed quite satisfied. He examined the fragment with the utmost attention.

“Now,” he said to Decazes, “send a messenger to the library. He is to ask for Vol. VII of the works of Saint Augustine, folio edition of 1669. Between pages 404 and 405 there will be a piece of paper, and this piece of paper is what I really want, but for safety’s sake tell him to bring the volume exactly as it is.”

The duke offered to go himself, but the king objected, saying that the two errands must not be executed by the same person. Decazes accordingly dispatched one of his secretaries to the royal library, who returned with the volume at the end of a quarter of an hour. There indeed, between the two pages indicated, lay the sheet of paper; Louis thanked his minister and dismissed him.

When left alone the king took from a portfolio another sheet of paper covered with detached letters seemingly in no order at all. Upon this he laid the paper found in the book, and carefully cutting out blank spaces here

¹ It is perhaps only fair to his memory to explain that Peuchet’s papers were collected after his death for publication by an ingenious “book maker.” No more credence need be attached to the story in the text than to the anecdote in the same book on which Dumas founded his romance, “Le Comte de Monte-Cristo.”—*Translator’s Note.*

and there, succeeded in deciphering the following sentence :

“ King ! thou art betrayed by thy minister, and by the
p . . . p . . . de t . . . s . . . : Only I can save you.
“ MARIANI.”

The police sought in vain for the above-named “ Mariani ” all that day and the next. On the following Sunday Louis found a note laid inside his prayer-book.

“ What I wrote has been discovered, and I am sought for. Make haste to see me if thou wouldst avert great misfortunes in thy family. If thou wilt receive me, fasten three wafers on a pane in the window of thy bedroom.”

The king gave no sign, and that evening all Paris rang with the terrible news of the assassination of the duc de Berry.

It is needless to say that, like all other sensible people, we are perfectly convinced that the duc d'Orléans had no hand whatever in this bloody catastrophe. A deep and sincere friendship existed between the duchesse d'Orléans and her niece the duchesse de Berry—a friendship of which I had personal knowledge and of which I could give proofs at the proper time and place. The duke himself was at the opera the same evening, February 13th, 1820, and returned to the Palais-Royal overwhelmed with grief, while his wife and sister accompanied the unhappy duchesse to her home.

A month later the pregnancy of the duchesse de Berry was officially announced.

Now that the furious passions which agitated that period have subsided, it is impossible, except for evil and malignant minds, to doubt the reality of the fact. But it was far different then, and we have heard quite disinterested and sensible persons maintain seriously that the duc de Bordeaux, the “ Child of Europe,” as Alexander of Russia called him, was only a supposititious child.

There was a popular song of the period falsely attri-

buted to Béranger, entitled "Un Tour de Gobelet" (Juggler's Trick), which owed most of its popularity to the extraordinary stupidity of the formal accounts of the birth of the duc de Bordeaux, given in the official journals.

Whatever grief the duc d'Orléans may have felt at the atrocious murder of the prince, his cousin, almost under his own eyes, it was not unnatural that he should later, conscious of his own perfect innocence in the matter, reflect with much satisfaction on the difference in his own position caused by this catastrophe. The crown, which for two hundred years had been coveted by the Orléans family, the crown narrowly missed by the regent, must now, humanly speaking, be at length worn by the duc d'Orléans, or if by any fatal chance he should die before the duc d'Angoulême, it must then be inherited by one of his three sons. It was no wonder that the announcement of the pregnancy of the duchesse was a bitter disappointment, and that he refused to believe in the subsequent confinement, denying the reality of the latter event altogether. Who could have foreseen that twelve years later he would so cruelly insist on the official publication of the circumstances of this poor princess's third confinement at Blaye?

The duke, thus despoiled of a crown, and moreover believing himself despoiled by treachery, made his protest in the *Morning Chronicle*, which in November 1820, published the following account, dated September 30th of the same year.

"PROTEST OF H.R.H. THE DUC D'ORLÉANS IN REGARD
TO THE BIRTH OF THE DUC DE BORDEAUX.

"His Royal Highness declares by these presents that he makes formal protest against the report dated September 29th last, which report asserts that the child named Charles Ferdinand Dieudonné is the legitimate son of her Royal Highness the duchesse de Berry.

"The duke will, at the proper time and place, produce witnesses who can give evidence as to the real origin of the

child and its actual mother, he will bring forward proofs that the duchesse has never been pregnant since the lamented death of her late husband, and he will indicate the authors of this intrigue in which a weak princess has been involved.

"While awaiting a favourable moment for the complete exposure of the whole plot, the duke wishes to draw public attention to the extraordinary comedy which, according to the above-named report, was enacted in the Marsan pavilion.

"The *Journal de Paris*, which, as every one knows, has private and confidential information, on August 12th announced the expected confinement in the following terms :

" 'We are assured by persons who have the honour of waiting upon her Royal Highness that her confinement is not expected before the week ending on September 28th.'

"On the night of September 28th to 29th, this is what occurred in the apartments of the duchess.

"At 2 o'clock in the morning of the 29th, all lights were out and every one was in bed. At half-past two the duchess was heard to call. Neither Mme. de Vathaire, the head lady's maid, nor Mme. Lemoine, the nurse, was in the palace, and M. Deneux, the accoucheur, was undressed.

"Then the scene changed ; Mme. Bourgeois lighted a candle, and every one hastening to the duchess's room, saw an infant newly born.

"Let us inquire how the child was placed.

"The doctor Baron declares that he saw a child lying on the mother.

"The surgeon Bougon also states that the child lay upon its mother.

"Both these gentlemen know perfectly well that it was important not to describe the position of the child more precisely.

"The duchesse de Reggio declares as follows :

" 'Being at once informed that H.R.H. was in labour, I hastened to her room, and found the child lying on the bed.'

"Thus the duchess was on the bed and the child also on the bed.

"We notice that M. Deneux, the accoucheur, was told at half-past two that the duchess was in labour, that he hurried to her room without waiting to finish dressing himself, and that he found her in bed, and heard the infant cry.

"We notice also that Mme. de Goulard was informed at

half-past two, and that she came instantly, and also heard the child cry.

“Observe also what was seen by the guard Franque, on duty at the door of her Royal Highness’s apartments, who was the first person to be informed of the event by a lady who desired him to enter.

“Also observe what was noted by the soldier Lainé who was on guard at the gate of the Marsan pavilion. He was asked by a lady to come upstairs. He did so, and was taken into the duchess’s bedroom, where, as he entered, he noticed that the hand of the clock was pointing to five-and-twenty minutes to three. The only persons then present were M. Deneux and one other.

Observe also the testimony, of Dr. Baron, who arrived at twenty-five minutes to three, and that of the surgeon Bougou, who came a moment later.

“Observe what was seen by Marshal Suchet, then lodging by royal command at the Flora pavilion, and who, on hearing that the duchess was in labour, made all haste to her apartments, but only arrived at a quarter before three, and a few minutes later was desired to make particular observations.

“Also note what was seen by the Marshal de Coigny, lodged at the Tuileries by royal command. He was informed that her Royal Highness was delivered, and hastened to her apartments, but did not arrive until everything was over.

“Let us finally remark that all these persons arrived between half-past two and the severing of the cord, which took place a few moments after a quarter to three. But, we may ask, where then were the relatives of the princess during these twenty minutes? Why was she left entirely to the care of outsiders, sentinels and officers of various ranks? Does not this apparent carelessness tend to prove that a vulgar and fraudulent imposture was carried out? Is it not evident that, all being arranged, the persons concerned retired at half-past two to some room near at hand, and quietly awaited the proper moment to enter and play their allotted parts? Was it ever known to happen that a woman of any rank whatever, known to be close upon her confinement, is left at night in a darkened house, that the women who are to attend on her are all asleep, and that the two whose care is of most consequence are away altogether, that the accoucheur is quite undressed, and that the rela-

tives under the same roof do not appear for more than twenty minutes.

“H.R.H. the duc d’Orléans is convinced that both the French nation and all European sovereigns will fully understand the consequences of an audacious imposture entirely opposed to the principles of legitimate and hereditary monarchy. France and all Europe have experienced the consequences of the usurpation of Bonaparte. Another usurpation of a supposititious Henry V would renew the misfortunes which have already afflicted both France and Europe.

“Given at Paris, September 30th, 1820.”

This protest, as may be imagined, caused great indignation at the Tuileries. The duke immediately came forward, absolutely denied all knowledge of it and its authors, and recorded a protest against it. Ten years later he not only acknowledged it, but caused it to be published officially.

CHAPTER XL

Tottering thrones—A prince's dream—A royal navigator—Death of Louis XVIII—His character—Charles X—Paul Louis Courier.

EUROPE now was beginning to realise that France was leaving her behind. Whereupon she roused herself, and either arranged or actually carried out those various sub-revolutions which by degrees converted absolute governments into constitutional ones. Spain, Portugal, Sicily, Piedmont, and Germany were all in a state of fermentation, and crowned heads were compelled to own that the earth was quaking and thrones tottering all around them.

All at once Greece added her quota to the general convulsion; and France was so intensely eager for a revolution of some sort,—or any sort,—that she became wildly enthusiastic over the Hellenic upheaval. Meanwhile, the Spanish campaign had been decided upon, and the duc d'Angoulême took command of the army which was to intervene. And, the more the elder branch of the royal house compromised itself by the display of its reactionary tendencies, so much the more did the duc d'Orléans proceed in the opposite direction, becoming more and more intimate with Benjamin Constant, Manuel, Laffitte, Stanislas Girardin, the duc d'Alberg, and Foy, the chief leaders of the Liberal party.

My own admission to the duke's household was due to the recommendation of General Foy, coupled with the fact that my father had been a general under the Republic. But it was the time when we were all playing parts in the great Comedy of Fifteen Years, we were just at the end of Act II, and intelligent spectators could easily foretell the *dénoûment*.

"When I am king—of course it is only a dream," said the duke one day to M. Laffitte, "but dream or not, supposing I were king, what am I to do for you?"

"Give me the cap and bells," replied Laffitte. "I will ask for the place of court jester, and then I can say what I like to all of you."

"A delightful idea!" said Louis Philippe, as with half-closed eyes he endeavoured to construct the outlines of the mysterious country he studied so hopefully, generally called the Future.

Another day he was half-reclining on a sofa in Laffitte's mansion, conversing with the confident owner thereof.

"If ever I should become king," he said, "I should be sorry indeed if you supposed that either ambition or personal interest had weighed with me in accepting that dignity. I should find my happiness in trying to make France the most absolutely free country in the world. Nations, my dear Laffitte, only hate their monarchs when the latter have deceived them."

Turning towards Manuel he added, as if doubtful of himself, and with his own peculiar smile: "However, if you did put me on the throne, you would be fools indeed if you did not tie me down by all the precautions in your power."

M. Laffitte recruited in all directions for the Orléanist party. One day he was talking to Royer Collard and Benjamin Constant, who as yet declined to be convinced.

"It is all very well," said Laffitte, "but all this can only end in the duc d'Orléans."

"A plague on the duc d'Orléans!" replied Royer Collard, always sharp and sceptical. "Have you not had enough of him yet?"

"And, moreover, he is a Bourbon," added Benjamin Constant distrustfully.

"Unluckily, yes," said Laffitte dolefully, "but I ask you, is he in the least like the Bourbons? Only this morning he told me he had just been saying to the king, 'Well, sire, if you choose to go headlong to ruin I don't see that I am bound to follow you.' And

besides," continued the versatile banker, "if he be a Bourbon, could we not make him a Valois? Thiers says it could be done!"

This last proposition accounts for the placards of August 5th and 6th, 1830, which informed the people of Paris that the duc d'Orléans was a Valois, and not a Bourbon at all. But the historians must be eccentric who prefer Henri III to Louis XVI, Charles IX to Louis XV, Francis II to Louis XIV, Henri II to Louis XIII, and Francis I to Henry IV!

But it was no use making recruits of minnows unless a big fish like M. de Talleyrand was also caught. As was seen in the Didier conspiracy, his ideas had taken another line since his fall from power. M. Laffitte, meeting him one day at the Palais-Royal, took him aside and endeavoured to clear matters up.

"See," he said, "the old order changes, and if, in place of that which departs, we get a republic, then you are lost. If we get an empire, you will only be shot. With the duc d'Orléans you are safe. Let us consider the question. Neither you nor I will consent to be mere underlings, but to win the game we must hold both *quinte* and *quatorze*. Well, we have them. Officers, soldiers, artisans; you, I, and the duke, we are all ready; if you will only speak to him all will be right. How is it to be done? It is all very simple. Three millions, two regiments, twelve thousand artisans surrounding the Chamber and yelling, 'Long live the duc d'Orléans,' you perched on one tribune, I on the other,—and the elder branch clears out!"

Talleyrand looked keenly at Laffitte, but said nothing. Laffitte continued:

"Not one drop of blood, not even an arrest, not a shop closed; next day everybody at work and going about as usual. You can call it a rose-water revolution!"

"I will think about it," said Talleyrand.

And he really did see Louis Philippe, and talked to him, but it is highly probable that all that could be said on the subject had been said long before.

What M. Laffitte wanted did not come to pass just then. M. Sarrans, who narrates this anecdote, says the three millions were the stumbling-block. We, for our part, think the two conspirators agreed that the time had not come. Louis Philippe owed a good deal of his success in life to the fact that he knew how to wait.

Meanwhile Louis XVIII was nearing his end. On the evening before his death he desired the little duc de Bordeaux, the last frail hope of a house so often shaken by terrible convulsions, to be brought to him. The aged monarch sat in the large armchair which of late he hardly ever left, surrounded by the princes of his family, by the great officers of State, and by friends vainly endeavouring to hide their emotion. Addressing the comte d'Artois, he said :

“ My brother, I have endeavoured to steer between parties as did Henri IV, and I am this much to the good, that I die in my bed at the Tuileries. Do as I have done, and you also may die in peace and tranquillity. I forgive any trouble you may have caused me by your conduct as prince in the hope that it will be entirely effaced by your conduct as king.” Then, laying his hand on the head of the child, he added with a melancholy look : “ My brother, keep the crown safe for this child.” The next day he was dead.

Louis XVIII had spoken the truth. His reign, like the voyage of Cooper's “ Pilot ” in the Devil's Grip, had been nothing but a navigation between rocks.

His character, however, was adapted to his times. Crafty, insincere, weak, uneducated, heartless, unforgiving, in the whole course of his reign Louis XVIII had never a real friend, never showed a sign of tender feeling, nor made a mistake due to sympathy. His favourites the duc Decazes, Mme. de Cayla, M. d'Avaray, were chosen by his egotism, not by his affection. An outlaw during three-and-twenty years, his pride refused to acknowledge the fact, and he made it a reign “ in partibus,” denying the very existence of Napoleon by dating his reign from the day of the death of Louis XVI. Napoleon gave terrible proofs of existence in 1814 ; but

this downfall, which ought to have shown Louis how feebly rooted the Bourbon dynasty was in France, taught him but little. If, as he said to his brother, he steered between rocks, it was not out of wisdom, but simply because he preferred a curved line to a straight one, a crooked path to a direct one, and every concession he made from the time of Fouché's ministry to that of Chateaubriand was concession due not to statesmanship, but to necessity.

A single anecdote shows at once both man and king. In the course of his flight, accompanied by the duc d'Angoulême—a flight not unlike that more famous one to Varennes—he was received and sheltered by a poor widow, who risked her head and expended her last coin in providing him with a dinner. The king showed his grateful recollection of her kindness by the solitary remark, "And a most execrable dinner it was!"

When a little volume containing the history of this flight appeared, it created a unanimous feeling of repulsion. "If really written by the king," said a well-known aristocrat of the period, "it is above criticism; if not by the king, it is beneath any criticism at all!"

Charles X had by nature (not by education, of which latter he had had none whatever) an entirely different character. His generosity amounted to prodigality, he was blindly religious, he was also a chivalrous gentleman, but he was stubborn as weak natures are who persist in a resolution once taken because they cannot face the difficulty of forming another. For the rest, he was a good-natured prince, a faithful friend, wishing to do right, but unable to see how; light, trivial, forgetful, but still, to his credit, less forgetful in his heart than in his head.

Logical in the instinctive conviction that he was created to be a king, convinced of the solid connection between throne and altar, devotedly religious, as is often the case with elderly roués, Charles X wished to overthrow after sixty years the work of M. Choiseul. Not only did the Chambers tolerate the Jesuits expelled by the Parliaments, but the Fathers were again, where

possible, entrusted with the education of youth. On all sides their establishments rose and flourished—at Billon, Montrouge, Saint-Acheul, Sante-Anne-d'Auray, and Bordeaux. They had missions everywhere and each village had its expiatory cross, very often occupying the place where a demolished "Tree of Liberty" had formerly stood, while the mournful chant of the "Miserere" sent up a melancholy cry to heaven from every church in France.

Now, the French nation likes to sing, but cares not for Vespers and considers Gregorians monotonous. It decidedly prefers "le Dieu des Bonnes Gens" to the "Dies Iræ," and "Le Vieux Soldat" to the "Kyrie eleison." Béranger was in the height of his reputation, and Debreaux was very popular. The sharp glance and sagacious mind of the duc d'Orléans were not slow in comprehending that if "those others" chose to walk in the path to ruin, it would be well for him to proceed in the contrary direction. Therefore he sent his boys to the college of Henri IV, and lost no opportunity of protecting, or at least condoling with, those persecuted by the higher powers. And he received his reward from the pamphleteers of the period. Let us listen to Paul Louis Courier:

"It is a law of nature that children should grow up, and our children and princes are growing up together. Our sons are more fortunate than we were in that they may see their princes brought up in their midst and may know them personally and be known by them. I am better informed than the newspapers and I can tell you that the duc d'Orléans sends his eldest son to the college at Paris. 'Why should he not,' perhaps you will say, 'if the boy is old enough?' Why not, indeed? only it happens to be quite a new idea for persons of rank! We have not hitherto seen princes going to school, and indeed the duc de Chartres must be the first of the species, since colleges began their existence, who will profit by the public and general instruction they are intended to provide. We have seen a good many new things in the present day, and to see a prince studying, going to school, and having comrades like anybody else is by no means the least wonderful

of these novelties. Until to-day princes have had many servants, but the only school they attended was that of adversity, a harsh mistress, whose lessons seem soon forgotten. Living an isolated life, seldom or never hearing the truth, ignorant both of men and events, they were born and they died in the bonds of ceremony and of etiquette, without having ever had a chance of seeing things in their true colours ; they passed over our heads and never saw us unless they happened to fall. To-day they recognise the mistake which cut them off from their people. If I may use such a comparison, it was very much like picking out the keystone of an arch and putting it aside so that it could hold nothing together. To-day princes want to see other men, to know what the rest of the world knows, and to learn from other teaching than that of adversity. It is a belated resolve ; had it only been made sooner, how many mistakes for them and misfortunes for us might have been escaped. The duc de Chartres, brought up as a Christian, and let us hope, as a constitutional prince, will at college soon learn things which, unfortunately both for them and us, his ancestors had no chance of learning. Not Latin and Greek, mind you, but the ordinary commonplace truths which princes are not taught at court, and a knowledge of which might save them from blundering later at the national expense. Had our kings been brought up among their people, speaking the same language, and able to consult the nation without requiring interpreters and go-betweens, there would have been no Saint Bartholomew, no Dragonnades, no Jacquerie, or League, or barricades. In future the heir to the throne will no doubt profit by the example set by the duc de Chartres ; an example as good as it is new. How many changes and convulsions have been required to cause such a change ! Think of the astonishment of the great king, Louis the Magnificent, that king of men whose family pride forbade him to allow his illegitimate sons to rank even among the great nobles of the land. Think what that paragon of regal haughtiness would feel at the spectacle of one of his great-great-nephews, unaccompanied by page or priest, attending the public school, learning and playing with the other boys, competing for prizes, winning or losing, but finding, so I am told, neither favour nor flattery. This last would be almost incredible ; for where will servility not creep in ? but for the fact that public teaching makes injustice somewhat

difficult, also that schoolboys are not usually credited with over-politeness to one another, nor are willing to give way, and have not as yet had time to learn the conventional shams known as deference, respect, consideration, all offspring of untruthfulness. In the world of school nothing is kept back ; things are called by their right names, and all fare alike. There is something to be learned from everything, and the most valuable lessons are not always those given by the masters. There you will find no Abbé Dubois, no Méniers, there is no one to say to a prince ' Please yourself ! are not you above all ? Everything is yours ? ' To sum up, it is common knowledge that the duc de Chartres is being educated like any other lad of his age, without difference or distinction. His education finished, he will be as thoroughly equipped for life as are the sons of bankers, judges, or merchants, and he will have an enormous advantage over other princes brought up on the old lines, for, as we all know, a public-school education is the very best one can have, while the court system is the very worst possible."

Such an eulogy at this particular time was simply priceless, as Mme. de Genlis' clever pupil was well aware. With such testimony to hand the duke could refute detractors who would have had a tremendous advantage over any one else. It was the duke's own grasping, litigious, and pettifogging spirit which proved the greatest stumbling-block in his way. He had selected an advocate from among the most distinguished barristers in Paris, but in reality it was he who advised his counsel. All the memoranda signed " Dupin " were not merely inspired, but often edited by the prince.

Among the various actions brought by the duke was one against the duc de Bassano, which, brought by any one else, would have ruined the popularity of the most popular idol of the day. In 1815 Napoleon had handed over to the latter as a deposit and pledge, certain canal shares, belonging to the Orléans appanage. Louis Philippe pleaded that the Imperial government, being an illegitimate government *de facto* but not *de jure*, had no right to dispose of these shares. He gained his cause in the court of law, but he lost it in public opinion.

A still more serious trial was in agitation at the same time, more serious because it came before a higher tribunal. We allude to the claim put forward by Maria Stella, who has been mentioned at the beginning of this history.

CHAPTER XLI

Maria Stella again—Her absurd claim—The duke of Orléans and the author—The duke's household accounts—His generosity to the poor.

MARIA STELLA had obtained from the court at Faenza a decree, dated May 29th, 1824, which solemnly stated that she was not the daughter of the gaoler Chiappini, but of the count de Joinville. Armed with this document, she returned to Paris about 1825. However false and incredible her claim might be, it caused the duke so much uneasiness that he replied to the "Memoirs of the Baroness Sternberg, *née* Joinville,"¹ by a "Memoir" of his own, and it was this production which first brought me, then a clerk in the secretary's office, into personal contact with the prince himself.

On the recommendation of General Foy, the duke in 1823 gave me a clerkship in the office with a salary of £48 per annum, which in the nature of things rose a year later to £60. The investigating mind of the duke allowed no trifle to escape him, and among sundry reports sent up for his signature he observed some in a hitherto unknown hand. The writing struck him as good, legible, and correct, he inquired whose it was, and was told it was that of the new clerk, recommended by General Foy, son of General Alexandre Dumas. After this, papers occasionally came down to our chief, M. Oudard, endorsed by the prince "To be copied by Dumas."

When the duke applied himself to refuting Baroness Sternberg he wanted some one to take down his notes from dictation. These notes were in fact the whole essence of his counsel's speech, the clay, so to speak, which M. Dupin was to mould into more solid form.

¹ See "Memoirs of Maria Stella"—a translation by Mrs. Capes (London, Nash, 1914).

The prince desired a clerk to be sent to whom he could dictate, and as he had approved of my writing I was sent up to him, and for the first time found myself in the duke's presence.

There was nothing very imposing in the duke's demeanour in domestic life, but on the other hand no one could be more pleasant and affable or have a more gracious manner. He might have been thought a successful banker rejoicing over a big speculation. He received me very kindly, encouraging me both by voice and manner, and, seeing that my hand shook, indicated a seat at the table and gave me a couple of letters to copy out and seal before beginning on the more serious work which had procured me the honour of this princely association. There was always a spice of the professor in the duke; he liked explaining and showing his superiority even in trifles. It is only fair to add that he explained very well and almost always added examples to precept. If he did not know everything he at least knew something about everything. On that particular day he taught me how to fold envelopes and to seal them properly.

If the duke could claim to be a good teacher, I had it in me to be an excellent pupil, and however awkward I was at first, I developed later into a most superior folder of envelopes, whether square or oblong, and became an even better artist in sealing them, an art more difficult than most people think, and which the duke, always neat and orderly, considered of great importance. And I have to own with deep humility that when he became king and I resigned my post, my skill in this department was the only thing about me which he appeared to regret.

"What! is Dumas going? Really! What a pity! He can seal so well!"

Such was my funeral oration pronounced by the king. For more than a year, however, my name was kept on the roll of the establishment so as to give me a chance of reconsideration. It was not finally erased until 1833, after I had published "*Gaul and France*."

To return to the first day of my apprenticeship : the duke, as ever charmingly affable, began to dictate his Memoir, which was a complete and logical, if somewhat pettifogging, refutation of all Maria Stella's assertions. I need hardly say that my object in relating all this is not simply to inform the public that I had the honour of writing to the ducal dictation, but in order to mention a characteristic circumstance.

In the midst of the various proofs of the legitimate birth of Louis Philippe given in his Memoirs there occurred this startling sentence :

“ And even without mentioning the extraordinary resemblance between the duc d'Orléans and his august ancestor Louis XIV ! ”

I was not as well versed in historical lore just then as I am now, and the spectacle of the duc d'Orléans claiming Louis XIV as a lineal ancestor made me look up in astonishment in spite of myself. He saw the movement, and said with a smile, and a slight frown :

“ Yes, M. Dumas, ‘ his august ancestor Louis XIV.’ Even to be descended from Louis XIV in the left-handed fashion is, in my eyes, still something to boast of.”

From which one concludes that Louis Philippe was unaware that Messieurs Thiers and Laffitte proposed to endow him with a Valois ancestry.

The claims of Maria Stella met the same fate—less the imprisonment—as had been accorded to the claims of Mathurin Bruno. They were a nine days' wonder and were then forgotten, and the baroness Sternberg was allowed to go on feeding the Tuileries sparrows in peace. They were the sole courtiers who waited on her loneliness, and even after her death in 1845 they still flocked to the balcony of her apartments in the rue Rivoli.

Our political summary has been for a moment interrupted by this glance into private life. The chivalrous and religious ideas of Charles X led him to desire a coronation hallowed by the ancient customs of his race ; whereas the more sceptical mind of Louis XVIII

had been quite content with the consecrating influence of 500,000 bayonets. The coronation took place in May 1825, and it was on this occasion that the duc d'Orléans at length obtained the long-coveted title of "Royal Highness," which Louis XVIII had persistently refused him. He also, about this time, obtained a sum of sixteen million francs as his share of the compensation fund voted for the emigrants. This caused a considerable outcry, as the duke had long ago recovered all his estates through the liberality of Louis XVIII. However, he took no notice, and the popularity of his friends Laffitte, la Fayette, Foy, Manuel, and Paul Louis Courier protected his own.

The economical habits of Louis Philippe in fact almost amounted to penuriousness. No doubt they were habits which had been forced upon him by the misfortunes and privations of his youth. We will even admit that in any one but a prince owning six millions of revenue, perhaps even in a wealthy prince when encumbered with a numerous family, such economy would have been a virtue; but, right or wrong, the public declined to regard it as such. It was one of the faults much descanted on by his enemies, but no reproaches, however bitter, succeeded in breaking him of it.

In the Orléans household, all providing was done by contract. There was a contract for the catering, for instance, held by a M. Uginet who was paid 12,000 francs per month, 144,000 francs per year, but from this was deducted the value of the game sent twice in the week from the many ducal forests, and any remainder not used in the household was sold to Chevet¹ by the steward of the kitchen.

All these accounts were looked over, endorsed, and passed by the duke himself. One day when sorting them out I found this annotation in the duke's own hand :

"Milk for Mme. de Dolomieu—four sous."

¹ The Fortnum & Mason of Paris at that time.—*Translator's Note.*

The duchess was equally particular. Her secretary, M. Oudart, carefully went over all her accounts, many of the additions being at the foot of laundry lists written by Marie Amélie herself, and as at this time some of the children were mere infants, their washing bills were a satisfactory proof to me that exalted rank did not exempt baby Royal Highnesses from the various small miseries incidental to human infancy.

Whilst the duchess noted down the sheets for the duc de Montpensier and the swaddling clothes of princesses Clementine, the duke regulated the expenditure of the elder children. Here is a little memorandum in the duke's writing, which fell into my hands on February 24th, 1848, when, sad and thoughtful, I again wandered through a royal palace abandoned to the will of the mob. It was a repetition of July 29th, 1830. Among a heap of torn and scattered papers lying on the ground, I observed one in the king's handwriting. I picked it up and here is a copy :

MARCH 1828. REVISED TARIFF FOR TABLE OF YOUNGER PRINCES, ALSO FOR NURSERY

Lunch

		fr.	c.
Princes and Tutors	{ Six portions at 90 c.	5	40
	{ Seven rolls at 20 c. .	1	40
Princesses Louise and Marie, Mme. de Mallet	{ One soup (potage) and portions . . .	3	00
	{ Two rolls . . .	0	40
Princesse Clementine and Mme. Angelet	{ One soup (potage) . .	1	50
	{ One portion . . .	0	90
Duc de Nemours and M. de Larnac at the College, be- sides sugar paid separately	{ Two rolls . . .	0	40
	{ Cold meat . . .	1	50
	{ Sweets . . .	1	50
	{ Two portions . . .	1	80
	{ Two rolls . . .	0	40
Total each day . .		18	20
Coffee (paid separately) plus 10 c. each portion . .		1	10
Complete total . .		19	60

Thus it appears that the cost of the midday meal of six young royalties with tutors, masters, and governesses was not to exceed twenty francs in the ducal budget of the House of Orléans. But perhaps one supposes that the unfortunate children, if on short commons at lunch, made up for their abstention at dinner. We will see :

<i>Dinner or Supper</i>						fr.	c.
Soup	2	50
Entrées	4	50
Joint	6	00
Sweets	2	50
Dessert	1	50
						17	00

Bread, coffee, and tea as above.

Lest any one should doubt the accuracy of this extract, we hasten to say that the originals are still in our possession.

But, for all that, let us hasten to say that the duke was both generous and unostentatious. There were at the Palais-Royal three separate "Bureaux de Secours." One was under M. de Broval, and was financed by the duke ; a second was presided over by M. Oudart, who drew upon the duchess ; and a third, which depended on Mme. Adélaïde, was controlled by M. Lamy. The three together daily distributed from five to seven hundred francs in various ways.

It was for a long time my business to write out the lists to be shown to the duke, and to bring petitions for help to his notice, and I can solemnly declare that I always got for the poor anything I wanted if only I could apply to the duke himself. No reductions were ever made by him ; if made, they were the work of those surrounding him, who knew the duke's weak points and sought to pay court to him by flattering his parsimonious ideas. Let me say more, even after I left his service I had recourse to him more than once to help

some great misfortune, and, although he was annoyed with me for having left him, he never refused the request, but granted the help almost as soon as asked for. One day I applied to him on behalf of a distinguished poetess :

“ SIRE,

“ Madame . . . is in the deepest distress and has asked me to appeal to your Majesty in her behalf. Will you not graciously help her, sire ? Not every day will you have the happiness of relieving the sorrow of so excellent a muse.”

By return of post I received a thousand francs.

Another time I turned to the queen ; it was on behalf of a great pianiste whose furniture was about to be sold up. She wrote to me and I sent her letter on to the queen with the following lines, whose only merit is that of intention, written below the lady's account of her misfortunes :

“ Lisez avec le cœur la demande touchante
Qu'en humble ambassadeur je mets à vos genoux ;
Toute chose ici-bas, Madame, suit sa pente,
L'aiguille tourne au pôle et le malheur à vous.”

The day following I received five hundred francs.

I had more courage in making this sort of appeal because I had never asked for anything either for myself or any member of my family. But Louis Philippe spent largely in encouraging the arts as well as in charity. Casimir Delavigne, when dismissed from his office, was placed in charge of the duke's library, Gericault's “ Hussar ” and “ Cuirassier ” were bought by him, and he commissioned Veruet to paint not only the battles of Jemmapes and Valmy, but also those of Champaubert and Montmirail. He subscribed to the monuments of Abbaticucci and of Kléber, and at his own expense placed a marble tablet above the tomb of the elder Corneille in the church of Saint-Roch, and he frequently forgave the forty-five thousand francs which the “ Comédiens Français ” were pledged to pay for the use of his theatre.

I have honestly endeavoured to be impartial, and to delineate the good as completely as the evil. If, from the historical point of view, I am bound to have a decided opinion on Louis Philippe as a king, I am in no way required to pass sentence on him as a man, and therefore, when writing in that connection, I write only to narrate and not to prove, *ad narrandum non ad probandum*.

CHAPTER XLII

The blunders of Charles X—Death of General Foy—Two pamphleteers—
The elections and the new ministers—Their overthrow and the
king's nominations.

THE history of the five years intervening between the accession and the fall of Charles X is entirely comprised in a list of blunders made by the king, and of skilful manœuvres on the part of the duc d'Orléans.

When we speak of the king's blunders, we are judging by the light thrown on them by results, but our own conviction is that when a long-foreseen catastrophe is included in the schemes of Providence, then the faults of kings are part of the Eternal Design, and are things which no restraining influence could prevent.

Charles X began his reign with the abolition of the Censure, a liberal and satisfactory measure. But who gave him such good advice? and to what did this excellent act really tend? Was it not in effect a stone cast in the way, which five years later would upset the consecrated chariot, and the Royalty by Divine Right along with it?

The second Act passed authorised the "Milliard" of Indemnity. It was at once vehemently attacked by the whole Opposition, and over it began the furious struggle which ended in the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons. Yet it was not anti-Liberal, and it was both just and progressive in that it legalised the sale of State property, and decreed that it should be valued for the purpose at the same rates as private estates. The curious part of the affair was that the Liberals got more out of this fund than did the Royalists. The duc d'Orléans got 16,000,000 francs, the duc de

Liancourt 1,400,000, the duc de Choiseul 1,000,000, M. de la Fayette 450,682, M. Gaëtan de la Rochefoucauld 428,206, M. de Thiars 357,850, and M. Charles Lameth 201,696 francs. Hence the forbearance shown at this time to the duc d'Orléans by the Liberal party.

France had not to wait long for an opportunity of demonstrating the trend of public opinion. It was supplied by the death of General Foy,¹ worn out by those parliamentary battles which seven years later proved fatal to Lamarque, and, two years later still, killed Casimir Périer.

The general had a magnificent funeral. A hundred thousand men followed the coffin. They took out the horses and drew the bier themselves. The duc d'Orléans had sent his carriage. Now an empty carriage, six horses, and three footmen may to a philosophical eye appear a somewhat mean tribute when offered by a prince to a great citizen; but the people judged differently, and saw in the act a pledge given by the duc d'Orléans to the nation.

The court was of the same opinion, and the next time they met the king took his cousin pretty sharply to task on the subject. The duke bowed, and answered with more decision than usual.

"Sire, my carriage was only remarked because it was the only one sent."

General Foy was in poor circumstances and his friend Laffitte started a national subscription for his family, heading the list with 50,000 francs. The collection produced a million, and, notwithstanding the royal admonition, the duke contributed 10,000 francs. This was only one-fifth of Laffitte's donation and was equal to Casimir Périer's, but its value lay, not in the amount of the contribution, but in the fact that it was given at all. After this the Liberal writers no longer hesitated, but proclaimed the duc d'Orléans as being not only their hope, but their leader. Cauchois

¹ One of the rarest of Dumas' works is his "Élégie sur la mort du général Foy" (Paris, Setier, 16 pp. in 8vo), which the general's youthful protégé published at his own expense in 1825.—*Translator's Note.*

Lemaire published a pamphlet entitled "Letters to the duc d'Orléans."

"Come, prince," he wrote, "will you not take courage and exchange your ducal coronet for a civic crown? *There is a splendid place vacant in our monarchy just now, such a one as la Fayette might hold in a republic*, that of First Citizen of France,—a moral dignity compared with which your dukedom is but a poor affair at best. The French nation is simply a big child in great need of a tutor—cannot you apply for the post? Take the reins, lest they fall into worse hands, and take care that the car so badly driven does not upset altogether. We have done our best; now will you do yours, and help us in trying to divert the wheels from the edge of the precipice?"

As for Paul Louis Courier, he had developed since 1823, and he was now writing in answer to an imaginary anonymous correspondent who, he said, had accused him of nourishing a systematic hatred of princes :

"I do not know, nor can I guess, who can have told you that I hated the duc d'Orléans and all princes together. Far from it, I assure you you are quite mistaken, and that I love all princes and all the world in general and the duc d'Orléans in particular; because, being born a prince, he yet deigns to be a man; and I don't hear that he lays snares for any one. We have no interest in common, no agreement or contract, he has not promised and vowed to do anything for me, but did I want anything I would trust him although I have offended him before now. If I were obliged to trust any one but myself I believe he and I would not find it difficult to agree, and, the agreement once made, I think he would keep it honestly, without cheating or quarrelling, without talking it over with neighbours, gentlemen or otherwise, who are no friends of mine, nor would he consult the Jesuits. Why do I think so highly of him? Well, he is one of us, he belongs to this century and not to the last, and cannot, I think, have seen much of what is now called the 'ancien régime'; he has also fought in our ranks and therefore can keep his subordinates in proper order. Later, when forced to emigrate, he never fought against us, knowing what is due to the land of one's

birth, and that it is impossible to be the right if one is in arms against one's own country. He knows all this and a good many other things, not easily learned in his own rank of life. Fortunately, fate willed that he should descend from his own place and, while still young, learn to live as we do, and so, from being a prince, he became a man. When in France he fought our enemies, when out of France he occupied himself with science; one could not say 'He has nothing to forget and he learns nothing!' He studied, and did not beg, neither did he call on Pitt or Coburg to avenge our ruined castles by laying waste our fields and burning our villages, nor has he endowed convents at our expense by founding masses and seminaries. Instead he has taught us better than priests can do by giving us an example of upright life and pure morals—by being, in short, a good man. As for me, I only wish all other princes did the same; we should gain, and they would not lose; or indeed, I should like to see him mayor of a commune, always supposing he could take the office without displacing any one; I hate people being 'sacked' without good cause. He would soon reduce things to order, not merely by means of the common sense which God has given him, but by an important but much less glorified virtue known as economy. It is only a very middle-class virtue certainly, and is considered quite despicable and unprincely by the court; nobody celebrates it either in academic discourses or funeral orations; but for us, the tax-payers, it is so excellent a quality—especially in a mayor—that—that,—how shall I put it?—its presence would atone for the lack of a good many other virtues!

In saying all this I do not pretend to know this prince better than you do, not perhaps as well, for I have never even seen him. I only know by hearsay, but the public after all is not a fool, and does know something about princes who are compelled to live in public. Nor am I intriguing to be appointed village constable, supposing he became mayor. I am not fit for the work, nor, indeed, for any other—except perhaps working in my own vineyard when I chance to be out of prison. I might, possibly, not be locked up quite so often, but as I am not even sure of that, it really doesn't matter to me whether there are any municipal changes or not. But you could gauge the public opinion on the days when the duke and his family were seen at the theatre. They were not expected, and

the audience had not been packed for the occasion, as happens on a royal visit. The police had no share in the applause then given, if indeed the police were present—and, being ubiquitous, one concludes they must have been, but they were not there to do honour to the duc d'Orléans, and no sooner did the duke appear than the whole audience greeted him with loud applause. I don't know that anybody has been summoned or that the theatre has been indicted for the noise then made, and as I have not been nearly as loud in singing the duke's praises, it can hardly be for that that they are going to lock me up again; but I daresay you are much better informed than I am.

"Yes, sir. I do like the duc d'Orléans, but, as you say, I am not his friend in the manner supposed. I have some honourable feeling left, and without stopping to argue what some people deny, whether or not princes can ever have any friends at all, or whether the duke is so little of a prince that he may be allowed to make an exception, I may say that I have always ridiculed Jean Jacques Rousseau, who though calling himself a philosopher, could neither tolerate his equals nor accept anything from them, but always declared that his one and only friend was the prince de Conti!

"Much less am I a partisan, for, to begin with, the duke has no party. The times are past when each prince had his own faction, and I shall never belong to anybody's party. I do not wish to seek for fortune in revolutions and counter-revolutions, which are always got up for the advantage of their promoters. No, I am of the people and I remain there. Had I chosen I might have risen like many others, who, seeking to ennoble themselves, have only degenerated. When one has to choose according to the law of Solon I shall be one of the people who are peasants like myself."

As may be easily seen, all this was intended to prepare the way for the duke to enter the lists as a candidate for the throne of France.

In the meantime appeared the proposed law of M. de Peyronnet partly restoring entails and primogeniture, also one curtailing the liberty of the press, the one rejected in the Chamber, the other thrown out by the Chamber of Peers. Thus everything failed Charles X,

even to the aristocratic institution formed to support the throne, but which shook it instead, giving way like a broken staff under the king's hand as soon as he attempted to lean upon it.

But the tocsin of July was ready to sound the knell of the dying monarchy, attacked on all sides, by the songs of Béranger, the pamphlets of Courier, the letters of Cauchois Lemaire, and the poems of Méry and Barthélemy. Now and then it is true the monarchy got restive, and asserted itself by sending Béranger to Sainte-Pélagie, or Magallon to Poissy; but then immediately there arose on every side, from journals, cafés, streets, theatres, and courts of law, a clamour of mockery, reproaches and threats which ascended in a cloud of opposition to the persecutors and fell back upon the persecuted in a refreshing shower of popularity.

The elections were awaited with impatience, both sides knowing that victory depended on them. When the Liberals gained the day the joy of the populace was excessive, and the court barely restrained its anger, waiting, with difficulty, for an opportunity to show it. An opportunity was soon provided by illuminations in the rue Saint-Denis, and young Lallemand was killed in the uproar which ensued. Immediately all Paris put on mourning for a hitherto unknown youth and cried aloud for vengeance over his tomb.

The majority was known at once to be Constitutional. De Villèle, de Corbière, and de Peyronnet retired immediately and were created Peers of France. The Martignac ministry succeeded that of Villèle. The first words uttered by the king on meeting his new minister were: "My system is identical with that of M. de Villèle." Which was an order to M. de Martignac to carry out the policy of his predecessor. No doubt the minister promised obedience, but as soon as he was in power he strove to conciliate everybody by concessions to Liberal ideas. One was a law concerning the periodical press, another the getting rid of the ecclesiastical element in the person of M. de Frayssinous,

who was replaced by the Abbé Feutrier, and the exchange of a political monopoly for a financial one.

M. de Martignac's popularity was so great that the king became alarmed. He considered that his minister had done enough for the legislative power, and desired that something might now be done for the executive. M. de Martignac then drew up two proposals, one affecting communal, the other departmental organisation. They were a dead failure, and caused his overthrow, which was exactly what the king had desired. Charles was now free to appoint a ministry after his own heart, besides, did he not owe a recompense to the prince de Polignac's former devotion? But the three names of Polignac, La Bourdonnaie, and Bourmont were greeted with a howl of reprobation.¹ The new ministry was attacked with such unusual vehemence by *Les Débats* that there was little doubt whence the attack came.

"Coblentz, Waterloo, 1815!" it cried. "Behold the three principles and the three personages of this ministry! We may squeeze and wring it; it will exude nothing but humiliations, dangers, and misfortunes!"

¹ Polignac, an émigré and accomplice of Georges Cadoudal in his conspiracies with foreign powers; Bourmont, a hero of the wars in la Vendée, who went over to the enemy after the Hundred Days; La Bourdonnaie, who took part in the White Terror.—"Camb. Mod. Hist.," vol. x. ch. iii.—*Translator's Note.*

CHAPTER XLIII

A prediction of the author—Article XIV—Algiers—The ball—The Ordinances—A passport for Algiers.

IN the interval between the creation of the new ministry and the opening of the Chambers a considerable alteration had to be made in consequence of differences with regard to the presidency of the Council. M. de la Bourdonnaie resigned, and his place at the Ministry of the Interior was taken by M. de Montbel, while M. Guernon de Ranville became Minister of Education.

The Chamber opened March 2nd, 1830, and the king, bent on a *coup d'état*, opened it in person. His foot caught in the velvet carpet spread over the steps of the throne, he stumbled and nearly fell, thereby displacing his Cap of Maintenance, which fell to the ground. It was promptly picked up and restored by the duc d'Orléans. I was present at this scene. Turning to my neighbour, M. de B., "In less than a year, my friend," I said, "we shall see the same thing happen to the crown, only the duke will not then restore it. He will put it on his own head!"

No one has forgotten the famous address of "the Two Hundred and Twenty-one" in which this paragraph occurred:

"The charter has laid down that a condition indispensable to the proper management of public affairs is a perfect agreement between the policy of the government and the wishes of the nation. We are compelled, sire, by our own loyalty and devotion to tell you that this agreement does not now exist."

This was a downright declaration of war. "I will never suffer my crown to be rolled in the mud," Charles

exclaimed when he read it. And he dissolved the Chamber forthwith.

There remained the possibility of applying that famous Article XIV, which Louis XVIII had manœuvred into the Charter, as a sort of *Miséricorde*, but which had never been put in force. It was now the last hope of the king and M. de Polignac. So when M. de Peyronnet again became minister—

“Remember,” said M. de Polignac, “we are going to use Article XIV!”

“I quite agree with you,” Peyronnet replied. Since both were of one mind, things surely ought to go smoothly.

And, indeed, all seemed satisfactory. The king had just visited Alsace, and everything had gone off well, except for the ominous circumstance that he stopped to change horses at Varennes exactly where the flight of Louis XVI had been so fatally interrupted. Also, at Nancy, when the royal family showed themselves to the people on the balcony of the Prefecture, some unmistakable hisses were heard. Charles, somewhat like an actor on a “first night,” refused to believe that the uncomplimentary demonstration could be aimed at the royal person. The dauphine, gifted with clearer vision, closed her window with a bang and retired to her own rooms in tears.

The king, believing firmly that his actions were approved by the majority of his subjects, felt no anxiety with regard to domestic matters, considering that any opposition encountered proceeded from a few noisy, but powerless, demagogues. Nothing, on the other hand, could be more satisfactory than the condition of foreign affairs, and, moreover, a marvellous plan had been concocted, which ought, if successful, to restore to the crown all the popularity forfeited by Louis XVIII in connection with the treaty of September 2nd. We were thereby to regain our Rhenish frontier!

Charles X added to his other mistakes that of believing that England was our real enemy, while Russia was our true and natural ally. Consequently a com-

pact specially aimed at England had just been signed by the Cabinets of the Tuileries and St. Petersburg.

We were to allow Russia to take Constantinople; Russia was to restore the Rhenish provinces to us. Prussia and Holland would have to be compensated. That was quite simple. Hanover was to be taken from England and cut into two parts, one slice to be handed over to Prussia, the other to Holland.

Besides that, Prussia might enlarge her Silesian borders by taking a mouthful out of Saxony. Saxony would be compensated by being assigned a morsel from Poland.

As to Austria, her mouth would be stopped by means of a coveted bit of Dalmatia, which would be flung to her much as one flings a sop to Cerberus, in order to prevent both biting and barking.

To crown all, Charles X was also preparing for an Algerian expedition.

Now a prince who should exterminate those terrors of the Mediterranean, the Barbary corsairs, and should also restore her Rhenish provinces to France, at once succeeding in an enterprise which had baffled all the might of Charles V, and recovering by diplomatic art what Napoleon had lost in battle,—such a prince would inevitably be a very great man indeed—both as soldier and as politician. Charles X fully intended this glory to be his, and hoped 1830 would see the accomplishment of both undertakings.

It was quite possible that England might imagine that she ought to have a voice in these matters, but—would you like to hear how we dealt with England in the time of the elder Bourbons?

Lord Stuart having requested an explanation in the supercilious style peculiar to English diplomatists:

“If you require a diplomatic answer,” replied M. d’Haussez, “the President of the Council can give you one. But if you want one from me, the Minister of Naval Affairs, it will be short and precise. It will be that we do not care a fig for you.”

Lord Stuart referred to his government, which appeared to find the reply satisfactory, since it let us alone.

In the midst of all these preoccupations a somewhat serious matter turned all eyes upon the duc d'Orléans.

The king and queen of Naples paid a visit to their sister and brother-in-law, the duc and duchesse d'Orléans. The king was that noteworthy Francis who having been chosen by the Liberals in 1820 as their representative, had betrayed them. Chosen as a guardian of their freedom, he had deliberately strangled it. Although the guests were well received and entertained at the Tuileries, yet the feeling against them was so strong that the Prefect of the Seine did not dare to propose giving a public entertainment in their honour.

The duc d'Orléans, strong in his growing popularity and aided by the fact of his relationship, undertook what the prefect did not dare to venture on, and arranged a ball in the visitors' honour. We will spare our readers the discussion on precedents which caused the short road between the two palaces to bristle with difficulties. The king infringed every rule of etiquette in consenting to be present at a ball given by a prince of the blood. There was, indeed, a precedent for such infringement, in the fact that a century earlier Louis XV had been entertained for three days by the prince de Condé, but then that was in the country. It was also true that in visiting the duc d'Orléans the duchess also was visited, who was a king's daughter, and one of the "real Bourbons," as the duchesse d'Angoulême called them. The duke implored so earnestly, and the king of Naples made so great a point of it, that Charles X agreed to be present at his cousin's ball on condition that a company of the Royal Guards should occupy the Palais-Royal an hour before his arrival. But these discussions were miserable trifles compared with the real question at issue between the king and his people.

The duc d'Orléans and his family received Charles X at 9 p.m., May 31st, at the grand entrance to the

Palais-Royal. In the state gallery the king offered his arm to the duchess, the dauphin conducted Mme. Adélaïde, the duke led the dauphine, and the duc de Chartres the duchesse de Berry, and in this order were met by the king and queen of Naples. Immediately the ball began.

M. de Salvandy has told us about a conversation he had with Louis Philippe on the subject of this ball, which had its origin in a remark to which the author of "Alonzo" owed his political success.

"Monseigneur! it is indeed a fête à la Napolitaine; we are dancing on a volcano."

And, truly, the volcano which had so long been rumbling was not slow in emitting its first flames. They came from a crater supposed to be extinct, but which was merely quiescent. The Palais-Royal gardens had been left open later than usual, the duke wishing to allow the populace to see what they could of the gaiety. The crowd got tired of merely looking up at the lighted windows above them. Suddenly an alarming noise was heard, and a flame shot up before which the thousands of wax candles illuminating the palace grew pale. Some persons unknown had placed burning lamps underneath a pile of chairs, the chairs caught fire. The volcano was becoming active.

There was a momentary confusion and alarm in the palace; the king for an instant thought he had been lured into a trap, and was ready to exclaim, like a king on the stage, "What ho! guards, to the rescue!" But all was explained in a moment, and the crowd was turned out of the garden. Dancing went merrily on without a hitch until morning, and the monarchy got off that night with a piece of mischievous horse-play (*gaminage*)—so the incident was described next morning in the papers.

Presently a salute of a hundred guns announced the fall of Algiers to Paris, France, and Europe.

Baron d'Haussez immediately flew to announce this great news to the king, who, hearing the Minister of Naval Affairs announced, came to meet him with open

arms. M. d'Haussez wished to kiss his hand, but Charles clasped him to his heart.

"No, no," he said with a grace which was all his own, "on such a day as this, everybody embraces!" And the king and minister accordingly embraced.

If anything could increase the self-confidence of the king and M. de Polignac, this fresh piece of good fortune did so. With regard to the signing of the Ordinances, it is very evident that the other ministers were very far from feeling the same security, and the clearer-sighted individuals, unblinded by the smoke of the popular excitement, became more and more uneasy.

M. de Villèle, who, beholding from afar, perhaps saw more clearly still, came to Paris, and explained—quite uselessly—his doubts and fears to the king. M. Beugnot cried like a terrified pilot: "Beware, beware! the monarchy will capsize like a man-of-war with all sails spread!"

Prince Metternich observed to M. de Reyneval, our ambassador at Vienna, "I should be a good deal less anxious if only the prince de Polignac were a little more so."

And indeed, why should they fear, when M. Clapin, one of the principal members of the Opposition, expressed himself thus during the debates on the address:

"A profound respect for the person of the monarch is the true foundation of the address. It demonstrates to the utmost its veneration for the ancient Bourbon race; it represents legitimacy not merely as a legal axiom, but as a social necessity, acknowledged to-day by all thoughtful minds as the result of experience and conviction."

Why should they fear when the "Self-Help" society, assembled for a "Burgundian Vintage" celebration, decides that the king is the chief power of the state, and toasts Charles X accordingly?

Why indeed should they fear when M. Odillon Barrot at a banquet given by six hundred electors, adorned with two hundred and twenty-one symbolical crowns, unites the king and the law in one and the same toast?

Oh ! statesmen ! you who dig the graves of monarchies ! when will you ever be justly appreciated ? When shall we learn how to call you by your right names !

There was a ministerial council on July 24th.

"We were," said M. de Polignac, "unanimously agreed on the necessity for the Ordinances and on the night to promulgate them. M. de Ranville alone wished to delay the publication for some weeks ; it was merely a question of time."

It was resolved at this council that the Ordinances should be signed, although M. de Bourmont was about and had requested M. de Polignac to await his return. M. d'Haussez reminded the prince of this recommendation.

"Bah !" replied the prince, "we don't want him. I am Minister of War in the *interim*."

"But may I ask how many men you can count upon in case of tumult ? Have you twenty-eight or thirty thousand ?"

"Better than that, I have forty-two thousand," said Polignac, throwing a paper across the table to the Minister of Naval Affairs.

M. d'Haussez took the paper, turned it over and over again, then said in much astonishment :

"But there are only thirteen thousand put down here, and that number on paper probably only means about seven or eight thousand in reality. Where are the remaining twenty-nine thousand ?"

"Oh ! they are round about Paris."

With which assurance M. d'Haussez had to be content, and the Ordinances were signed on July 25th.

A speculator paid 50,000 francs to obtain the rough draft of the wording of the Ordinances, and then operated for a fall at the Bourse. During the night of the 25th-26th, M. de Rothschild, who had been speculating for a rise, received a brief note from M. de Talleyrand :

"I was at Saint-Cloud to-day. Operate for a fall."

And so the death-warrant of the monarchy was not issued without a certain solemnity.

The ministers sat round the table which three months later nearly became the plank of their scaffold; the dauphin sat at the king's right hand, the prince de Polignac at his left. The dauphin had, at first, opposed the Ordinances, but gave way at the first word from his father. The king asked each minister's opinion in turn. When he came to M. d'Haussez, that gentleman replied, with a bow :

"My opinion, sire, is to-day what it was yesterday. I think it would be wise to wait."

"Do you then refuse to sign?" inquired the king.

"Am I permitted to ask the king a question?"

"Yes, ask it."

"Suppose the ministers were to resign, would your Majesty in such a case, persist?"

"Yes," replied the king, "I am quite decided."

M. d'Haussez took the pen and signed. Then, as he looked vaguely round the room as if seeking something—

"What are you looking for?" asked the king.

"I was looking, sire, for a portrait of Strafford." He then rose and withdrew.

The Ordinances appeared on the morning of the 26th. I had obtained a passport for Algiers, intending to start in the evening. I was awoke that morning by Achille Comte, who brandished a newspaper before my eyes.

"Read!" he said.

I read.

"Oh! the devil!" said I. "Well, my dear fellow, I stay where I am."

"And why?" said he.

"Because the events I shall see in Paris will be infinitely more entertaining than anything I am likely to see in Algiers!"

CHAPTER XLIV

Three marvellous days (July 1830)—Arago, Armand Carrel—Street scenes—The tricolour.

It is possible that, some day, I may have some interesting details to contribute to the history of the next three days, but meanwhile, any one wishing for an excellent account of them had better turn to the "*Histoire de Dix Ans*," page 174. Louis Blanc, admirably placed both for seeing and knowing, saw everything, and narrates everything, even down to certain private scenes which I had thought could only be known to the duke himself and his intimates of the Palais-Royal.

The 26th passed off quietly, it may be remembered, so quietly that I began to think I was mistaken, and had remained in Paris for nothing. The journalists, finding themselves very hard hit by the new decrees, flocked to M. Dupin, senior, demanding an opinion as to how far they could legally fight against the Ordinances. But the time was ill chosen, and all that they could elicit from the illustrious counsel for the defence of Maréchal Ney was:

"Gentlemen, the Chamber is dissolved. I am no longer a deputy."

Talleyrand had bestowed a valuable piece of advice on M. de Rothschild in his warning, "Operate for a fall." The Three per Cents fell from 78 to 72.

There was an important meeting that day at the Institute. M. Arago was to deliver a panegyric on Fresnel. Just as he was entering the hall he was stopped in the corridor by a pale, panting, terrified individual in whom he recognised the duc de Ragusa.

"Ah! my friend," exclaimed the latter, "do you know what has happened?"

"Why, yes, the Ordinances are out."

"Oh! the wretches, the wretches!" continued the duke. "Do you not see the horrors of my position?"

"Your position! how so?"

"Oh, don't you understand? I may be compelled to fight the people in defence of these odious measures which I detest."

"Indeed," said Arago, after a moment's consideration, "I do see that things are very serious. Under the circumstances I should like to postpone my oration for the present."

But here Cuvier interposed. That great genius, whose brain was developed at the expense of his heart, did not agree with Arago. The latter gave way, but contrived to introduce two allusions into his discourse which the audience received with a kind of sullen applause.

I had hastened to Carrel, considering him a sort of centre for official information. It may be remembered that the "National" had been founded by Thiers, Armand Carrel, and the Abbé Louis at the château de Rochecotte, that is to say, under the wing of Talleyrand and Mme. de Dino. It had been financed by the duc d'Orléans, who thus, so to speak, paid for the nursing of an infant giant who was destined fifteen years later to fight and overthrow him in a hand-to-hand combat.

I found Carrel consuming his lunch in the most peaceful frame of mind possible. He utterly declined to believe in anything exciting at all. But, as I persisted, he at last agreed to go out, put a pair of small pistols in his pocket, and we proceeded towards the Bourse. No doubt his little affair of Békfort and the Bidassoa had cooled his enthusiasm; he had seen too many people left behind to be quite as anxious as formerly to go forward.

We walked about till 5 p.m., from the Bourse to the place des Victoires, from the place des Victoires to the pointe Saint-Eustache, from the pointe Saint-Eustache to the Palais-Royal. If not exactly calm, the

day at least was not dangerous, and the night passed off quietly enough.

The progress from mere excitement to a genuine revolution is easily followed. Beginning with the protest of the journalists, followed by the dismissal of the journeymen printers, there comes M. Baude defending the office doors of the *Temps* with a code in his hand, then young men rushing up and down the streets, waving their hats and crying "Long live the Charter!" Next the duc de Ragusa (Maréchal Marmont) is designated as commander of the royal troops, and the gendarmes in the place du Palais-Royal are stoned by the street-boys. A man is killed in the rue de Lycée, three more are mortally wounded in the rue Saint-Honoré, a barricade begun and stopped near the Théâtre Français, Charras inciting the Polytechnic School to rebel, a *corps de garde* setting fire to the rue de la Bourse,—there you have the record of this first day, July 27th, when insurrection was merely feeling its way.

But however mild and insignificant this beginning might be, it was quite enough to alarm those who, the day before, had been most anxious for a fight.

"We did not want a revolution at all," said M. Rémusat in the *Globe* office. "We intended only a legal opposition."

And in 1848 M. Odilon Barrot also only intended a "legal opposition" and, like M. de Rémusat, had to find that he had overshot his mark, when the cries of "Long live Reform!" changed into "Long live the Republic!" and showed him what the end must be.

The night was spent at court in arranging the attack, and by the Opposition in organising resistance.

When we speak of the "Opposition" we do not mean that "Opposition" in the Fifteen Years' Comedy which, the revolution once accomplished, took care to profit by it. We do not mean la Fayette, Benjamin Constant, Guizot, Sebastiani, Choiseul, Odilon Barrot, and the rest, who all carefully shut themselves up in their own houses, hermetically sealed. Charras and Lothon called on la Fayette and were informed he

was out of town; Etienne Arago and I, and a score of other young men, went to Casimir Périér and were received much as George Dandin is received by his wife. Others called on Laffitte with as little success. Everywhere they spoke of "legal opposition"; they were going to protest, but must consider the terms of the protestation.

No; by the Opposition which took form and shape on the night of July 27th-28th I mean the "Opposition" composed of the ardent and heroic youth of the "masses," incendiary, it is true, but which extinguishes the conflagration with its own blood, and which, once the work is done, is quietly put aside. From the street those who have done the work can behold the parasites who have superseded them quietly usurping their places at the banquet of power, and they promise themselves that—next time—things shall be ordered differently. Always careless and disinterested, when next time comes they again first conquer like heroes and afterwards die like martyrs.

The men who carried out the Revolution of 1830 were the very men who for the same cause, two years later, met their death at Saint-Méry. Only then, though their principles were unchanged, they were known by a different name. People called them "rebels." The only men who are never "rebels" are those who have deserted everything in turn.

I remember that after having vainly knocked at the door of Casimir Périér. I entered No. 216, rue Saint-Honoré, having my gun slung over my shoulder. Our offices were there, those offices which had ceased to know me since "Henri III."¹ Since "Henri III" I had become a librarian. The offices were empty, or nearly so. I saw only M. Oudard, chief of the secretary's office, and private secretary to the duchess, who started in terror when he saw me.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he inquired.

"I am looking for the duc d'Orléans."

¹ *Henri III et sa Cour*, by A. Dumas, was produced at the Théâtre Français on Feb. 11th, 1829.—*Translator's Note.*

“ What in the world for ? ”

“ To be the first to address him as ‘ Your Majesty ’ ! ”

If the guard had not been occupied elsewhere, Oudard would certainly have called it and given me into custody. As it was, he simply ordered me off the premises, and I made haste to obey.

As for the newspapers, the *Gazette*, the *Quotidienne*, and the *Universel* had appeared and had obeyed the Ordinances on principle. The *Constitutionnel* and the *Débats* had also appeared and obeyed the Ordinances out of fright. But the *Temps*, the *National*, and the *Globe* had appeared in arms, protesting against the new laws which threatened them, and calling loudly on the people to resist.

There really did seem something strange and magnificent about July 28th. Everywhere the word “ royal ” was erased from shop-signs, the *fleurs-de-lis* were blotted out wherever found, and barricades rose on all sides. It was the epilogue of Waterloo. Mounted on a barricade, crowbar in hand, at the corner of the rue Bac and the university, I first met Bixio.

Towards evening, in the last rays of the setting sun, a man, waving the tricolour, appeared on the quai de l’Ecole.

It is impossible to describe the impression this produced. Such a case had been foreseen by Béranger. No one can have forgotten his song of the “ Vieux Drapeau,” but no one could have foreseen the effect produced by the three colours seen in the gold and purple light of a magnificent sunset. People embraced and kissed each other, and swore with tears to die, sooner than renounce this national standard, which is to us not merely a flag, but an emblem of deep significance.

As to the man who bore the standard, they would have made him a general had he wished. Nor would it have been difficult, for the generals, so numerous and so formidable on the 30th and the following days, were few enough at 7 p.m. on the 28th.

In the evening we summed up the various events of the day.

The aristocratic opposition had accomplished little, and was far outdone by the popular rising.

In the Elective Assembly, at which M. Thiers was present, it had been proposed to organise the insurrection. One of the members exclaimed :

“ Both king and gendarmes are our enemies and must be outlawed ! ”

But Thiers interposed, insisting forcibly that the “ legal opposition ” must be adhered to. He also protested against the king’s name being mentioned in discussions which easily became so heated that the respect due to royalty was forgotten in them.

Nevertheless this Elective Assembly might be called audacious when compared with the Assembly of Deputies. The opposition of M. Sébastiani was confined to the suggestion of a respectful letter to the king. M. Dupin maintained that since the deputies had by the dissolution of the Chamber ceased to exist, the best thing they could do was to behave accordingly and give no signs of life whatever. M. Casimir Périer, pale with terror, recommended prudence, and complained bitterly of the noisy young men who had compromised him by their many deputations. It was in vain that the Elective Assembly sent MM. Mérilhou and Boulay (de la Meurthe) to endeavour to drive them to a resolution of some sort, or any sort. Not one generous word or spirited action could be obtained from any one of these men. Not even by the cries of the youths who knocked vainly at the door and were cut down by the gendarmes in the street outside.

At the same time, on the same day, the students of the Polytechnic were knocking at the gate of the hôtel Laffitte, which remained closed like that of its colleague Casimir Périer, but which was at least thrown open on the day following.

For the rest, the Municipal Hall at the Petits Pères had been taken and was in the hands of the people. The journeymen printers had united and formed a regiment at the passage Dauphine, and M. Audry du Puyraveau had publicly distributed guns. The Vaudeville Theatre

gave up its stock of arms and military uniforms belonging to the *Sergent Mathieu*, a play which had been produced a few months previously. The royal troops were concentrated at the Tuileries with guns loaded and bayonets fixed. Paris was in a state of siege.

A very lively dispute occurred at the *Globe* office between M. Cousin and M. Pierre Leroux about the revolutionary tone which the latter wished to give to the paper. M. Cousin, an enthusiastic royalist, exclaimed, "There is only one flag which the French nation may recognise, and that is the White Standard!"

M. Thiers, we were told, finding that, in parliamentary phrase, "the sky was clouding over," had left Paris and taken refuge at M. de Couchant's house at Montmorency.

Happily the people had never expected much from these gentlemen, and therefore did not imagine the day lost when it heard of the opinion of one and the flight of the other.

There had been a good deal of fighting near the Grève, and the hôtel de Ville was said to have been taken and retaken three times over. Throughout most of the day the tocsin had been steadily tolled from the towers of Notre-Dame and Saint-Severin.

CHAPTER LXV

The duke of Orléans makes no sign—Progress of the Revolution—Guizot—A king who cannot understand—Taking of the Tuileries—The duke of Orléans at the Palais-Royal.

My prophecy was being fulfilled and I was very glad I had remained in Paris. Certainly there were things to be seen there very much more interesting than anything I might have seen in Algiers. Besides, on all sides one heard of heroic deeds or witty sayings, whether true or invented for the occasion does not, in such circumstances, signify in the least. But the duc d'Orléans gave no sign either by word or deed; he remained absolutely quiescent.

If we want to know what the aristocratic "Opposition" was doing on July 28th, that is best shown by M. Guizot's "Intended Protest."

"The undersigned, being all deputies duly nominated by their electoral divisions and departments, in conformity both with the Constitutional Charter and the Laws regulating elections, of —, and being now present in Paris, consider themselves bound by their duty both to king and state to protest against the measures lately taken by the advisers of the crown as being contrary to the intention of the monarch and subversive both of the legal system of elections and of the liberty of the press. The undersigned consider that the said measures contained in the Ordinances of — are entirely contrary to the Constitutional Charter, to the Constitutional Rights of the Chamber of Peers, to the Public Law of the Nation, and to the prerogatives and decrees of the Courts of Justice,—and that these measures are likely to cause a confusion dangerous alike to the peace of the present time and the security of the future. Consequently, the undersigned, faithful both to their oath to the king and to the Consti-

tutional Charter, protest not only against the said measures but also against all the Acts which may arise out of them. And considering on one side that the present Chamber of Deputies, never having been constituted, cannot legally be dissolved, and on the other, that the attempt to form a new Chamber of Deputies in a new and arbitrary manner is entirely contrary to the Constitutional Charter and to the rights acquired by the electors, the undersigned hereby declare that they consider themselves to be deputies legally chosen by the districts and departments whose votes they have obtained, and therefore that they can only be superseded by fresh elections conducted in accordance with the forms and principles laid down by law. And the undersigned will never cease to protest if they find themselves forcibly prevented from effectively carrying out the law and accomplishing the duties which devolve upon them in right of their legal election."

As the future minister of Louis Philippe was reading this Protest, a young man sprang on the pont de la Grève, crying, "If they kill me, remember my name is Arcola!" Printed leaflets were distributed bearing this legend:

"The country has a marshal's bâton in store for the first colonel who embraces the cause of the People."

The boldest step taken in the course of the day was the appeal made by Casimir Périer, Lobau Mauguin, Gerard, and Laffitte, who went to entreat Marshal Marmont to stop the bloodshed. In the ante-chamber they saw a lancer having his wounds dressed. He was supposed at first to have been struck by small-shot, but it had been just discovered the wounds were due to printer's type. All the deputation could obtain was a promise that the marshal would write to the king, which he did,—for the third time that day. As to the prince de Polignac, he absolutely refused to see them.

The deputies who had assembled at Audry de Puyraveau's house shouted and declaimed loudly, but concluded nothing. M. Laffitte declared himself ready to

join the movement "body and goods," which, for a banker, might be held equivalent to "body and soul," but Guizot remained silent and unmoved; de Laborde shouted for the tricolour to be raised, to which Sébastiani answered that the only national flag was a white one. Audry de Puyraveau remarked that it was time to act, and that they ought to arm and join the people, whereupon M. Mechin took Sébastiani's arm and departed along with him. La Fayette only asked to be assigned some sort of a place somewhere, declaring that he would go to it, whatever it might be, and help the insurgents all he could. The meeting finally broke up, adjourning the debate till 6 o'clock the next morning.

It was a gloomy, agitated, terrible night. I was living at that time at the junction of the rue du Bac and the rue de l'Université, which meant that I passed part of the night on the quay. From time to time the sky was lit up as if by meteors, then for ten minutes came the sound of firing from either the Grève or the Marché des Innocents. The tocsin rang steadily, and continued during most of the night.

I went home at about three in the morning, but was out again at seven. The firing recommenced, now and then drowned by the roar of cannon. The troops, however, were becoming demoralised; a soldier of the Royal Guard whom I met as I went out allowed himself to be disarmed without the slightest resistance. An unarmed patriot seized the gun and, flinging the cartridge-belt over his shoulder, rushed away towards the rue des Saints-Pères and the pont des Arts, where fighting was in progress.

The insurrection had increased and gained fresh vigour. There was now a general at the head of it, a General Dubourg, who had obtained a gold-laced coat from an old-clothes dealer, and from the actor Perlet a pair of epaulettes, which had no doubt done duty on the stage of the Gymnase. Ten thousand voices were shouting "Long live General Dubourg!" whose name had been entirely unknown until that morning.

The hôtel de Ville was now in the hands of the insur-

gents, and General Dubourg and M. Baude immediately organised a sort of revolutionary government. The safe was examined and found to contain something over five millions, and steps were at once taken to supply Paris with food by summoning the syndics of the butchers and bakers to assemble.

At 11 o'clock the tricolour floated on the tower of Notre-Dame.

At noon MM. de Semonville and d'Argout went in their turn to the head-quarters of Marshal Marmont, the Chamber of Peers now repeating the attempt made on the previous day by the Chamber of Deputies in the person of Laffitte and his four companions. Twenty-four hours had elapsed since then, and many events had occurred, all hastening the last moments of the expiring monarchy.

The duc de Ragusa (Marmont) was now more than uneasy, he was in despair. He saw the situation in its true light and he insistently urged the envoys of the upper chamber to hurry on to Saint-Cloud.

Arriving at the palace they found that the news that Versailles was in full insurrection had preceded them by a few moments. The king did not know whom to send to this second active volcano which had placed Saint-Cloud between two craters in eruption. General Vincent offered to go, the dauphin accepted, and the general started for Versailles at the head of two companies of Guards and three hundred gendarmes. But when they arrived at Versailles the gendarmes immediately went over to the insurgents, and General Vincent, thus deprived of two-thirds of his force, was obliged to return to Saint-Cloud within two hours of leaving it, having accomplished nothing.

MM. de Semonville and d'Argout found that the president of the council had preceded them, and they encountered him at the door of the king's room. "Ah!" said M. de Polignac, "enter, gentlemen, by all means. You have come to demand my head, have you not?"

Notwithstanding the warnings showered on the king

from all sides, he remained perfectly calm; he could not bring himself to believe in a serious and protracted resistance on the part of the people. The envoys vainly insisted that during the morning resistance had become aggression; the king only shook his head.

"You are mistaken, gentlemen," he said. "Measures have been taken to put down this insurrection and the revolt will soon die a natural death!"

M. de Semonville could not understand this unnatural security, which seemed the result of an immovable fatalism. Unable to restrain himself any longer:

"Well, sire," he cried, "I must tell you the truth. Unless those Ordinances are repealed within an hour, there will be neither king nor royalty in existence."

"Oh! you might allow me at least two hours," said the king, rising to retire.

M. de Semonville fell on his knees and caught hold of the king's coat. Charles only drew away from him.

"Sire," cried M. de Semonville, "I implore you, in the name of the dauphine, for the sake of your grandson."

It was all in vain, the king withdrew without conceding anything. In the meanwhile M. de Vitrolles had arrived. He also advised the repeal of the Ordinances and the appointment of a new ministry with the duc de Mortemart and Maréchal Gérard at the head.

Strange, how frequently history seems bound to repeat itself. Eighteen years later, in exactly similar circumstances, two names were also brought to Louis Philippe, those of Thiers and Odillon Barrot. Their ministry, like that of the duc de Mortemart and General Gérard, also enjoyed only a few hours' brief existence.

Meanwhile, the insurgents, led by two boys from the Polytechnic, had taken the Louvre and the Tuileries.

Later we will relate the picturesque details of what we saw on that other day, August 10th, less bloody but more decisive than this, and which was destined eighteen years later to be followed by a similar and still more decisive conflict.

Once the Tuileries is taken, royalty in Parisian eyes ceases to exist. So now the people thought all was

over, they embraced and danced and sang. One of the Polytechnic students was seated on the throne, and people went and lay down in the king's bed.

The royal troops retired by way of the Tuileries gardens and the rue de Rivoli. The last cannon-shot was fired from one of the side alleys running parallel with the main avenue, close to the terrace des Feuillants; the shot struck one of the fluted pillars adorning the façade of the palace and carried away a piece of it.

At the boom of this last cannon added to the sound of soldiers, either in flight or surrendering their arms, and the shouts of the conquerors in pursuit, a window at M. de Talleyrand's house, which was at the corner of the rue de Rivoli and the rue Saint-Florentin, was imprudently opened by the prince's steward, eager to see what was happening. He was promptly called to order by a quiet and timid voice.

"M. Kaiser," said the voice, "Kaiser, are you mad? They will plunder the house and we shall all be killed!"

"Oh! no, Monseigneur!" replied the steward, "there is nothing to fear. The soldiers are running away, and the people only think of running after them, that is all."

"Are you sure?"

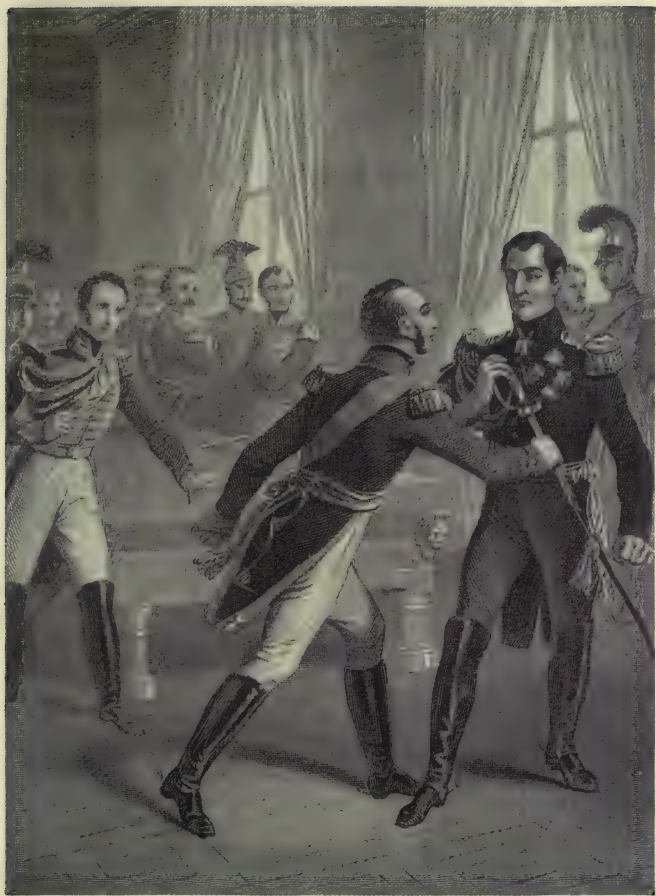
"Will you not come and see for yourself, Monseigneur?"

The prince advanced timidly, keeping well behind the blind. He looked into the street, satisfied himself as to the course of events, then looking at the clock,

"M. Kaiser," he said, "make a note to the effect that the House of the elder Bourbons ceased to reign over France at 1 o'clock, July 29th, 1830."

Eighteen years later a man of the people raised his hand and stopped the clock in the Tuileries at twenty minutes past one. The hour of the younger Bourbon line had then struck, and in its turn it ceased to reign.

The last shots fired on this memorable day were aimed at plunderers and thieves. As these last detonations died away M. Laffitte, who had sprained his foot



THE ALTERCATION BETWEEN THE DAUPHIN AND THE
DUC DE RAGUSA.

CHAPTER XLVI

The Mortemart ministry—A fool's paradise—The monarchy surrenders
—The rising sun.

WE have seen that, most unwillingly, Charles X had been brought to accept the Mortemart ministry.

M. de Mortemart was one of those numerous *grands seigneurs*, half aristocrat, half liberal, who were products of the first revolution. He was naturally not beloved by the king, who, unable to comprehend the idea of conceding anything at all, believed only in such concessions as might be gained by force, and not in any granted by conscience. Therefore, as long as he could hold out, he refused to yield an inch.

"Do you think," said he, "that I have forgotten the events between 1789 and 1793? I have no mind to ascend a cart, as did my brother. I prefer to mount a horse." And he allowed M. de Mortemart to spend twenty-four hours at Saint-Cloud before he sent for him and announced that he had named him Prime Minister.

M. de Mortemart, much astonished at this unexpected honour, did his very best to escape it. He declared himself utterly unequal to the situation, said he had no aptitude for political business, and was only anxious for the rest necessitated by a fever which he had contracted on the banks of the Danube. At last the king, annoyed by his opposition, exclaimed:

"Very well, sir, I understand that you refuse to save my life and the lives of my ministers!"

"Oh!" replied M. de Mortemart eagerly, "if your Majesty means that——"

"Certainly, sir. That is what I do mean."

Then, expressing his own thoughts, without the

slightest consideration for M. de Mortemart's feelings, the king added:

"Let us hope nothing worse may be required of me. I shall be thankful if it is only you they force upon me."

Then, "Bring in those gentlemen," he said, turning to M. de Polignac, who accordingly introduced M. de Semonville, M. de Vitrolles, and M. d'Argout, who had returned to the charge and were waiting in the adjoining room.

"Gentlemen," said Charles, "you can have your wish. You may go and tell the Parisians that the king has revoked the Ordinances. I also tell you I consider the step suicidal so far as the interests of the monarchy are concerned."

There was not a moment to lose, and the envoys departed for Paris at full gallop, M. de Semonville continually crying from the carriage window:

"We come from Saint-Cloud, the ministry is out—the ministry is out!"

Arrived at the *hôtel de Ville* they hastened to find la Fayette, who was king of the insurrection if not of all France. He escorted them into the hall where the Municipal Council was sitting. A lively discussion ensued, which seemed as if it might end favourably for the monarchy, when M. de Schonen exclaimed:

"Too late, gentlemen, too late! the throne of Charles X has been washed away in blood!"

M. de Semonville wished to continue the argument, but M. Audry de Puyraveau went to the window.

"Say no more on this subject, gentlemen," he said, "or I call up the people!"

This threat annihilated the last hope of royalty by Divine Right. The ambassadors withdrew, but were followed by Casimir Périer, who gave them a safe-conduct to M. Laffitte, advising them to try if anything could be done by him.

It was quite useless. Even if M. Laffitte had wished to retain the elder Bourbons, which he most certainly did not, it was now too late to change his plans. His house was invaded by the mob and during the conver-

sation one of them opened the door and standing in the entrance, struck the floor with the butt-end of his gun, inquiring :

“Does any one here dare to talk of negotiating with Charles X ?”

M. d'Argout saw that all was over and returned to Saint-Cloud.

Charles imagined that everything would be settled by the concession he had made and was happily engaged in a game of whist with M. de Duras, M. de Luxembourg, and the duchesse de Berry when an officer of the guard belonging to the patrol under M. de Luxembourg, entered and informed his commander that he had observed a good deal of commotion at the château de Neuilly.

“What do you think it means ?” asked M. de Luxembourg.

“I think that had I had any authority to do so I should have arrested the duc d'Orléans, and that he now would have been here, where he ought to be.”

The king overheard and turned sharply round.

“If you had done anything of the sort, sir,” said he angrily, “I should have severely reprimanded you.”

M. de Mortemart, impatient at the waste of so much precious time, entreated the dauphin to allow him to go to Paris and at least attempt to do something. He felt that all were to blame for remaining idle in this colossal shipwreck, and that every one ought to exert all his wits or all his strength in the endeavour to save the sinking ship. Unfortunately an order had been given to allow no one to leave Saint-Cloud for Paris, and the dauphin would not take upon himself to give the necessary permission. Then M. de Mortemart applied to the king—in vain. “Not yet,” said Charles, “there is plenty of time.” And as often as M. de Mortemart returned to the charge he met only the same answer. When, at midnight, de Vitrolles and d'Argout returned, they found the king had gone to bed but de Mortemart was still up.

"Well! what are you doing here?" they asked. "Why are you not in Paris?"

"I most certainly ought to be there," replied de Mortemart, "but I can get no written authority from the king. Do you want me to be taken for an adventurer?"

"Then we must do the work if those who ought to do it will not," said d'Argout.

Seating themselves at a table, the three drew up an Ordinance which annulled those of July 25th, re-established the National Guard, and appointed Maréchal Maison as commandant. M. de Mortemart was to be Minister of Foreign Affairs, Casimir Périér to take the Exchequer, and General Gérard the War Office.

This accomplished, there remained the more difficult task of penetrating to the sovereign. First there was the order which allowed no one to disturb him to set aside, then they had to overcome the resistance of the king's valet by assuring him the consequences of a refusal would fall on his own head. At length he reluctantly consented to open the door of the royal bedroom. M. de Mortemart entered alone. He found the king asleep, and was obliged to wake him. Charles slowly raised himself, as if worn out with fatigue. Recognising M. de Mortemart:

"Ah! is it you?" he said. "Well, what do you want?"

M. de Mortemart presented the Ordinance.

"Oh, that can wait," said the king.

"But, sire," insisted the duke, "your Majesty does not know the state of things in Paris. M. d'Argout is here and will explain."

"I do not wish to see M. d'Argout," said the king impatiently.

"M. de Vitrolles is also here, sire. Will you see him?"

"Baron de Vitrolles? Yes. Let him come in."

De Vitrolles entered and approached the bed. The king immediately dismissed M. de Mortemart, thereby mortally offending two persons on this one occasion—M. d'Argout by refusing to see him, and the duc de

Mortemart by sending him away. He was certainly skilful in dealing such wounds. "Ah," murmured M. de Mortemart as he left the room, "if it were not a question of life or death for the king!"

Charles received M. de Vitrolles with a reproach.

"What," said he, "can it be you, actually *you*, who are asking me to treat with rebels?"

"I am, sire, for you cannot return as king to a Paris in open revolt."

"Anything," exclaimed the king, "rather than endure such a slap in the face to my royal dignity as this would be."

"Very well," replied de Vitrolles. "Will you try la Vendée? Can you count on la Vendée? I will follow your Majesty to the end, there or elsewhere."

"La Vendée," murmured the king—"it is very difficult. . . ." And as if answering himself he repeated, "Yes, very difficult." Then suddenly deciding: "Come, come," he said, "here, give me a pen." And he signed the Ordinance, which meant that the monarchy had surrendered. Royalty gave up its sword, but, unlike king John at Poitiers and Francis I at Pavia, it had not even saved its honour.

M. de Mortemart and M. d'Argout departed in a carriage, but were stopped at the bois de Boulogne, and not allowed to pass on account of the order given on the preceding day. Either they must go round the bois de Boulogne, which could only be done on foot, or give up their carriage. They reached the point du Jour, crossed the pont de Grenelle, and entered Paris by a breach in the wall probably made to assist some nefarious transaction.

At 8 o'clock in the morning, with his coat over his arm, hat and cravat in his hand, M. de Mortemart succeeded in reaching the place Louis Quinze. The town was then silent, all windows were closed, and the streets were deserted except by some of those men known only to the days of revolution, who are apparently produced for the sole purpose of making and keeping barricades.

About the same time M. Laffitte, having dispatched M. Oudard to Neuilly, in conjunction with MM. Thiers, Mignet, and Larréqy, was busily drawing up an Orléanist proclamation to be published at once, by the *National*, the *Courrier français*, and the *Commerce*.

But we are bound to acknowledge that this production was very ill-received. When, issuing from the office of the *National*, where it had been composed, MM. Thiers, Mignet, and Larréqy distributed damp copies among yesterday's combatants, still encamped on the place de la Bourse, an angry and threatening cry arose from all ranks.

"If this is what we get," was said all round, "we must fight it all over again. We must cast more bullets!"

M. Pierre Leroux was there. Seizing one of the Orléanist leaflets, he rushed off with it to the hôtel de Ville, and gave it to la Fayette.

It was a great blow. La Fayette had not credited the Orléanists with so much activity. He sank back overwhelmed in his chair and was hardly able to attend to M. de Boismilon, who came to tell him that the duc de Chartres had been arrested by the mayor of Montrouge, M. Leullier, and requested a safe-conduct to allow him to rejoin his regiment at Joigny. This, la Fayette, whose generosity always responded to any request made to him, would have signed at once, had not Pierre Leroux vehemently protested, arguing that the mayor should be ordered to maintain the arrest. La Fayette, weak and irresolute, was on the point of unwillingly signing this second order, when Odilon Barrot appeared wearing the uniform of a private of the National Guard. He drew la Fayette aside, took him into another room, and induced him to sign an order setting the duc de Chartres at liberty. The order was given to M. Comte, who started at once to execute it.

The news of this arrest unfortunately had spread, and caused great excitement on the place de la Bourse, where some men commanded by Etienne Arago began

to cry loudly, "He is a prince, a Bourbon! he must be shot!" And as, just then, resolutions of the kind were often carried out as soon as made, they prepared to put this into execution without further delay.

Étienne Arago put himself at their head, but took good care to let la Fayette know what was happening, and promising to lead his men by a route which would take them two hours to arrive at Montrouge, so as to give the prince three times as much time as was wanted to enable him to escape. M. de la Fayette acted on the warning, and the duc de Chartres, provided with his passport and warned in time, secured post-horses and was off before his would-be executioners entered Montrouge.

Meanwhile the walls of Paris were covered with this proclamation :

"Charles X has shed the blood of his people and has therefore forfeited the right ever to enter Paris again.

"To appoint a Republic would expose us to terrible dissensions, and would also embroil us with the rest of Europe.

"The duc d'Orléans has never fought against us.

"The duc d'Orléans was at Jemmapes.

"The duc d'Orléans is a citizen king.

"The duc d'Orléans fought under the Tricolor. Only he can again bear this flag, and we will have no other.

"The duc d'Orléans does not declare himself but awaits the wishes of the nation. Let the nation declare its will. The duke will accept the Charter as we have always understood and meant it. He will wear the crown at the will of the French nation."

This proclamation was read at the hôtel de Ville and generally approved. A few voices were heard, however.

"But," said they, "we have yet to hear whether or not the duke will accept."

Then the following note, sent by M. Laffitte, was passed round. It had been written at the château de Neuilly at a quarter past 3 that morning. M. Laffitte only received it at 11,

“The duc d’Orléans with his family is at Neuilly. The royal troops are at Puteaux at no great distance, and an order from the court might easily deprive the nation of a powerful pledge for its future security.

“It is proposed to send a suitable deputation to the duke in the name of the constituted authorities and to offer him the crown. Should he object on the score of family impediments, he must be told that his presence in Paris is necessary for the peace of the capital and of France, and that he must be placed in safety there. The good results of this measure are certain; it is also certain that the duke will not fail to identify himself entirely with the desires of the nation.”

CHAPTER XLVII

Thiers and the duchess—Mme. Adélaïde—Béranger.

THE proclamation issued by Thiers had been a decided failure so far as the populace on the place de la Bourse was concerned, whereas at the hôtel de Ville it produced an excellent effect. Thiers now betook himself to M. Laffitte, arriving just in time to accept a joint mission with Scheffer to offer the crown of France to the duc d'Orléans. In so far as an artist can call himself the friend of princes, Scheffer might be considered an intimate friend of the Orléans family, and the two started in company.

On arriving at Neuilly they were informed the duke was no longer there. They then requested an audience of the duchess, which was granted.

The duchess no doubt guessed the object of their errand. She did not appear uneasy, but was exceedingly cold and distant. M. Thiers proceeded to explain matters, and as he continued the severe expression of her countenance became more and more forbidding. When at length he finished, instead of answering him, she turned to Scheffer, who had remained silent.

"Oh!" she said, "you, how could *you* undertake such an errand? That this gentleman," she continued, indicating M. Thiers, "should venture on such a course I can understand—he is a stranger to us; but you who have been our friend, you who ought to be able to appreciate us! I do not think we can ever forgive you this."

The messengers bowed and were about to withdraw, when Mme. Adélaïde and Mme. de Montjoie appeared on the scene. Now, the one terror which haunted Mme. Adélaïde was the dread lest she and her brother

might be forced to spend their old age as they had spent their youth, as exiles in a foreign land. Therefore, without either accepting or rejecting the proposal now made, she said :

“ Let them make my brother a president, a National Guard, anything they like, so long as they don't make him again an outlaw.”

Thereupon the two ambassadors regained courage and explained their views to Mme. Adélaïde, who promptly abandoned the question of family obstacles, and embarked on the consideration of the political ones, which she considered much the more serious of the two. Thiers undertook to convince her, and as the princess only wished to be convinced, the task was not a difficult one. When the duchess began to raise fresh objections :

“ Oh ! as for me, I am not a foreign princess,” said Mme. Adélaïde, “ but a Parisian of the Parisians, and if these gentlemen thought I could do my brother any good, I would go and join the crowd at once.”

The envoys did not consider such a step advisable, and it was agreed that the duke must as soon as possible be informed of the state of feeling in the capital and of the offer now made to him. His whereabouts was only known to his personal friends at the castle, and M. de Montesquiou was at once dispatched with the tidings.

Let us now glance at what in the meantime was being done by M. de Mortemart on one side and by the Republicans on the other ; and as both parties were bound to meet towards noon at the hôtel de Ville, while the deputies, presided over by Laffitte, were sitting at the Palais-Bourbon, let us note what happened at the hôtel de Ville.

We have mentioned the uproar caused by the appearance of the proclamation printed at the office of the *National*, and in consequence of which the Republican chiefs took up arms and assembled at Lointier's house. In order to discover which way the wind would blow, various Orléanist partisans, professing to be ardent Republicans and disciples of Béranger, had slipped in among them.

Béranger, whom we now mention for the first time, had perhaps done more for the duc d'Orléans than any one else. More than that, he might be called the "soul" or the Egeria of M. Laffitte, being the source whence that gentleman drew most of his political ideas.

M. Laffitte was pleasant and witty, overflowing with courteous grace when he considered the occasion required it. Left to himself he was weak and unreliable, with little historical acumen, a gift without which one may be a sentimental but not a thoughtful politician. But all that Laffitte had, Béranger had also, besides possessing all that Laffitte had not.

Although a sincere Republican at heart, Béranger understood that before the republican goal could be reached there was yet another form of government which ought to have its turn, and that between the "Divine Right" and the "Will of the People" there lay, not a gentle slope, easy of descent, but a wide abyss ready to engulf. Though he distrusted Louis Philippe, he distrusted the democratic leaders even more, considering that while nearly all men of sincere conviction, they were yet bound to err through their bureaucratic traditions. Always disinterested himself, he brought to the help of the duke his popularity, his brilliant wit, and his stubborn integrity. M. Laffitte placed entire confidence in him, and he was wise, for to Béranger's inspiration and influence he owed the best part of his popularity.

But there are different degrees of power, and Béranger's name counted for a good deal less in the Lointier mansion than in that of Laffitte. Consequently the Orléanist orator speaking for Laffitte and who had invoked the name of Béranger observed with dismay that a member of the Assembly, having decided that he was a traitor, was taking deliberate aim at him, as the shortest and simplest mode of extinguishing treachery. Some one struck up the gun, however, and in the midst of considerable clamour an address was drawn up, intended for the provisional government at the hôtel de Ville.

“Yesterday the people recovered their sacred rights at a price of blood. The most precious of these rights is that of choosing their own government. Any proclamation indicating a chief before the form of government is decided on, is therefore forbidden.

“A provisional representative government is already in existence, and must remain until the wishes of the majority of the nation can be ascertained.”

CHAPTER XLVIII

Hubert's errand to la Fayette—"Where is the duke of Orléans?"—
The message—The duke emerges—The interview.

A RELIABLE man was wanted to take the address to the hôtel de Ville. Hubert, who played so important a part in the invasion of the Chamber on May 15th, was chosen. He set out, dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, and, for still greater security, six members of the meeting went too. These guardians of the Republican flag were Bastide, Hingray, Teste, Guinard, Trélat, and Poubelle.

The deputation was admitted to the presence of General la Fayette. Hubert carried the address on the point of his bayonet. He opened it and read it aloud; then, pointing to the bullet-marks in the ceiling, he exclaimed:

"By the blood that has been spilt, general, suffer us not to lose the fruits of our victory!"

General la Fayette was much embarrassed, for he had already bound himself by promises. He answered Hubert's concise speech in a lengthy discourse in which reminiscences of America and France were jumbled together. He was struggling in this flow of vapid eloquence, in which some ideas rather constitutional than republican came to the surface, when General Carbonnel came in and announced the arrival of a peer who, he said, desired a private interview. The interruption was a stroke of luck, enabling him, as it did, to avoid a positive answer. He rose, but the young men stopped him. They felt that their la Fayette was escaping them. Carbonnel insisted.

"Show him in here," said la Fayette.

"But he wishes to speak to you alone."

"Then he won't speak to me at all," said the general, "for I will have nothing hidden from my friends here!"

And he saluted the young Republicans graciously. There was a survival of aristocratic manners that made its impression on the roughest in the old defenders of liberties of '89.

The young men applauded and the peer was introduced. It was M. de Sussy, and he came from the Chamber of Deputies, where he had been refused admittance. He was the bearer of the Ordinance of Charles X that had been drawn up during the night by MM. d'Argout and de Vitrolles. He had it from M. de Mortemart, who had trusted the interests of the monarchy to his hands. It was addressed in the first place to the Chamber, but he had knocked at the deputies' door just at the moment when MM. de Sébastiani and Benjamin Constant had drawn up the following declaration, which had been loudly applauded by the Tribune :

"The deputies now met in Paris urgently beg his Royal Highness the duc d'Orléans to repair to the capital, there to exercise the functions of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. They also beg to express their wish to support the tricolour cockade. They feel acutely the need of working ceaselessly during the next session to secure the country those guarantees indispensable to a full and entire execution of the Charter."

At the end of the reading, a motion for the adoption of the report having been carried, a committee of twelve members was chosen to convey the wishes of the Chamber to the duc d'Orléans.

Such were the circumstances which had decided M. de Sussy to address himself to General la Fayette. But he had ill-luck. He had chosen even a worse moment for speaking of Charles X to the hôtel de Ville than to the Chamber of Deputies. In fact, hardly had the general seen what the new Ordinance was about than he passed it on to the Republican deputation. This was the surest way to make the duc d'Orléans' candidature unpopular. One single exclamation rose in chorus from the deputation :

“No more Bourbons !”

One of them even laid hands on M. de Sussy. Trélat interfered.

“What are you doing ?” he asked.

“What am I doing ? Let’s throw the fellow out of window !”

“What are you thinking of ? A negotiator !”

“Monsieur,” said la Fayette, “you see how things are going. All I can do for you is to introduce you to the municipal committee.”

The comte de Lobau was present and he offered his escort. M. de Sussy accepted it, begging la Fayette to give him a letter for M. de Mortemart testifying that he had discharged his commission.

While M. de Sussy was being introduced to the committee, M. de la Fayette wrote the following letter :

“M. LE DUC,—I have received the letter that you did me the honour to send with those sentiments that your personal character has always inspired in me. M. de Sussy will give you an account of the visit that he was anxious to pay me. I have fulfilled your intentions, reading what you addressed to me to several persons who were with me at the time. I persuaded M. de Sussy to go to the committee at the hôtel de Ville. He saw M. Laffitte, who was with several of his colleagues, and I have delivered the papers with which he entrusted me to General Gérard. The duties which keep me here make it impossible for me to come to you. Should you come to the hôtel de Ville I shall be honoured to receive you, but it would be useless for the purposes of this conversation as your communications have been made to my colleagues.”

M. de la Fayette showed this letter to the Republican deputation, who retired grumbling.

“Come, come !” said M. Odilon Barrot. “Believe me, the duc d’Orléans is the best of Republicans !”

But as they were going out Audry de Puyreveau slipped a packet into Hubert’s hand.

“Here !” said he in a whisper. “Look at this proclamation !”

It was the one drawn up by the municipal committee at first. Here it is :

“ France is free. She desires a constitution. She will only give the provisional government the right of consulting her. Until she shall have expressed her will by new election, she demands respect for the following principles :

“ Government to be exercised only by those elected by the nation. The executive power to be entrusted to a temporary president. The co-operation, direct or indirect, of all citizens in the election of deputies. Religious freedom and no state religion. Those serving in the army or navy to be guaranteed against arbitrary dismissal. Establishment of National Guards in all parts of France. The guardianship of the constitution to be entrusted to them.

“ For these principles we have just risked our lives, and we will support them, if need be, by insurrection.”

This proclamation, which was read by Hubert to the crowd gathered in the square before the hôtel de Ville, is the expression of the most advanced Republican opinion of 1830. 1848 leaves 1830 well behind at the start.

Whilst Republicanism was struggling with Royalty, whilst Hubert was reading his proclamation outside and M. de Mortemart was vainly trying to get his Ordinances recognised within, let us see what had become of the future king of France.

Louis Philippe, as we know, passed the summers at Neuilly with his family. It was here that he was surprised by the Ordinances and that the first rumours of insurrection reached him. His anxiety was great, for the long-expected moment was upon him. As long as the phantom was on the horizon he had marched towards it hardily enough ; but one fine morning the phantom became a reality. This reality was coming toward him and its name was Usurpation. The word was formidable to speak, the thing terrible to accomplish. The duc d'Orléans had courage, but he was wanting in audacity. Halfway between Paris and Saint-Cloud, he was almost as much afraid of the insur-

gents as of the bodyguard. The former might claim him for their chief, the latter might seize him as a hostage.

Louis Philippe hid himself in one of the small summer-houses in his park, known as the Dairy. He stayed here from the 28th to the 29th, but his anxiety was such, after receiving Laffitte's message, that, well hidden as he was, he no longer felt secure and left for Raincy with M. Oudard on the 29th. He was wearing a brown coat, white breeches and grey hat, with a tricolour cockade made by his sister. At 3 o'clock on the 29th he heard of the taking of the Tuileries and the people's victory. The situation was extremely critical for him. It was a question of the throne or banishment; that is to say, of the unfailing ambition of his race or the constant terror of his own life.

On the morning of the 30th things were much worse. He got a message from M. Laffitte offering him the choice of the crown or a passport. Nevertheless he stayed in his retreat at Raincy without showing a sign.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, his son the duc de Chartres had just escaped being shot at Montrouge. And at the same time the committee of deputies had been to the Luxembourg to demand the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom for the duc d'Orléans. The Republican party had experienced its first deception and royalty had met with its last denial.

The deputation from the Chamber went to the Palais-Royal, but the duke was not there. It went on to Neuilly; the duke was not there either. Then the declaration was entrusted to Mme. Adélaïde. There could be no further delay. That evening the duc d'Orléans, warned of what had happened, returned to Neuilly. He read the declaration in the park, surrounded by his family—a solemnity that was suitably commemorated by a sort of monument in the taste of M. Fontaine, put up later to mark the spot. Then, after embracing his wife, sister, and children, he left for Paris with MM. Berthois, Heymès, and Oudard.

We have seen how he entered, surmounted the barricades, and reached the Palais-Royal by the house-door

of No. 216 in the rue St. Honoré. His first care was to acquaint Laffitte with his arrival and to compliment la Fayette upon his influence over the public peace. Then, hearing that M. de Mortemart was in Paris and what his business was, he sent to beg him to come at once to the Palais-Royal. M. de Mortemart was about to return to Saint-Cloud when he got the message, but he judged the matter weighty enough to delay his departure. He followed the aide-de-camp who had been sent to him, arrived at the Palais-Royal about half-past 10, and was introduced by M. Oudard.

The prince was in a small chamber quite apart from the suite of rooms used by the family. As the heat was overpowering, he was lying, half-undressed, on a cushion on the floor. His forehead was wet with perspiration, due to anxiety and agitation as much as to the heat. He seemed feverish and his speech was hasty and broken. Certainly Charles X at Saint-Cloud, about to lose his crown, was less agitated than Louis Philippe at Paris, about to take it from him. As soon as he saw M. de Mortemart, the prince raised himself.

"Ah, M. le duc," he said, "come and let me tell you how troubled I am about this affair, so that you can repeat what I say to the king. You will be seeing his Majesty at Saint-Cloud, won't you?"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"Well," the duke went on rapidly, "tell him that they have brought me to Paris by force. Yesterday evening a crowd invaded us at Neuilly. They asked for me in the name of the Assembly of Deputies, and when they learnt that I was away they told the duchess that they should take her to Paris with her children and that they should all be kept prisoners until the duc d'Orléans should appear. The duchess was afraid, and wrote to hasten my return. On reading her note, family affection overcame every other feeling. I came back to save my wife and children, and I was brought here this evening."

We know how much truth there was in this feverish account of the prince's adventures. Unfortunately,

just at this moment shouts of "Vive le duc d'Orléans!" echoed in the street and the courtyard of the Palais-Royal.

"You hear, Monseigneur?" asked M. de Mortemart.

"Yes, yes, I hear!" answered the prince. "But be sure to tell the king that I will die sooner than accept the crown!"

And, as if his bare word were not enough, he got up, went to a table and hurriedly wrote a few lines to Charles X. It was a protest against the destiny which the two Chambers were thrusting upon him. M. de Mortemart folded the note, hid it in a fold of his cravat, saluted the prince and withdrew.

The night of the 30th must have been a painful one for the duc d'Orléans. Only he himself could describe all its miseries. We have told already what came of it. There is no doubt that this interview between the prince and M. de Mortemart was followed by another between the future king of France and M. Laffitte, but the details of *that* are unknown.

CHAPTER XLIX

Saint-Cloud—Scheme of action—The dauphin's violence—Flight to Trianon—The lieutenant-general's proclamation.

ALL this while Saint-Cloud was the theatre of scenes that, in their violence or unexpectedness, completed the catastrophe of the great drama now being played by the king and people. But, in the midst of the growing terrors of his family and servants, Charles himself preserved the calmness either of misunderstanding or of obstinacy.

Ragusa, the scapegoat fated to bear through time and eternity the weight of two sinking empires, after disputing every inch of ground and deploring his defeat only less bitterly than he might have had to deplore his success, rejoined the royal family at Saint-Cloud. When he arrived, Charles X had still five or six thousand men at his disposal who, joined to the remainder of the troops that had just left Paris, might form a body of ten thousand men. The dauphin wanted to collect these men and march on Paris. He was urged to this resolve and supported in it by M. de Champagny, a man of courage and resolution, devoted to the prince and ready to lay down his life for him. M. de Champagny had drawn up a plan of resistance that he was ready to put into execution, and he only needed the king's consent to begin. The dauphin procured him an interview with the king and he explained his scheme as follows :

The king was to go at once to Orléans, where all the troops would be gathered. Maréchal Oudinot and General Coetslosquet would have command of the camps of Lunéville and Saint-Omer, which were supposed to be marching on Paris. At Toulon the treasure of the Dey of Algeria, who had just arrived there, was to be seized ;

it could not amount to less than fifty million francs. Maréchal Bourmont, recalled from Africa, was to bring all the troops he could command; he would join the royalist provinces of la Vendée across the royalist provinces of the south, and civil war would be established in France on a more solid basis than ever before.

But the king listened to this scheme with a languid and inattentive air. Seeing events gathering like clouds before the wind, he had begun to doubt his fortune and consequently that of the monarchy. Was not the House of Bourbon's day over, and would it not be impious when God himself seemed to say "Enough!" to persist in resistance to the will, not of man, but of Heaven?

"Speak to the dauphin about it," he replied. It was useless to speak to the dauphin, for it was he who had sent M. de Champagny. At this point he came into the room.

"Sire," he said, "if it is my approval of the scheme that your Majesty wants, I do more than approve, I earnestly recommend it."

"Well, then, what is it you want?"

"Your authority to carry it out."

The king thought a moment, then, shaking his head:

"No," he said. "No, no!"

He felt his heart fail him as kings do at the moment of their downfall; as Napoleon had in 1814 at Fontainebleau and in 1815 at the Elysée; as Louis Philippe would do in 1848 at the Tuileries.

The dauphin withdrew in a fury to his own apartments, dashed his sword upon the floor, and threw himself sobbing into a chair. M. de Champagny had gone with him. He let this first burst of anger have its course, and then proposed that the dauphin should act as if he had the king's authority. The prince was in the state of excitement in which extreme measures are the most acceptable. He agreed to this partial revolt against his father, and began with M. de Champagny to draw up a proclamation to the troops.

The proclamation was just about to be read when the dauphin was told that General Talon was asking to see him.

"General Talon!" he exclaimed. "Wasn't it he who fought so well at the hôtel de Ville the day before yesterday?"

"The same, Monseigneur," answered the aide-de-camp.

"Show him in!" said the prince.

General Talon appeared, frowning and sombre-eyed.

"Monseigneur," he said, "I am ready to die for your august family, and I need not dwell on a devotion which has been proved, but it has its limits and will not endure dishonour!"

"Dishonour!" cried the prince. "What do you mean, general?"

"I mean," said the general, "that a proclamation has just been read to the troops, telling them of the withdrawal of the Ordinances as a piece of good news."

"Who signed it? Not the king, I trust!" cried the dauphin.

"No, Monseigneur; the duc de Ragusa!"

With an exclamation of anger, the dauphin ran like a madman to the king, demanding the marshal as he went. As he was leaving his father, to whom he had just repeated what had happened, he was told that the marshal was in the billiard-room, and entered it abruptly. The duc de Ragusa was there, and the dauphin ordered him to follow into the next room, for the billiard-room was full of people. The order was so abrupt, the voice in which it was given so agitated and feverish, that all present held their breath, anxiously watching the dauphin as he preceded the marshal. The door was shut upon them.

How the scene that followed between them opened no one can say, because they were alone, but loud voices were soon heard. The door reopened violently, the marshal appeared bareheaded, walking backwards before the dauphin, who was insulting and threatening him. At length, on his making some reply:

"You are a traitor, monsieur!" cried the dauphin, "and you have betrayed us as you betrayed the other party. Your sword!—your sword!"

And throwing himself on the marshal, he tried to snatch the sword, which he drew half out of the scabbard. With a quiet movement the marshal drove it back, and the blade slipping between the dauphin's fingers, cut them and the blood spurted. At sight of it the prince lost his head. The room was full of guards.

"À moi, messieurs !—à moi !" he cried, showing his bleeding hand. The guards obeyed and surrounded the marshal, as much perhaps to protect him from the prince's fury as with the intention of arresting him. However, the order was a formal one, and the marshal was led away to a room where he was kept prisoner.

The uproar of this scene reached the king and woke him from his apathy. He had to repair a great injustice, to heal a smarting wound.

"Tell the marshal that he is released !" he called through his half-opened door. "And say that I beg him to come to me at once !"

The next moment the marshal appeared on the threshold. Charles X stepped towards him.

"Marshal," he said, "I have heard what has just happened. Accept my apologies until the dauphin shall make you his."

The sorrow shown by the old man, who found time to soothe wounded pride at the moment of losing his throne, overcame the marshal's sense of injury. Tears came to his eyes and in a broken voice he thanked the king for his kindness.

The king seized the moment to beg him to go and find the dauphin.

"For what purpose ?" asked the duc de Ragusa.

"To offer your excuses, my dear marshal, and more particularly to receive his apologies."

The duke bowed and went to find the dauphin, but when the dauphin offered his hand, he stepped back, saluted, and withdrew. His hand refused to touch the prince's.

After the duc de Ragusa's proclamation and the unexpected scene between him and the prince, there was no further means of carrying out M. de Champagny's

plan of resistance. Also the dauphin's energy had been exhausted in the struggle. Every one withdrew into his own apartment, where, according to the strength or weakness of his character, he sought to oppose fate or to bow himself to the will of Heaven.

Towards midnight, just as the duc de Mortemart was leaving the Palais-Royal, carrying the duc d'Orléans' letter protesting his faithfulness to the king, the duchesse de Berry, seized with a sudden, irresistible terror, the terror of a mother, ran to the dauphin, and begged him to stay no longer at Saint-Cloud, "which was threatened."

No one thought of asking who threatened Saint-Cloud. The phrase "Saint-Cloud is threatened" spread in a moment through the rooms and corridors of the palace. In an instant every one was afoot. The king was awakened, told that Saint-Cloud was threatened and asked for orders. Two hours later the king, the duchesse de Berry, and the two royal children started for Trianon under the escort of a bodyguard of a hundred men. The dauphin stayed behind to direct the retreat of the troops.

Next day the following proclamation appeared, signed by the duc d'Orléans and announcing his acceptance to the Parisians :

"CITIZENS OF PARIS !

"The deputies of France, now met in Paris, have expressed their wish that I should come to the capital to perform the duties of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. I do not hesitate to share your dangers, to take up my post in the midst of an heroic people, to make every effort to preserve you from civil war and anarchy. Entering the city of Paris, I was proud to bear the glorious colours that you have recovered, and that I myself have long carried.

"The Chambers are about to meet. They will consult on the means of re-establishing law and order. A charter will henceforth be a reality."

But before drawing up this proclamation and binding

himself, the duc d'Orléans, like the ancients who undertook nothing without consulting the oracle of Delphi or of Dodona, had consulted the Calchas¹ of the rue Saint-Florentin.

M. de Sébastiani was sent by the prince to seek advice from the failing voice which still disposed of crowns. He was shown into M. de Talleyrand's room while he was making his morning toilet, and gave him the letter addressed to him by the prince.

"Let him accept," said M. de Talleyrand. And the prince accepted.

By this acceptance a great local revolution was accomplished, and a bourgeois monarchy substituted for an aristocratic one. It leads on naturally to the popular magistracy at which we have arrived at last.

¹ Priest and soothsayer of the Greeks before Troy—*Translator's Note.*

CHAPTER L

The duke at the hôtel de Ville—General Dubourg—Awkward questions
—The future ministers.

THE proclamation of the duc d'Orléans was read to the Chamber and hailed with enthusiasm. Then followed a moment when every one looked round and wondered where he now stood.

Benjamin Constant, M. Guizot, M. Bérard, and M. Villemain had the task of bringing order on to this chessboard, where so many pawns had been captured, and a king, descended from so long a line, had just been checkmated. This is what they produced :

“Men of France ! France is free ! Autocracy raised its flag : the heroic people of Paris tore it down. Paris was attacked : she made the sacred cause triumphant, in fact, that had just vainly triumphed at the elections. A usurper of our rights, a disturber of our peace, menaced both liberty and order. We have recovered order and liberty. No more fears for the rights we have earned ! No more obstacles between us and the rights we still have to acquire !

“A government that shall guarantee these blessings is what the country needs to-day. Frenchmen ! Your deputies, already at Paris, are met and, while awaiting the regular proceedings of the Chambers, have invited a Frenchman who has always fought on your side, the duc d'Orléans, to fulfil the duties of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. This is, in their opinion, the way to ensure promptly and peacefully the success of lawful defence.

“The duc d'Orléans is devoted to the national and constitutional cause ; he has always defended its interests and professed its principles. He will respect our rights, for his own will be held from us. We will pass laws ensuring all the necessary guarantees that liberty may be strong and lasting, namely :

"The re-establishment of the National Guard, with power to intervene in the choice of officers.

"The intervention of citizens in the formation of municipal and departmental governing bodies.

"A jury for offences of the press.

"Legally organised responsibility for the secondary ministers and agents of administration.

"Legally assured standing for soldiers.

"Re-election of deputies promoted to public offices.

"We will give our institutions the development they need, in conjunction with the leader of the State.

"Frenchmen! The duc d'Orléans has spoken himself and his words befit a free country. He says to you: 'The Chambers are about to meet. They will consult on the means of re-establishing law and order and maintaining national rights.' The Charter will henceforth be a reality."

This was accurate with the exception of one slight alteration in the last line. The change seemed small but signified much. Instead of "*A* charter will henceforth be a reality," these gentlemen had put "*The* Charter will henceforth be a reality."

This *erratum* did away with the making of a new charter and provided that the government of barricades should only bind itself to give the people the amount of liberty promised by the fallen government.

A deputation from the Chamber was sent to the duc d'Orléans, in the first place to congratulate him and, secondly, to bring him to the hôtel de Ville. He had already got the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies on his side. He had now only to win over the hôtel de Ville—that is to say the fortress where the great popular goddess, Revolution, had taken refuge at every outbreak for the last nine hundred years.

Revolution was there again now, and when the power came to the duc d'Orléans he was obliged to go to her to have it consecrated.

They set out: the duc d'Orléans on horseback, uneasy at the bottom of his heart, but outwardly calm. M. Laffitte followed him, and, as he could not walk on account of a sprained leg, and could not go in a carriage

on account of the unpaved streets, he was carried in a sedan-chair by Savoyards. All went well from the Palais-Royal to the river-side. They were in the quarter of the middle classes, and the middle classes cheered their chosen leader. But the Pont-Neuf once passed, they were in the people's domains, and here marks of enthusiasm gradually gave way to an icy silence. At the place de Grève they found a state of open revolution, and, seeing men with bare arms, the straw of the late encampment still littering the ground, and traces of fighting, elsewhere obliterated but here carefully preserved, one could not have surmised that all was over in another quarter and that the people had resigned in favour of the Chamber of Peers, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Palais-Royal. No; the people, gloomy, uneasy, and watchful, seemed to have taken refuge at the hôtel de Ville.

The duc d'Orléans dismounted. The sombre vault of the hôtel de Ville yawned before him like the mouth of an abyss. He went up the steps, looking very pale, and disappeared with his slender following into its gloomy recess. It was a small mouthful for the stony monster that devoured him.

M. de la Fayette was awaiting his royal visitor at the top.

Chance made me a spectator of the duke's reception. I had just come from Soissons, where, by General la Fayette's order, I had gone to collect six thousand pounds of powder.

The situation was a grave one. This step that the duc d'Orléans had taken in going to seek the people's sanction in the people's palace was a rupture, entire and lasting, with the monarchy of divine right. It was the consummation of fifteen years of scheming; it was the consecration of revolt in the person of a prince of the blood. All the same, the details of the reception were mean considering the significance of the event. It was characteristic of la Fayette to fritter away the grandeur and solemnity of circumstances and lay weight on details.

The declaration was read to the Chamber. When the reader came to these words, "A jury for offences of the press," the man who was to make the famous laws of September leant over to la Fayette and said:

"That is a useless clause, my dear general, for, as I hope, there will be no more offences of the press."

When the reading was finished, he placed his hand on his heart and answered:

"As a Frenchman I grieve for the evil done to the country and for the blood that has been spilt; as a prince I am happy to contribute to the happiness of the nation."

At this moment a man in the uniform of a general pressed through the crowd and faced the prince. It was General Dubourg, who was to help on the revolution in so powerful a fashion, a man never heard of before and never to be mentioned after it.

"You have made a sacred promise, Monseigneur," said the general to the prince. "See that you keep it; for"—and he pointed to the square filled with excited people—"for if you forget it, the people now gathered in the place de Grève will know how to recall it to you."

The prince started, flushed, and said in a voice of emotion:

"Monsieur, you do not know me. I am an honest man, and when I have a duty to fulfil I am not to be won by prayers or moved by threats."

Then, turning to la Fayette, the prince said a few words in a tone that could only be heard by those standing near. But almost at the same instant and as if to make a diversion the scene took on some grandeur. La Fayette drew him towards the window, put a tricolour flag in his hand and showed him to the populace in the sacred shadow of the national colours.

The crowd broke out into cheers. The same scene had been enacted under almost the same circumstances forty years before, with Louis XVI. Only this revolution, free from excesses, was to have neither its Flesselles, its Foulon, nor its Berthier; and whereas the earlier one had led Louis XVI in a short four years

from public applause to the scaffold, the later one was to take eighteen years to conduct Louis Philippe from triumph to exile.

The duc d'Orléans was cheered on his way back to the Palais-Royal. Nothing was wanting. He had got the triple sanction of the Chamber of Peers, the Chamber of Deputies, and the hôtel de Ville; of M. de Semonville, M. Laffitte, and M. de la Fayette. That evening one of those vehicles known as "carolines" took the sister, wife, and children of the lieutenant-general from Neuilly to the Palais-Royal.

But there was a harder struggle before him at the Palais-Royal than he had gone through at the hôtel de Ville. While he was embracing wife, sister, and children, thinking his day's work over, M. Thiers made his way in—an easy matter at this time—and announced *his* Republicans. M. Thiers' Republicans were all those generous young spirits of the "National" whom we have since seen come to power, and who unhappily did not bring to the task a knowledge equal to their integrity. They were, in fact, M. Boinvilliers, M. Godefroy Cavaignac, M. Guinard, M. Thomas, M. Bastide, and M. Chevallon.

The prince seemed much surprised. He had not foreseen this visit and so had not had time to prepare himself for it. They began with a few vague words, partly of attack, partly of politeness. It was the skirmish preceding battle.

It was M. Boinvilliers who gave the word.

"To-morrow, prince," said he, "you will be king."

The duc d'Orléans started.

"King, monsieur! Who says so?"

"The steps your supporters are taking; the pressure they are bringing to bear on things; the placards with which they are covering the walls; the money which they are spending in the streets."

"I don't know what my supporters may be doing," the duke answered. "But I know this, that I have never aspired to the crown, and I don't want it, although many people press me to accept it."

"However," said M. Boinvilliers, "that isn't the question. Suppose you were to become king, what is your opinion on the treaties of 1815? This is not a *liberal* revolution, remember, not an affair of the streets; it is a *national* revolution. It is the sight of the tricolour flag that has roused the people, and it will be even easier to urge Paris toward the Rhine than to Saint-Cloud."

"Messieurs," answered the duke, "I am too good a Frenchman, and above all too good a patriot, to be a partisan of the treaties of 1815; but it is necessary to show much caution toward foreign powers, and there are sentiments which must not be spoken aloud."

"Let us proceed, then, to the peerage."

"To the peerage?" repeated the prince in the tone of one who says, "So I am to be cross-examined."

"The peerage, as you will agree," said M. Boinvilliers, "has no longer any roots in society; the Code, by abolishing the right of primogeniture and dividing heritages, has cut off aristocracy at its source. The principle of hereditary nobility has had its day."

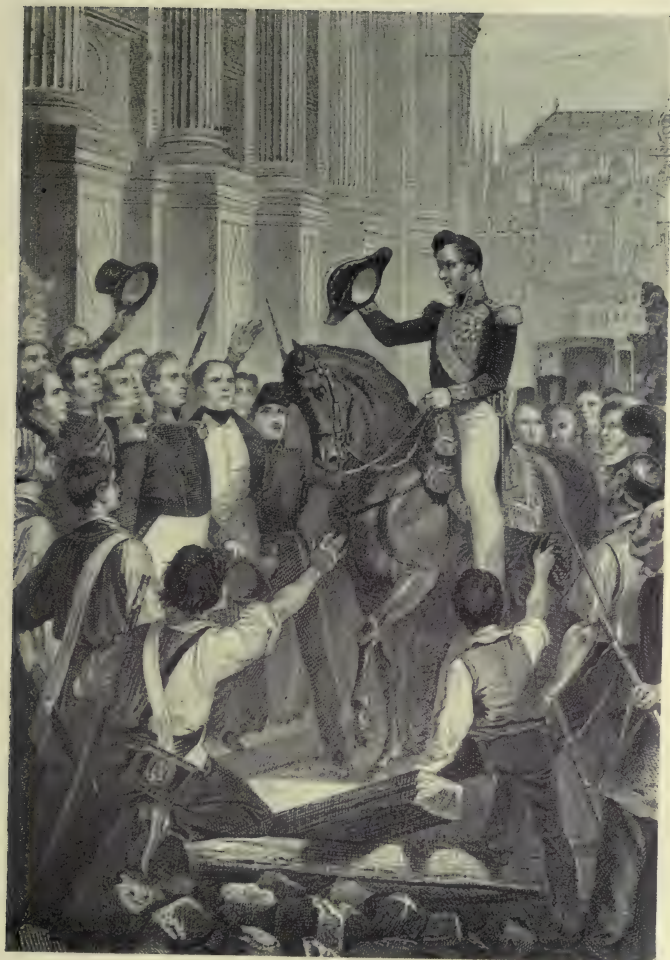
"I think, messieurs, that you are mistaken on this question of heredity," said the duke. "It is, in my opinion, a great safeguard for the opinions you hold; for the peerage becomes in certain families a right which a son receives from his father, instead of a favour received from the king; and the principle of independence, always easy to stifle in an elected chamber, is stronger in an hereditary one. However," he added, "it is a question still to be gone into, and if the hereditary peerage cannot exist longer, *it is not for me to revive it at my own cost.*"

"Monseigneur," said M. Boinvilliers, next, "I think that, even in the interests of the Crown, you should summon the Primary Assemblies."

The duke started as if a serpent had bitten him.

"The Primary Assemblies!" said he. "Oh, I see, messieurs, that I am speaking to Republicans!"

The deputies bowed, they accepted the title instead of repudiating it.



LOUIS PHILIPPE AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

"Do you think a republic possible in France, then, messieurs?" cried the duke. "Was not the lesson of '93 enough?"

"Monseigneur," said Cavaignac, "'93 was a revolution, not a republic. As well, if I remember aright, republic or revolution, the events which passed between '89 and '93 had your entire support. You belonged to the Society of Jacobins."

"Yes, but by good luck I didn't belong to the Convention!" cried the duke with energy.

"No, but your father, and mine too, did, Monseigneur. And they both voted for the king's death."

"It is just because of that, M. Cavaignac, that I said what I did. The son of Philippe Égalité may be allowed to express his opinion of the regicides. Besides, monsieur, my father was much calumniated. He was one of the best men I have ever known."

"Monseigneur," said M. Boinvilliers, interrupting the duc d'Orléans in the enumeration of his father's good qualities and the falsehoods of which he had been the victim, "one more fear remains."

"What is that?"

"We fear,—and we have our reasons for it,—we fear to see the new throne surrounded by Royalists and priests."

"Oh, as for them, you may be easy enough! They have done my family too much harm already. Some of the calumnies I spoke of just now came from them. There is an eternal barrier between us. They are all for the elder branch!"

And he said these words with such animosity that the Republicans gazed at him, surprised in their turn.

"Well, messieurs," he said, "is it news to you that both principles and interests have always divided the younger branch from the elder, the House of Orléans from the reigning House? Oh, our dislike does not date from yesterday; it goes back to Philippe, brother of Louis XIV. When he was regent, who calumniated him? The priests and Royalists. Some day, messieurs, when you have gone deeper into historical questions,

dug down to the roots of the tree you want to fell, you will know what the regent was, and what immense services he did France in decentralising Versailles, and, by his system of finance, causing the wealth of France to circulate through the smallest branches of society. Ah, I only ask one thing! If heaven should call me to reign over France, as you said just now, may I be given some degree of his genius!"

Then he held forth lengthily on the changes brought about by the regent's policy in the diplomatic situation of Europe; and said a few words on his alliance with England which showed that he would seek the same support as his ancestor.

This digression had nothing to do with the real object of the Republicans' visit; besides, they had learnt all that they wanted to know on that head. They bowed, to indicate that they wished to withdraw.

Seeing this, the duc d'Orléans saluted in his turn.

"Ah, well, messieurs!" he said, "you'll come back to me. You'll see! You'll see!"

"Never!" answered one of them.

"Never? That is too positive! And the old proverb, you know, says, 'Il ne faut pas dire *Fontaine*.'"¹

The visitors were gone, or had turned their backs, before he could finish the proverb to which he alluded, and which expressed to a nicety his scorn for that deep-seated sentiment that men call a conviction.

Next day General la Fayette, at the head of the municipal committees, returned the visit that the duc d'Orléans had paid the day before at the hôtel de Ville. The municipal committee, besides returning the visit of ceremony, had to resign its functions into the hands of the lieutenant-general.

Here, word for word, is the resignation of this power of the people, improvised on the evening of the 30th and dissolved on August 1st. It had

¹ "Fontaine, je ne boirai pas de ton eau" (La Fontaine's Fables).—*Translator's Note.*

been written beforehand and was dated from the hôtel de Ville.

“MONSEIGNEUR, the members of the municipal committee have the honour to inform your Royal Highness that, the weighty causes for the creation of this temporary power no longer existing since you have become the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, they await your Highness's instructions to resign the functions confided to them into the hands you may be pleased to indicate.

“With respect,

“We are,

“Your Royal Highness's very humble and obedient servants,

“DE SCHONEN, LOBAU, AUDRY DE PUYRAVEAU.”

The duc d'Orléans replied, accepting the resignation, but begging the municipal committee to help on those functions which had to do with the interior and the safety and municipal interests of Paris. As for the other public offices, he begged them to return them to the different ministers competent to deal with them.

The committee had foreseen this and prepared the list of ministers, which was submitted for the lieutenant-general's approval. The future ministers, however, were only to be entitled provisionary commissioners. They were :

M. Dupont (of Eure) appointed to Justice.

Baron Louis to Finance.

General Gérard to the War Office.

M. Casimir Périer to the Home Office.

M. de Rigny to the Admiralty.

M. Bignon to Foreign Affairs.

M. Guizot to Education.

CHAPTER LI

Charles X at Rambouillet—The last Ordinance—A letter to the lieutenant-General.

AN incident occurred, however, which caused the combination some trouble. Hardly had Casimir Périer accepted than he cast a side-glance at Versailles. Charles X was only at Rambouillet as yet, so he recollected himself and found it rather too soon to show his hand so openly. He hurried to the hôtel de Ville and begged Bonnelier, then secretary of the municipal committee, to take his name off the list. Unluckily, the list had already gone forward, and he had to be content with an *erratum* in the *Moniteur*.

M. de Broglie took his place.

Two of the ministers on this first list of the royalty of July were to have strange lots cast them in the future. M. Guizot was called on to bury the monarchy that he was now receiving in its cradle. M. Dupont (of Eure) was to be one of the first ministers of the government that was to replace it. A strange destiny, for statesmen generally do not arrive at power until they have no longer the strength to sustain it, whether it flourish or fall.

Meanwhile, as we have said, Charles X had beaten a retreat. He halted at Trianon on July 31st, where he was rejoined by the dauphin and the troops that remained faithful, and started for Rambouillet, after hearing mass said at an altar concealed in a closet.

The following arrangements were made :

M. de Bordesouilles stayed at Versailles at the head of his division. The dauphin was to sleep at Trappes. The duchesse de Berry and her two children were to

travel in a carriage. The king was to reach Rambouillet on horseback.

They arrived at Rambouillet at midnight on July 31st. Charles X was in a very bad temper. His famishing escort had taken upon itself to hunt in the park and kill several fat bucks. The king asked what was the shooting that he had heard, and was told that it was the sportsmen's guns.

"Sportsmen!" he repeated. "They were hunting! Who were they?"

"They belonged to the royal escort, but their necessity must be their excuse."

"That doesn't matter!" cried the king. "They've failed in their duty flagrantly! I shall not be able to hunt in this park if they make havoc in it like this!"

Perhaps another in Charles' place would have thought of his ruined monarchy instead of his park, and would have remembered with a sigh that in this same castle Marie Louise and the king of Rome had stayed, sixteen years before, when driven out by those same allies that had brought himself back to France.

As for the dauphin, his ideas were much the same.

"Do you know what I regret in France, Guiche?" said he.

"I don't know, Monseigneur. There are so many things to regret!"

"Well, it is my hunting equipage. It was such a fine one!"

As he passed by the sixth regiment of the guard he asked:

"Colonel, can you count on your men?"

"Every man will do his duty, Monseigneur," answered the colonel, bowing.

The prince went on; then, stopping in front of a soldier, he said:

"Your collar is badly put on."

The fugitive princes were brought back to a sense of their position in spite of themselves; in the first place by the return of the dauphine, who came from Dijon. On the way she had met the duc de Chartres, who, now

at liberty, was going to rejoin his regiment at Joigny. The dauphine had recognised the duc de Chartres and stopped the carriage.

"Monsieur," she asked the young prince, "do you come from Paris?"

"Yes, madame."

"What has been happening there?"

Then the duc de Chartres had told her what he himself only knew by hearsay.

"And where is the king?" asked the dauphiness.

"I think he is at Saint-Cloud."

"You think? Cannot you tell me for certain?"

"I stayed outside the walls of Paris, madame, and all I saw was the tricolour flag floating over the public buildings."

"Where are you going?"

"To join my regiment at Joigny."

"You'll keep it faithful, won't you?"

"Madame, I shall do my duty."

The duc de Chartres saluted and the two carriages went on in opposite directions.

When he saw the princess, exiled from France for the third time, Charles X went towards her with open arms, but could not speak for emotion. She had more fortitude.

"This time, whatever happens, we shall not part again, I hope," she said.

About 2 o'clock a deputation from Paris was announced. The king asked the names of the delegates.

"MM. de Coigny, Maréchal Maison, Odilon Barrot, and de Schonen."

"How does Coigny come to be with these gentlemen?" asked Charles X in surprise.

"As the representative of M. de Mortemart."

"I will see Coigny, but Coigny alone," answered the king.

This is what had happened. The duc d'Orléans was uneasy. The Chambers were conciliated, the hôtel de Ville was submissive, the Republicans were reduced to impotence, but there remained one power, the feeblest

of all, but terrible to the prince by its very weakness. This last power Louis Philippe wanted to win over. Consequently he had sent for M. de Mortemart, just returned to Paris after taking the prince's letter to the king in a fold of his cravat.

"Monsieur le duc," he said to him, "the situation of the royal family makes me uneasy. The news I hear from Rambouillet makes me fear that insurrection may gain ground about the king's person."

"Well, Monseigneur?" demanded M. de Mortemart. "Well, I think it would be as well for a deputation to go to the king, to negotiate new concessions."

"What would these concessions be, Monseigneur?"

"Oh, well, for instance, he might confirm my nomination to the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom, withdraw his Ordinances, and authorise the opening of the Chambers. That would make my position easier and allow me to do more for him than I shall be able to do if he goes on protesting against the revolution."

"Monseigneur, I am the king's faithful servant to the end," said M. de Mortemart, "and, as I believe in your Highness's sincerity, I am at your service."

A deputation had then been appointed. It was composed, as we have said, of MM. de Schonen, Maison, and Odilon Barrot. Then, M. de Mortemart, who did not want to leave the scene of action, or who perhaps cherished a little kindly feeling for Charles X who had made him a minister, was replaced by the duc de Coigny. The king would only receive the duke. The discussion was long. M. de Coigny, a man of perfect manners, tactful, and spirited, at last convinced Charles X, and left the king's room with the following Ordinance, which was sent at once to the duc d'Orléans:

"The king, wishing to put an end to the troubles existing in the capital and in another part of France and counting always on the sincere attachment of his cousin, the duc d'Orléans, appoints him lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

"The king, thinking good to withdraw his Ordinances of July 25th, authorises the Chambers to meet on August 3rd, and hopes they may re-establish tranquillity in France.

"The king will await the return of the bearer of this declaration here.

"If any attempt should be made on the life or liberty of the king and his family, he will defend himself to the death.

"Given at Rambouillet, August 1st, 1830.

"CHARLES."

This message reached the duc d'Orléans next day at seven in the morning. M. Dupin was with him. M. Dupin had become very brave since he had seen the two Chambers and the hôtel de Ville declare for the duc d'Orléans. He was as hard and curt on August 2nd as he had been irresolute on July 27th, 28th, and 29th. So his advice was to send the king a forcible answer. And, to be sure of the force, he wrote out the answer himself. The duke read it, approved, copied it in his own hand, and put it into an envelope. Then, thinking better of it, he said :

"My dear Monsieur Dupin, on thinking it over, I cannot send a letter of such importance without consulting my wife."

M. Dupin thought this delicacy so proper that he gave way. The duc d'Orléans went out, and a quarter of an hour later returned with the letter inside the same envelope.

"Well ? " demanded M. Dupin.

"Well, here is the reply."

And this reply was given to the king's messenger. It was certainly the same envelope, but was it the same letter ? It is unlikely that it was, for on receiving it Charles X was visibly affected and, going to his writing-room almost directly, wrote the following letter with his own hand, and gave it to General Latour-Froissac to take to Paris.

"RAMBOUILLET,

"August 2nd, 1830.

"COUSIN,

"I am too deeply grieved by the ills which afflict or threaten my people not to have considered means to

prevent them. I am resolved, therefore, to abdicate my throne in favour of my grandson, the duc de Bordeaux.

"The dauphin, who shares my feelings, renounces his rights also, in favour of his nephew.

"As lieutenant-general you have, therefore, to proclaim the accession of Henry V to the throne.

"You will take, as well, all measures which concern you to regulate the form of government during the new king's minority. I limit myself, here, to making my arrangements known; the best way to avoid many evils.

"You will communicate my intentions to the diplomatic body, and you will let me see, as soon as possible, the proclamation by which my grandson will be recognised as king under the name of Henry V.

"I am entrusting this letter to lieutenant-general the vicomte de Latour-Froissac. He has orders to consult with you on the arrangements to be made in favour of the persons who have accompanied me, also on all that concerns me, personally, and the rest of my family.

"We will arrange later the other measures which will result from the change of reign.

"I renew, cousin, the assurance of the sentiments with which I am

"Your affectionate cousin,

"CHARLES LOUIS ANTOINE."

Besides this letter M. de Latour-Froissac was the bearer of two others to the duchesse d'Orléans. One was from Mme. de Gontaut, the other from Mademoiselle.

CHAPTER LII

"I will not be regent"—The "protectors" of Charles X—"First Cherbourg, then England."

THE messenger of fallen royalty reached the Palais-Royal on the evening of August 2nd. All the gates stood open and men were sleeping on the steps with their loaded guns beside them. The followers of the new court were passing to and fro rather timidly through their strange bodyguard, but they went unhindered, without orders or pass-words. M. de Latour-Froissac thought, therefore, that it would be an easy matter to approach the duc d'Orléans, and he was much surprised when the aide-de-camp on duty barred his way.

"But, monsieur," said the general, "you may be making a serious mistake! Be careful!"

"Monsieur, I have my orders."

"I am M. de Latour-Froissac."

"I have the honour to know you, general."

"I am sent by his Majesty Charles X, charged with a message of the highest importance."

"Monsieur, no one can pass through here!"

"Listen to me, monsieur. As I have had the honour to tell you, I come from a king who is vanquished but not dethroned."

"I can only repeat what I have said already, monsieur. His Royal Highness the duc d'Orléans is not visible."

M. de Latour-Froissac withdrew, and, hurrying to M. de Mortemart, begged him to go back with him to the Palais-Royal and see if he had any better luck. They both got into a cab and drove to the gate of the courtyard. Here M. de Latour-Froissac handed over his dispatch to the duc de Mortemart, who entered alone.

Evidently the sentry's order had not been intended for him, for he gained admittance.

A minute later he rejoined M. de Latour-Froissac. The duc d'Orléans had received the message, but refused absolutely to see the messenger.

Then M. de Latour-Froissac bethought him of the duchesse d'Orléans, for whom, it will be remembered, he had two letters. The same refusal met him here at first, but on appealing to the loyalty of the duc de Chartres, through a college companion of his who was M. de Mortemart's nephew, the young duke, who had arrived that day, introduced M. de Latour-Froissac to his mother himself. The duchess shed many tears over Mademoiselle's letter, but she could do nothing. The duke was too deeply involved, and neither would nor could draw back now.

However, the tenacity Charles X showed in placing his grandson on the throne of France had alarmed the duc d'Orléans. The pretext for refusing to undertake the regency which he had given to M. de Mortemart was drawn from the history of his ancestor.

“ No, no ! ” he cried. “ I will never undertake a regency ! The first time the duc de Bordeaux had a stomach-ache they would say I had poisoned him ! ”

Alas, he did not foresee that eighteen years later he in his turn would be slipping down the hill which royalty descends so swiftly ; he, in his old age, would push forward his grandson, hoping, like Albuquerque, to disperse the storm by holding up a child in his arms ; repulsed by Lamartine, as he had himself repulsed the duc de Bordeaux, he would see the comte de Paris take the exile's road which has no bounds and often no return.

It was necessary, at any cost, to get rid of Charles X ; to drive him from Rambouillet as he had been driven from Paris and start him on that Normandy road where the crowns of our kings roll down to the sea.

To begin with it was decided to nominate four commissioners to protect Charles X against the public fury. These were Maréchal Maison, M. de Jacqueminot, de Schonen and Odilon Barrot. Then they added M. de

Coigny, as they had done before, to soften the harshness of the warning. All four were sent to the Palais-Royal. Louis Philippe saw them, told them that Charles X demanded protection, and explained their mission. They were to protect the king until he was out of the country.

"But," said M. de Schonen, "we must be prepared for everything, monsieur. What are we to do if Charles X places the duc de Bordeaux in our hands?"

"What!" cried Louis Philippe, obviously annoyed by the question. "The duc de Bordeaux? But he is your king!"

The duchesse d'Orléans was present. She threw herself into her husband's arms with a cry of joy.

"Oh, monsieur!" she said, sobbing, "you are the best man in the kingdom!"

The commissioners left, aware that the duc de Bordeaux was their king, but not knowing what they were to do if this king were placed in their hands. They were to see for themselves.

It was the same day that the duc d'Orléans published his protest against the birth of the duc de Bordeaux in the *Courrier Français*. Also the prince summoned General Hulot and Captain Dumont-Durville. The former was ordered to press on and ensure the departure of the king for Cherbourg in every way possible; the latter was to wait for the king to embark at Cherbourg and, as soon as he was on board, escort him to England.

CHAPTER LIII

The expedition to Rambouillet—The opening of the Chambers—A reign of one day—Louis Philippe, king of the French—Charles X appeals to England.

THE commissioners arrived at Rambouillet in the middle of the night. Charles X, who had asked for nobody, was astonished when four ambassadors were announced as having been demanded by himself.

He replied that the hour was ill-chosen for an audience, but that, nevertheless, he offered the hospitality of the château to the commissioners. The commissioners refused in their turn and took the road back to Paris.

The duc d'Orléans saw them on their return and became alarmed.

"He must go, all the same," he murmured. "He must! He must!"

"But how are we to make him decide to go?" asked one of the commissioners.

"By frightening him."

Then, taking Colonel Jacqueminot aside, he gave him orders in a low voice. The colonel bowed and went out. The expedition to Rambouillet was decided upon.

Next day Paris awoke to the noise of drums beating the alarm, while men of the people—or dressed like the people, which is rather different—ran through the streets shouting "To arms!"

People woke up, asked questions, and learnt that Charles X had gathered 12,000 men at Rambouillet; that he was making ready to march on Paris, and that an appeal was made to the patriotism of the combatants of July. Many guns and carbines had not yet been laid by, and at 8 o'clock 30,000 men were ready. They started to march to Rambouillet, the procession

being swelled by patriots at every town and village it passed.

At the first sound of the drum the commissioners set off for Rambouillet, but not so quickly that they had not time to appreciate the formidable movement that was preparing. This time the commissioners were brought before Charles X, whose abdication had already been sent to the Chamber of Peers. Maréchal Maison was the first to speak, and, explaining their mission, told the king that they were followed by a column of 50,000 to 60,000 men.

"Have you not read my abdication, monsieur?" asked Charles X.

"I have read it, sire."

"Then you must have seen that I am resolved to die sooner than submit to violence."

M. Odilon Barrot answered him.

"I do not doubt, sire," he said, "that you are ready to sacrifice your own life; but for the sake of your servants who have been faithful to you to the last, and who must be all the dearer to you for that reason, spare us a catastrophe in which they must perish uselessly. You have renounced the crown, your son has abdicated——"

"Yes, but in favour of my grandson!" interrupted Charles X eagerly. "I have reserved those rights, and those rights I will defend with the last drop of my blood."

M. Odilon Barrot interrupted Charles X in his turn.

"Whatever the rights of your grandson may be," he said, "whatever your hopes may be for his future—for the sake of those hopes, even,—be assured that you must not allow your name to be stained with French blood."

Charles X here turned to the duc de Ragusa, who was present.

"What are we to do, monsieur?" he asked.

Then M. Odilon Barrot seized the hands of the king, who must have been considerably astonished thereby, and cried:

“Sire, you must complete your sacrifice, and complete it instantly!”

At these words Charles X signified that he wished to be alone, no doubt in order to consult with his family and friends.

The commissioners consequently retired. Half an hour later they were informed that the king had left Rambouillet and was on his way to Maintenon.

The waggon in which the crown jewels had been packed was standing, by Charles X's particular order, in the courtyard of the château. The commissioners sealed it, ordered General Pajol, who commanded the popular force marching upon Rambouillet, to return to Paris, and brought up the rear of royalty's retreat themselves in a carriage drawn by four mules.

Such was the difference between our two revolutions. In 1791 Louis XVI, fleeing to Varennes, was brought back by three commissioners charged to keep watch over the prisoner of the Temple, the sufferer of the place de la Révolution. In 1830 Charles X, fleeing to Rambouillet, was escorted to Cherbourg by four commissioners charged to keep a watch on him, and, once embarked, to abandon him to the waves and his own fortune. If clemency be a sign of strength, the France of 1830 was undeniably stronger than the France of 1791. It must be added that people felt instinctively in 1830 that the monarchy, bereft of its old supports, had only a feeble root left in the soil of France. In 1830 it was only a tree to root up; in 1791 there had been a forest to cut down.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the people's expedition was three-quarters of a league from Rambouillet. Here they got the order to halt and learnt that Charles X had left Rambouillet. We will describe this strange expedition, in which we took part, in all its details at some other opportunity. Numbering 30,000 men as it did, it would certainly have been beaten by three or four thousand, if well-disciplined and resolute. Some of the men encamped, some found shelter in the village of Coigniers; all were famishing.

At 6 o'clock in the morning, while the expedition was starting on its march back to Paris, the Parisians were gathering round the Palais-Bourbon. The lieutenant-general was to be present at the opening of the Chambers convoked by him. At 1 o'clock the cannon of the Invalides sounded; brazen, unmoved, and courtier-like, it always hails the ascending power, but is mute for the fallen. The deputations of peers and deputies hurried pell-mell, without distinction of rank or title, to receive the duc d'Orléans at the palace gate where, eighteen years later, his grandson was to seek unavailing shelter. Suddenly an usher loudly announced the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and the duc d'Orléans appeared, in uniform, wearing the decoration of the Legion of Honour. He held his hat in his hand and bowed to right and left with the caressing smile that had become stereotyped on his face these last three days. However, he was seen to grow pale when he found himself facing the empty throne. Did he remember that on this same spot, at the foot of this same throne, Charles X had stumbled, and that it was he, now preparing to mount it in his turn, who had picked up and handed the white-plumed cap to the king, the symbol of royalty that had fallen from his head? He stepped up on to the platform firmly, however, and took his seat on a folding chair. The duc de Nemours occupied another, opposite his father, in place of his eldest brother, the duc de Montpensier, who was then on his way to Paris at the head of his regiment. A complete staff was ranged round their future majesties, already illumined by the golden ray that shines on rising thrones. Oh! your grace the duc de Nemours, do you remember how you quitted this same spot, on February 24th, a disguised fugitive, abandoning your terrified nephew to the hands of the National Guard? But the veil of the future hung between 1830 and 1848, impenetrable with the events of eighteen years, and embroidered with golden hopes.

The duc d'Orléans began his speech.

"My lords and gentlemen," he said. "Paris, its peace

disturbed by a deplorable violation of its charter and laws, has defended these with heroic courage. In the midst of the struggle none of the guarantees of social order could exist; persons, property, rights, all that is dear and precious to men and citizens ran the gravest risks. In the absence of any public power my fellow-citizens have looked toward me; they have judged me worthy to work with them for the safety of the country and have asked me to fulfil the duties of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Their cause seems to me just, the dangers immense, the necessity imperative, and my duty sacred. I have hastened to my post among this valiant people, followed by my family and bearing the colours that have blazoned the triumph of liberty among us for the second time. I hastened, resolved to devote myself to the duty that circumstances might impose upon me in the work of re-establishing the authority of the law, saving our threatened liberty and preventing a repetition of those great evils by establishing the power of the Charter—that Charter whose name was an inspiration during the combat, and is still after the victory. In the fulfilment of this noble task it is for the Chambers to guide me. All rights must be fully guaranteed; all institutions necessary for their full and free exercise must have the development they need. Attached as I am by sentiment as well as conviction to the principles of free government, I accept beforehand all the consequences. I think it my duty to call your attention to the formation of National Guards, trial by jury for offences of the press, the formation of departmental and municipal administrations, and, above all, to the Fourteenth Clause of the Charter which has been so odiously interpreted.

“Such are my sentiments, gentlemen, in opening this session. The past is grievous to me. I deplore the misfortunes that I would gladly have prevented; but in the magnificent uprising of the capital and of all French cities, at the sight of order restored so marvellously soon after a resistance free of excess, a just pride in my country swells my heart, and I look forward with confidence to the future. Yes, gentlemen, this France who is so dear to us shall be happy and free. She will show Europe that, occupied solely with her internal prosperity, she cherishes peace as well as liberty and only desires the happiness of her neighbours. Respect for all rights, care for all interests, good faith in the government are the best means of disarming

factions and restoring that confidence in institutions, that stability, that is the only warrant of a people's well-being and a state's strength.

"My lords and gentlemen, as soon as the Chambers are constituted, I will bring to your notice the Act of Abdication of his Majesty Charles X. By this same Act his Royal Highness Louis Antoine, dauphin of France, also renounces his rights. This Act was placed in my hands yesterday, the second of August, at 11 o'clock in the evening. I have given orders for its deposit in the Chamber of Peers this morning, and am having it inserted in the official columns of the *Moniteur*."

The speech ended amid applause. The lieutenant-general declared the legislative session open and withdrew to the Palais-Royal. In the street Louis Philippe met the royal carriage and all the equipages of Charles X filled by the mob. Tricolour flags floated over them, borne by men mounted on the coachman's seat and the lackey's place behind. Points of lances and bayonets were sticking out of the windows.

Louis Philippe sent hastily for news from Rambouillet. The news was good. As we have said, Charles X had left Rambouillet for Maintenon. At Maintenon he had dismissed his guards and only kept his household troops to escort him to Cherbourg. On August 5th he was at Verneuil, and there he heard of the opening of the Chambers and read the lieutenant-general's speech. Great was his surprise when he found that the name of Henry V had not even been mentioned nor any of the rights of the royal child reserved. Nothing, however, could make him quite give up the hopes he placed in the duc d'Orléans.

"I am sure," he said, "that my cousin is incapable of taking a crown that does not belong to him."

"No," answered the dauphine; "he won't take it, but he will allow it to be put on his head."

"Meanwhile," said the dauphin, "this coach holds what has never been seen before, and that is three live kings of the French!"

“ And three kings without any crown ! ” replied the dauphine, sighing.

On August 7th Louis Philippe I was proclaimed king of France. On August 9th the fugitives heard the news at Argenteuil.

“ How could I be deceived like this ? ” cried Charles X. “ Oh, this is not what they promised me at Rambouillet ! ”

“ Very well,” said the dauphin, “ his grace the duc de Bordeaux has only reigned one day like me. It remains to be seen how many weeks the duc d’Orléans will reign.”

However, the retreat of the fallen family was found to be very slow, and it was decided to organise a movement in Normandy. Rambouillet had succeeded ; the same programme was given to the emissaries of the new government.

On the 12th the royal party had only reached Saint-Lô. There they heard that the National Guards of Valognes, Cherbourg, Bayeux, and Carentan had just risen. Charles X, so immovable for himself, trembled for the duc de Bordeaux’s life. To preserve his life seemed the last duty Providence required of him. Thenceforward they hastened their pace, crossed Carentan without stopping and arrived at Valognes on the 14th. From Valognes Charles X wrote to the king of England to ask for shelter ; a letter containing the same prayer, though indeed not so haughty, as the one Napoleon had written to the regent fifteen years earlier ; the same, too, as Louis Philippe was to address to queen Victoria eighteen years later. Then, before he left Valognes, Charles X laid aside his military uniform for fear of assassination and put on a plain coat without any ornament, as Napoleon also had been obliged to do in 1814, on his way to the Isle of Elba. The precaution was not needless. As they drew near Cherbourg a mob surrounded the escort crying, “ Down with the white cockade ! Liberty for ever ! ” The sixty-fourth regiment of the line immediately encircled the royal coach, and had the honour to be the last regiment faithful to the fallen House. They embarked

without further delay. An immense crowd covered the quay, the pier, and the ramparts, those magnificent maritime works begun by Louis XVI and finished by Napoleon. The behaviour of the royal family at this supreme moment presented the most striking contrasts. The old king was calm and dignified as usual. He was the nearest to the grave; for him exile would be but brief. The dauphine, usually so brave, was quite overcome. The dauphin seemed indifferent to the point of folly. The duchesse de Berry was furiously angry and ready to go to any length on the least sign of hope. Mademoiselle wept. She was nearly the same age as Mme. Royale, her aunt, had been when she left France. The duc de Bordeaux, just about as old as the count of Paris was when his turn came to flee, kissed his hand, from habit. The bystanders refused his kisses, but the mother-country, so often forced into ingratitude towards her best sons, treasured them.

Two vessels received Charles X and his train. These were the *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carroll*. On board the *Great Britain*, which was to take him to England, Charles X wrote the following testimony to M. Odilon Barrot :

“I have pleasure in doing the justice which is due to the commissioners as they request. I have nothing but praise for the attention and respect they have shown toward me and my family.”

The signal was given at last, at a quarter past two on August 14th. The captain had all sails set, and the *Great Britain*, towed by a steam tug, stood out to sea and vanished slowly on the horizon. It bore the royal exiles to the roadstead of Spithead. The gloomy hospitality of Holyrood awaited them, a hospitality almost as dishonourable to England as the murderous imprisonment of Saint-Helena.

By a strange coincidence the two ships that transported Charles X and his train belonged to Mr. Patterson, the brother-in-law of Jerome Bonaparte.

CHAPTER LIV

Foreign affairs—Attitude of European potentates—Arrest of former ministers.

HUGH CAPET had founded the dynasty of the great vassals ; Francis I that of the nobles ; Louis XIV that of the aristocrats ; Louis Philippe had just founded that of the capitalists. It is strange how little commercial affairs were disturbed by the creation of this monarchy by finance and the middle classes. On July 24th, three days before the revolution, government stock was at 105.15. On August 12th, three days after the establishment of the monarchy, it was at 104.40. The fall of the monarchy of Divine Right had brought about a fall of 75 centimes. But the tremendous shock that France so soon got over caused great disturbance abroad.

The power whose relations with France gave Louis Philippe most anxiety was Russia. The emperor of Russia had been ready to sign a treaty with the elder branch of the royal family which would give us the frontier on the Rhine on condition that we should allow him to take Constantinople ; and he lost the prey, coveted for a hundred and fifty years by the czars and emperors before him, on Louis Philippe's accession. The first envoy-extraordinary sent by France was M. Atthalin, bearing the following letter to the czar :

“ MONSIEUR MON FRÈRE,

“ I announce my accession to the throne in the letter which General Atthalin will present to your Imperial Majesty in my name, but I feel I must write to you in confidence about the results of the catastrophe that I would so willingly have prevented.

“Some time ago I regretted that the policy of Charles X and his government was not better calculated to meet the wishes and expectations of the nation. I was, however, far from foreseeing the extraordinary events which have come to pass, and I even thought that, with a little prudence and moderation, the government might continue in the same course. But the composition of the new ministry of August 8th, 1829, alarmed me. I saw how suspicious and odious it was to the nation and I shared in the general anxiety as to the measures we might expect from it. However, the love of law and order has made such progress in France that resistance would certainly have been confined to the usual parliamentary courses if the ministry, in its infatuation, had not itself given the signal for revolt by the most audacious violation of the Charter and by the abolition of all those guarantees of our national liberties for which every Frenchman is prepared to shed his blood. No excess has followed this terrible struggle, but it could hardly come to pass without some shock to our social state, and the very exaltation of men’s minds that has prevented so much disorder has inclined them towards experiments in political theories that would have brought terrible calamities upon France and perhaps upon Europe also. In this situation, sire, all eyes were turned upon me. The vanquished party themselves thought me necessary to their safety. It was for me, too, to save the victors from allowing their triumph to be abused. I took up the noble and arduous task, setting aside all personal considerations which would make me wish to be spared, because I felt that the least hesitation on my part might compromise the future of France and the peace of all her neighbours. The title of lieutenant-general, which left everything unsettled, provoked a dangerous mistrust, and it was needful to give up the provisional state, as much for the sake of inspiring the necessary confidence as for saving the Charter, the importance of which was so well known to the late emperor, your august brother, and which would have been seriously compromised unless the public had been promptly satisfied and assured. It will not escape the clear-sightedness and wisdom of your Majesty, that with this aim in view, it is most desirable that Parisian affairs should be seen in their true light and that Europe, doing justice to my motives, should have the confidence in my government that it may rightly inspire.

"May it please your Majesty not to lose sight of the fact that while Charles X reigned I was the humblest and most faithful of his subjects and that it was only when I saw the action of the law paralysed and the exercise of the royal authority totally destroyed that I thought it my duty to defer to the country's wish and accept the crown to which I was called.

"It is to you, sire, that France looks. She is happy to see her most natural and puissant ally in Russia, and her confidence will not be shaken. My warrant is the whole character and good qualities which distinguish your Majesty. I beg you to be assured of the high esteem and unalterable friendship with which I remain,

"Your Majesty's faithful brother,

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

M. Atthalin found the emperor in a state of great irritation. Not only had his Byzantine dream been dispelled by the accession of Louis Philippe, as we have already said, but he felt that, in spite of the limits Louis Philippe might try to impose, he was creating a powerful machine in the west, and the superfluity of liberty which compression forced out of it, hissing like a steam-jet, was destined to overflow. Not in the least gratified by the humble tone of the letter, he received General Atthalin with extreme coldness, and on September 8th he sent, by way of answer, the following ambiguous letter. It was made the more insolent by the omission of the title of "Brother" which Louis Philippe had bestowed upon him.

"I have received from General Atthalin the letter of which he was the bearer. Events, ever to be deplored, have placed your Majesty in a cruel dilemma; you have taken the only course which, as it appeared to you, would save France from the greatest misfortunes. I pronounce no opinion on the considerations which have guided your Majesty; but I hope that divine Providence may be pleased to bless your intentions and efforts for the well-being of the French people. In conjunction with my allies I shall be pleased to meet the wish, expressed by your Majesty, of preserving relations of peace and friendliness with all the

states of Europe. Europe will find in these relations the guarantee of this peace, so necessary to the tranquillity of France herself, so long as they are founded upon existing treaties and upon respect for rights and obligations as well as on the state of territorial possession consecrated by these treaties. Called on jointly with my allies to cultivate friendly relations with France under its government, I shall bring to the task all the solicitude it can claim, for my own part, and the goodwill with which I am happy to return to your Majesty the friendly sentiments you have expressed toward me.

“NICOLAS.”

The reply was cold, but what did that matter to the new king? What he wanted was peace, peace at any price. Peace was promised by Russia on condition that the treaties of 1815 were respected. That was all that Louis Philippe needed; he had never thought of infringing them.

After Russia, the power that gave him the most uneasiness was Austria, but Austria had the encroachments of Prussia to think of on the one hand, and the Milanese volcano, always ready to flare up, on the other. She was more afraid of us than we were of her. Hardly had Francis II heard that General Belliard had arrived, bearing a letter from the new king, than he gave him an audience.

“I recognise your king Louis Philippe,” he said to him. “It is a hard task he has taken upon himself; I hope he will be able to carry it through! Tell him to send me his ambassador at once.”

As for England, the successful candidate of July felt no anxiety about her. She had been injured by the elder branch’s treaty with Russia and by the campaign of Algiers. She knew that she had nothing of the sort to fear from a king who, as he had said himself, was French in name and English at heart. He was not mistaken. Charles X, the duc d’Angoulême, and the duc de Bordeaux were only received as private individuals, and while they journeyed sadly to Holyrood, amid marks of scorn and even of hatred, General

Baudrand was received with enthusiasm. He brought two letters, one addressed to king William, the other to the duke of Wellington, and received from each a reply, not only favourable, but gracious.

Prussia, like Austria, had watched the elder branch's alliance with Russia with some alarm. This alliance would give us the left bank of the Rhine, and the compensation Prussia would receive did not seem to her sufficient. The duc d'Orléans' accession abolished all these misgivings. Consequently, the cabinet of Berlin, without actually showing sympathy, promised not to be hostile and decided to leave the volcano "to burn itself out."

There only remained Spain; for we need not speak of the smaller powers like Saxony, Sweden, Bavaria, Portugal, Sardinia, and Würtemberg. Louis Philippe had written a most conciliatory letter to Ferdinand VII as he had to "his other brothers"; but the only reply he got was a manifesto that Ferdinand allowed to be published in his name, showing very scant respect for the new royalty.

The Spanish refugees thought it a favourable moment for their cause. Their committee met, and M. Marchais, M. Dupont, and M. Loëve Veymars were sent as delegates to the Palais-Royal to beg for the king's intervention in Spain. This subject had already been debated upon in the council. A majority of the ministers, including M. Guizot himself, were in favour of intervention; but Maréchal Sébastiani was strongly opposed to it; and as Louis Philippe feared nothing so much as a war that might lead to European disturbances, he sided with M. Sébastiani. The delegates of the Spanish committee did not know of this decision and appeared, full of hope. They proposed to give the hand of Dona Maria and the Spanish throne to the duc de Nemours, if the Liberal cause were to triumph in Europe through the duc d'Orléans' intervention. This was simply to propose the impossible. Louis Philippe refused, promising the Spanish refugees perfect liberty of action.

"Go your own way, messieurs," he said. "And as

for Ferdinand, you may hang him ; he's the greatest rascal that ever lived ! ”

Encouraged by this neutrality, the refugees made an attempt on Spain which was unsuccessful, but it was enough to frighten the court of Madrid, which thereupon gave its support to the new dynasty. The duc de Modena alone held out and would not recognise Louis Philippe.

Meanwhile an event, as gloomy as unlooked-for, took place. On August 26th, 1830, the prince de Bourbon was found hanged to the frame of his window. We do not mention this sad catastrophe in order to reopen the scandal of an infamous accusation. Had Mme. de Feuchères been accused and convicted of the crime of which science and law alike declared her innocent,¹ the shadow of suspicion would still fall upon the royal family. Woe to those who make use of such weapons to strike their enemies ! Like the dauphin when he snatched at the duke of Ragusa's sword, they only wound themselves. Moreover the trial shows us the distressing spectacle of a noble and virtuous woman like the queen associating herself with a woman like Mme. de Feuchères for the sake of an inheritance of 60,000,000 francs. It is an unhappy reign that is set between the suicide of the duc de Bourbon and the murder of Mme. de Praslin. Let us pass on quickly and beware of holding the young and noble hero of la Smale² responsible for the inheritance he enjoyed.

We turn with relief from the château of Saint-Leu in its funereal hangings, to Brussels, which was making its heroic resolution to shake off the yoke of Holland just at the moment when the prince de Bourbon was making his fatal resolve. Brussels, accustomed to imitate France, had had her own revolution of July and her new dynasty ; only, instead of a Belgian king she had but an Anglo-German one who was none the worse king for that.

¹ It was a case of suicide according to Pasquier, the king's physician, who discovered the body and cut it down—*Translator's Note.*

² The duc d'Aumale.—*Translator's Note.*

From Brussels the disturbance spread over the whole Confederation of the Rhine. Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Hamburg rose; even the peace-loving Vienna, that eighteen years later was to hear the republic proclaimed, had her revolt. Poland and Italy called to arms, but, with the exception of Brussels, the revolution was suppressed everywhere. Vienna, Hamburg, Cologne, and Aix-la-Chapelle submitted again to the yoke. Italy was bound again to the stake of infamy. The voice of Poland was stifled in blood, and M. Sébastiani announced in the Chamber that "tranquillity reigned in Warsaw."

"The tranquillity of the grave!" cried a voice.

France alone was still feverish and disturbed. The volcano would shake the world again once or twice before it was burnt out.

Among all the defunct powers, both aristocratic and popular as whose ruins Louis Philippe's throne was raised, only one survived, and that was the power of la Fayette, a singular mixture of democracy and aristocracy. The ghost of liberty lived on in him. Invested with the general command of the National Guards of the kingdom, la Fayette had great influence over the Militia—the influence of a great name, well-tryed loyalty, and, more than all, of the prestige which belongs to men who have seen great changes. He had seen the fall of Louis XVI, whose throne he had vainly tried to prop, and he had helped to overthrow the thrones of Napoleon and of Charles X by lending his influence at the moment when they were tottering. Nor was this all. During the Revolution la Fayette, associated with Carbonarism, had been in all the military plots. Colmar, Belfort, la Rochelle had heard his name whispered, though never spoken aloud, and la Fayette was therefore a source of annoyance to Louis Philippe. There was besides a kind of engagement, going by the name of the Programme of the hôtel de Ville, between the king of the middle classes and the people's dictator, by which the prince did not mean to be bound. At every deviation from the principles to which he owed his

election it was intolerably irksome to see la Fayette appear, advising and almost threatening him. The king decided to rid himself of la Fayette.

Placed in conditions somewhat similar to those that had led Octavius and Henri IV to the throne, Louis Philippe had a good deal of the cunning of the first Cæsar and of the deceitful geniality of the founder of the Bourbon dynasty. The former owed his throne to the Cæsarian party, and his first act was to sacrifice Marcus Antonius. The latter owed his to the Protestants, and his first act was to sacrifice Biron. Louis Philippe owed his throne to the Republicans, and the first thought he had was to sacrifice la Fayette.

An opportunity soon came. One morning the news arrived that M. de Polignac had been arrested in a little tavern on the Granville quay ; that M. de Peyronnet, denounced by a former government official, M. de Chantelauze, and M. de Guernon-Ranville had been arrested at Tours. All four were to be transferred to Vincennes.

It was the second time that M. de Polignac had been a prisoner in this castle. His former imprisonment had been in connection with the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal. The arrest made a great disturbance and embarrassed the first steps of the new monarchy very considerably. Would it give the lie to its origin and fail to share the people's anger against those who had signed the ordinances ? Or would it show severity and run the risk of slipping in the blood it had spilt at the very outset ?

Three commissioners were appointed to interrogate the ministers : M. Bérenger (not to be confounded with the poet who had already withdrawn into the obscurity from which he only came out to attack in his songs the king he had made), M. Madier de Montjau, and M. Mauguin.

CHAPTER LV

Preparations for the trial—Alarms and excursions.

THE aspect of the four ministers under arrest differed so much that no one would have thought that they were accused for the same cause and stood for the same principles. The remaining three, MM. de Montbel, Cappelle, and d'Haussez had made their escape.

M. de Polignac was calm and cheerful. He looked upon his arrest as a practical joke in rather bad taste which was bound to come to an end before long. He did not understand that if vengeance fell upon the king it would fall still more heavily upon the ministry. The king's inviolability would in his opinion cover the responsibility of his ministers. As for M. de Peyronnet, his behaviour was insolent rather than calm and showed more obstinacy than conviction.

"I owed everything to the king," he said. "The king had a right to dispose of me as he liked. He asked me to sign the Ordinances, and I signed them. If he had asked more I would have done it."

M. de Guernon-Ranville preserved a certain gaiety, but it was the gaiety of the misanthrope which ill-conceals the mind's uneasiness or the heart's anguish. It was conceivable that, in the solitude and silence of his prison, his meditations were long and bitter.

M. de Chantelauze was dejected and did not attempt to conceal the fact. Pale, sickly, and depressed, every word seemed to be an effort, every step painful.

The king had already shaken off some degree of responsibility by appointing a commission in the Chamber for the interrogation of the ministers. There were hopes also, from that day till when judgment was

given, of abolishing the death-penalty for political offences. Thus that great triumph of legal philosophy, the abolition of the death-penalty in political cases, was not the result of a great philanthropic conviction or social development, but of a petty, personal interest.

If the project miscarried and the death-penalty was retained, the trial would be carried before the Chamber of Peers, where the king could always carry things with a high hand. The Chamber had been forced to condemn Maréchal Ney in 1815; it would be forced to acquit MM. de Polignac, de Peyronnet, de Chantelauze, and de Guernon-Ranville in 1830.

As a beginning, executions had lately been suspended. In vain the austere Dupont (of Eure) had called for the application of the death-penalty two or three times. In the case of a parricide whose execution was demanded, the king, leaning towards M. Laffitte, had said :

“ My father died on a scaffold ! ”

This horror of the scaffold was shared by the whole family. The duc de Montpensier nearly fainted one day when I was relating the history of the guillotine in his presence.

The abolition of the death-penalty was proposed by M. Victor de Tracy on August 17th. On October 6th, M. Béranger read an amendment moving an adjournment, but M. Kératry and M. de la Fayette both spoke against it. Under their influence the Chamber voted an address to the king recommending the abolition of the death-penalty *in certain cases*. A committee was appointed to draw up this address, and at eight in the evening it was ready.

It was easy to forecast the king's answer, for the whole affair was his doing.

“ Messieurs,” he said, “ your desire has been shared by me for a long time.”

However, it was fairly certain that the people would not be duped by this false show of philanthropy; they would recognise the cause of it and would see that the reservation “ in certain cases ” opened a door of escape. Therefore it was proposed in the Tribune next day that

a pension of 500 francs should be given to widows of the citizens killed during the Three Days, an annual sum of 250 francs to their orphans until they reached the age of seven, and admission to the *hôtel des Invalides* for those who had been wounded. And all the same, in spite of these precautions the people were not duped. Wrath seethed in the lower depths of society and came bubbling to the surface from time to time.

On October 18th the walls of the Luxembourg were covered with menacing placards, put up in the night. Two or three bands of those men who only appear on days of ill-omen issued from the catacombs of society and pervaded the streets singing the "*Parisienne*" and crying "Death to the ministers!" They went to Vincennes, but were driven off by General Daumesnil's threat to pour grapeshot among them, and turned back to the Palais-Royal, where a council of ministers was being held.

The king was walking on the terrace with Odilon Barrot. The mob recognised the Prefect of the Seine, and, pretending not to see the king, they cheered Barrot. He wanted to address them, but the king checked him.

"Let them alone!" he cried. "Forty years ago I heard them cheer Pétion too."

The Prefect of the Seine bit his lip and went back to the Ministers' Council, while the guard of the Palais-Royal succeeded in dispersing the mob. Next day he made a proclamation. It is a mania with statesmen. Any man who has made his proclamation is a statesman and receives the sanction of some power or other from the people who read it. We will record M. Odilon Barrot's proclamation. It shows how he prepared the way for his own fall while he thought he was strengthening his forces.

"Citizens, your magistrates are much distressed by the disturbances which have troubled the public peace just when commerce and industry, that need security so much, were beginning to recover from the crisis that has already lasted too long. It is justice, not vengeance, which is de-

manded by the people of Paris, the people of the great Three Days, the bravest and most generous people on earth. Justice is the need and the right of strong and brave men ; vengeance is the indulgence of weak men and cowards. An untimely step (the proposal of the Chamber) has given grounds for supposing there was some scheme for interrupting the usual course of justice in the affair of the former ministers, Delays, which are nothing but the fulfilment of forms, and give justice a more solemn character, have strengthened and accredited this view which our enemies, always on the look-out to break us up, have exploited so vigorously. Hence this popular feeling, which for honest men and good citizens is due to nothing but a misunderstanding. I can assure you, fellow-citizens, that the course of justice has not been, and will not be, suspended nor broken. The inquiry into the charges against the former ministers is going on. They are in the hands of the law, and the law alone must decide their fate. Good citizens can neither ask nor wish for anything else ; yet what are these shouts for death that we hear in the streets, these placards in our public squares, if not an outrage upon justice ? We want for others what we should wish to have ourselves—calm and impartial judges, and some mistaken or malicious men threaten the judges before the pleading is even begun. People of Paris ! You will not countenance this outrage. The accused are sacred in your eyes ; they are in the safe-keeping of the law ; to insult them, to annoy their counsel, to anticipate the verdict of justice, is to violate the law of civilised society, to fail in the first duty of liberty. It is more than criminal, it is cowardly ! There is no citizen in this noble and glorious population who does not feel that it belongs to his honour and duty to hinder an attempt which would stain our revolution. Let justice be done, but violence is not justice. Such is the cry of all honest men, and it will be the principle on which your magistrates will act. In these grave circumstances they count upon the support and help of all true patriots to enforce the measures decided upon and to ensure public order.”

In the eyes of the king M. Odilon Barrot had just committed a fault that was not to be forgiven him for a long while. He had blamed the secret thought of

the man in the Chamber's address on the abolition of the death-penalty *in certain cases*. From this moment his fall was a certainty.

Louis Philippe easily obtained the council's agreement in this matter of the Prefect of the Seine's retirement. If we recall it to mind the ministry seems a strange mixture. The revolution of 1830 had just entrusted its interests to M. de Broglie, a fugitive from the Royalist camp; to M. Guizot, the man of Ghent; to M. Périer, who, up to the last minute, had fought against the revolution; to Sébastiani, who on the Thursday morning had declared that the white flag was his flag; and finally to General Gérard, the last minister of Charles X, who had only had to obtain the younger branch's signature to the elder branch's ordinance in order to stay in power.

None of these men cared in the least about Odilon Barrot, and when the king asked for his dismissal only Dupont (of Eure) opposed it. This was to ensure a speedy retirement for himself. Outside the ministry Odilon Barrot was still supported by Laffitte and la Fayette. It was an embarrassing position. M. Sébastiani suggested that the Prefect of the Seine should be approached and induced to retire of his own accord. The council was due to resume its interrupted sitting in the evening. The ministers met as usual that evening, but the king kept them waiting, contrary to his custom. Suddenly the door opened and he appeared, smiling and satisfied.

"Messieurs," he said, "I have to announce to you that the retirement of the Prefect of the Seine is decided upon, and that General la Fayette, understanding its expediency, approves of it."

"M. de la Fayette approves of the retirement of M. Odilon Barrot!" cried Dupont (of Eure). "But, sire, what your Majesty says is impossible!"

"I heard him say it, monsieur!" cried the king, with energy.

"Allow me, sire, to believe you are mistaken," Dupont insisted, bowing. "The general used different language

to me, and I do not believe him capable of contradicting himself on this point."

A flash of anger passed over the king's countenance, but he was silent.

"And, for myself," continued Dupont, "if M. Barrot retires I shall beg your Majesty to accept my resignation."

"But this morning, monsieur, you promised me to remain in office till the trial of the ministers."

"Yes, but on condition that M. Barrot remained."

"Unconditionally, monsieur!"

"This time, sire, I am sure your Majesty is mistaken."

"What, monsieur! You give me the lie! This is too much, and every one shall know how you have failed me!"

"Sire," replied the guardian of the Seals, "when the king says 'Yes' and Dupont of Eure says 'No,' I don't know which of the two France will believe."

And he saluted and moved towards the door. But on the threshold he met the duc d'Orléans, who barred his way, took him by both hands and led him back to the king.

"Sire," said the young prince, "M. Dupont is so worthy a man that there must be some misunderstanding in this."

The king embraced M. Dupont, who promised to remain. But all this was mere patching-up without real effect. If M. Dupont agreed to remain with MM. de Broglie, Guizot, Molé, Casimir Périer, Dupin, and Bignon; MM. Bignon, Dupin, Casimir Périer, Molé, Guizot, and de Broglie would not consent to remain with M. Dupont. The doctrinaires forced Louis Philippe to form a new cabinet by sending in their resignation. It was still M. Laffitte who had charge of this difficult operation. After two or three days of negotiation the *Moniteur* published the new list on November 2nd.

M. Laffitte was appointed to the Treasury and as President of the Council, M. Dupont (of Eure) Minister of Justice, General Gérard to the War Office, M.

Sébastieni to the Admiralty, M. Maison to Foreign Affairs, M. Montalivet to the Home Office, M. Mérilhou to the Education Department.

The three ministers with no appointment, Dupin, Casimir Périer, and Bignon, had resigned. Fifteen days later Maréchal Soult was appointed to the War Office, M. Sébastiani to Foreign Affairs, and M. d'Argout to the Admiralty.

Meanwhile the days were passing and the fatal hour was drawing near, that is to say the date fixed for the opening of the trial of the ministers. On October 4th, the Chamber of Peers had constituted itself a court of justice, ordered the removal of the ministers to the Petit-Luxembourg, and fixed the opening of the inquiry for December 15th.

The king had attained his object, which was to save the ministers by changing his ministry. The Chamber of Peers was his own. In the new ministry Laffitte, *his friend*, was at his disposal, de Sébastiani and de Montalivet were his toad-eaters, Gérard and Maison his devoted slaves. As for M. Mérilhou, he was an easy conquest. There only remained Dupont of Eure, who would do as la Fayette did, and la Fayette, who had been proscribed by M. de Polignac and wanted to be revenged in his own way by saving him.

In the interval between the formation of the new ministry and the opening of the trial M. Laffitte got his first wound from the hand of the man he had made king, and it was all the more painful for being unexpected.

CHAPTER LVI

The astonishment of Laffitte—His generosity—The three parties—
The artillery.

THE shock of the late government's fall would seem to have been more deeply felt in France than had at first appeared. Bankruptcies multiplied, the best-established houses were shaken in their credit, and M. Laffitte himself began to fear that, in flinging person and property into the revolution, as he himself said, he might have saved the former but had undoubtedly risked the latter. Feeling that his affairs would soon become embarrassed, M. Laffitte had proposed to sell his forest of Breteuil to the king, who had accepted the offer. But in order that the sale might be kept secret it was arranged that it should be effected by a private deed left unregistered.

M. Laffitte was therefore much astonished to receive the following letter from the king one morning; it was November 18th :

“ MY DEAR MONSIEUR LAFFITTE,

“ According to what I hear from a friend whose name I need not mention, you will understand why I have taken advantage of M. Jamet's ¹ absence—from whom I have kept the secret of the purchase made, not by me but at your house—to have the private deed registered as secretly as possible.”

This letter, incomprehensible enough to the public, was no less so to M. Laffitte. Who was this friend whom the king did not name? And why had he taken advantage of M. Jamet's absence to do a thing that he had promised not to do? One thing only was clear, that the deed had been registered as secretly as possible.

¹ M. Jamet was the king's own accountant.

Every one knows what secrecy of registration comes to, particularly in an affair of a sale of the value of eight or ten million francs. It was a terrible blow to M. Laffitte's credit, and the firstfruits of Louis Philippe's gratitude to the man who had made him king. But was not Louis Philippe obliged to destroy one after another the men who had raised him ?

M. Laffitte's vengeance was easy enough. He had only to send in his resignation, which would involve the resignations of Dupont (of Eure) from the ministry, of la Fayette from the command of the National Guard, and of Odilon Barrot from the prefecture of the Seine. Louis Philippe would then be left unprotected and helpless in the face of the popular resentment roused by the ministers' trial. Laffitte had the generosity to forbear, and, keeping to himself those fears which the future showed to be only too well founded, he hid the wound in the depths of his own heart.

He resolved to lend his countenance and that of his friends Dupont (of Eure), la Fayette, and Odilon Barrot to the ministers' trial, that stumbling-block over which the royalty of July might yet fall after its five months' existence.

There were three parties to contend against—the Legitimists, the Bonapartists, and the Republicans. The Legitimist party had made itself heard and seen when it took up the defence of Charles X, however little it was to be feared. Moreover, it owed its importance to the affluence of its members and, in a popular movement, fortunes may easily be compromised. Was it not a matter of common report that if the revolution of July had lasted four days instead of three the people would have looted on the fourth ? Unfortunate people ! Not only robbed, but also calumniated !

The Bonapartist party. The name of Napoleon II had scarcely been heard since the revolution of July in the midst of the trickery that had conjured the crown into the duc d'Orléans' hands. But since then the Bonapartists had gained strength, and, taking counsel with themselves, saw by the support they had among

the people, the ministry, the peerage, and the court that they were stronger than they had thought. Their candidate for the throne was, however, far away and out of power, and, even if they had been able to offer a throne to Napoleon II it was not likely that Austria would allow him to accept it.

The Republican party. Ah, here was the most serious consideration! Less formidable than the other two perhaps when the revolution of July had burst out, it had gained strength greatly since then and began to feel itself a force to be reckoned with. Moreover, its strength came from its convictions; a voice whispered from within itself that the future was its own. It was innocent of the excesses of '93, innocent of the secret persecutions of the Chamber. Its members lacked experience, certainly, but what did that matter as long as they were ready to die to overcome the obstacles that their inexperience might raise up? They had courage, devotion, integrity. What more could be wanted of men who asked neither for place, money, nor honours?

The strongest weapon of the Republican party was the artillery of the National Guard. It consisted of four batteries. The second, commanded by Guinard and Cavaignac, and the third, by Bastide and Thomas, belonged entirely to the Republican party. The duc d'Orléans had spread principles, not indeed of reaction, but of devotion to the king in the first battery, which he had entered as a private, as well as in the fourth. But in spite of the prince's influence we¹ were able to count on nearly a third of the men in these two batteries. The artillery was renowned for its smartness and the zeal it showed in drilling. At 6 o'clock on summer mornings, and at 8 in winter, it exercised in the courtyard of the Louvre where the ordnance stood. More than once we proved our diligence and address at Vincennes in friendly rivalry with the artillerymen of the line. The government therefore kept our artillery under very particular observation.

¹ Dumas, it will be recollected, was a member of the National Guard.—*Translator's Note.*

CHAPTER LVII

Death of Benjamin Constant—The trial—Imprisoned for life—The National Guard—La Fayette's reward—The King's medicines.

AT this juncture Benjamin Constant died. In his last days strange rumours were heard. It was said that he had been paid 400,000 francs for his support of the government of July. Was this true? Or was it the work of calumny, finding a great and fair reputation to devour. The truth is that Benjamin Constant died in the greatest poverty. During his last days he was reduced more than once to eating the remains of dishes that he had cast aside the day before. Benjamin Constant had one fault, a fault which must make a man ever unsure of his honour, his conscience, and his life: he was a gambler. However, on the day when the news of his death spread through Paris, as on the day of Mirabeau's death, all was forgotten. A hundred thousand men followed his funeral. The hearse was unharnessed, a crowd of enthusiastic young men shouted "To the Panthéon," and it was necessary to use force before the procession could continue on its way to the cemetery from which it had been diverted. All these events were so many separate clouds which were gathering to augment the storm now hanging over the Luxembourg.

On December 15th the pleadings began. Since 8 o'clock in the morning the session room had been crowded, but the outer parts of the palace were crowded in a very different fashion. The people understood instinctively that it was their own cause that was to be judged in the ministers' trial. If the ministers should be acquitted or condemned to any penalty short of death, the barricade king would have abjured the

revolution in the eyes of Europe. Such was the opinion of M. Mauguin, one of the examining judges. When questioned on the nature of the punishment it would be expedient to inflict, he answered, "Death!"

A sense of a great question of vital importance to the revolution must have been at the root of this outcry of "Death," before it could be repeated as it was, with threats and curses, by generous young voices.

The details of the trial are familiar. During its course the cries outside more than once made both judges and prisoners tremble in their seats. It lasted from the 15th to the 21st, and, in spite of the array of troops and other precautions, the crowd increased each day. The sentence was not to be read to the prisoners; they were led out first and told that they were to be taken back to Vincennes. On hearing this they gave themselves up for lost. The beating of drums and shouts of "Death" round the walls of the Luxembourg had never stopped on this last day.

M. de Montalivet, the Minister for the Interior, had received the king's charge to conduct the prisoners in safety to Vincennes, and he had chosen Colonel Ladvocat to share this perilous honour with him.

"Monsieur," he said when the moment for action was come, "we are going to make history; let us make it to the honour of France!"

M. Ladvocat received the prisoners from the gaoler's hands. A carriage awaited them at the gate of the Petit-Luxembourg. As soon as they appeared, some men sprang forward from the other gates of the palace crying:

"The sentence is passed! The ministers are condemned to death!"

I was in the crowd myself and I still remember the explosion of triumph that resounded at the terrible words—"Condemned to death!"

It was a tremendous cry, reverberating through Paris, gathering volume like a peal of thunder that echoes round some Swiss valley.

Meanwhile the carriage that contained the prisoners

reached the rue Madame, where a detachment of two hundred horse was waiting under the command of Colonel Fabvier. The carriage was light and went by at a gallop; the streets shook beneath the horses' feet, then the whole troop dashed like a whirlwind towards the outer boulevards and disappeared.

Suddenly a rumour spread among the crowd that the ministers were not condemned to death at all, but only to imprisonment for life, and that by the king's order they had been assisted to escape. The change was instantaneous. Shouts of triumph gave way to cries of rage, and with a violent rush the crowd found itself brought up against the bayonets of the National Guard defending the palace. M. de Montalivet had meantime sent the following note to the king :

"SIRE,

"We have already got halfway. A few more seconds of danger and we shall be at Vincennes, safe and sound."

At the same moment people were coming to blows in the rue de Tournon, the rue Dauphine, and the place du Panthéon. The tumult was such that the peers had taken fright and had precipitately fled, some by one door, some by another. At 10 o'clock M. Pasquier came back to the audience chamber. It was deserted and half dark, and he read the sentence of the court to empty benches. About 10 o'clock the sound of a cannon was heard. It spoke to the king of the prisoners' safe arrival at Vincennes, but we of the people, who did not know the reason for it, took it for a signal. Immediately a shout of "To arms" made itself heard, and all who wore the uniform of the artillery hurried towards the Louvre. On our way we saw la Fayette contending vainly with a group of people. They were shouting and demanding the death of the ministers with terrible imprecations.

"My friends, my friends!" said la Fayette. "I scarcely recognise the men who fought in July!"

"We believe you!" said one of the crowd. "You were not among them!"

The retort must have seemed bitter to the poor commander-general. It was the second revolution in which he had seen his popularity fade. We surrounded him. Our uniforms commanded respect, as the artillery was supposed to be Republican, and we extricated him from the crowd. After which we went on our way to the Louvre. We arrived there just when the order for closing the gates had come. We were still able to enter, but they were shut behind us. We found our comrades in the greatest excitement, for there had been talk of an attack upon the Palais-Royal. We had 20,000 charges to fire and we were hardly three hundred paces from the château. The people were furious, and the National Guard exasperated. We saw men flinging down their guns in the streets and others breaking their sabres on the stones. Certainly the moment could not have been better chosen for a vigorous stroke, and it seemed to have been decided upon when an artilleryman came up and said that the S pieces had been removed from the guns. We rushed towards the park and set one of the guns in motion. A wheel came off and the gun collapsed. A hundred voices demanded who had done it. Three or four answered that it was Commander Barré. Every one turned upon him. He called on the first and fourth batteries, which, as we know, were Orléanist. Bastide made a sign and the men of the third battery drew their swords. Bastide and Commander Barré nearly came to blows, but the commander gave way and said that the S pieces should be replaced. In fact, a quarter of an hour later they were put back again. We returned tumultuously to the guard-room and pressed round a table upon which the quartermaster-in-chief of the second battery was drawing up a proclamation. When it was done an artilleryman got upon the table and began to read it, when another, Grille de Beuzelin by name, snatched it from him and tore it up. There followed a scene of uproar in which challenges were given and duels arranged for the morrow. But the moment for the attack had been lost, and the artillery, with

suspicion, saw three or four thousand soldiers belonging to the National Guard as well as to troops of the line gathering on the quay, the place St. Germaine de l'Auxerrois, in the rue du Coq and the place du Carrousel, and surrounding the Louvre. Cartridges were distributed and we waited. All the following day the artillery was kept imprisoned.

By the morning of the 23rd it was nearly all over. The hour of the July king was not yet come, and by the influence of the National Guard, reduced to order by its commander-general, the mob was dispersed without much difficulty.

On the evening of the 23rd, M. Dupin proposed a vote of thanks in the Chamber to the National Guard of Paris. The next day the title of commander-general of the National Guards of the kingdom was abolished by the Chamber of Deputies. La Fayette was dismissed from office like a sub-prefect. It is true, however, that the ministry asked that the king should have liberty to give him the title of Honorary Commander. What was stranger still, the Chamber chose the moment when la Fayette was keeping watch over the peace he had just re-established for dismissing him.

The evening before the king had written :

"I apply to you, my dear general, to convey to our brave and indefatigable National Guard the expression of my admiration for the zeal and energy with which they have maintained the public order and prevented disturbances. But, first, it is yourself, my dear general, whom I must thank for showing an example of courage, patriotism, and respect for the laws in these days of trial, as you have so often done before in the course of your long and honourable career.

"Say, in my name, how delighted I am to see this fine institution of the National Guard revived after we had so nearly lost it. It revived, glowing with strength and patriotism, stronger and better than it has ever been before, as soon as the glorious days of July had broken the fetters with which its enemies hoped to cripple it.

"It is this grand institution which will secure the triumph of the sacred cause of liberty, as much by making our

national independence respected abroad as by safeguarding the working of the law from any attack at home. Let us not forget that there can be no liberty without law, and that there can be no law where there is any superior force which can paralyse its action.

"Such, my dear general, are the sentiments which I beg you will convey to the National Guard for me. I count on the continuation of its efforts and on yours that nothing may trouble the public peace which Paris and France so greatly need and which it is so essential to preserve.

"Accept at the same time, my dear general, the assurances of the sincere friendship which you know I feel toward yourself.

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

Mme. de Sévigné remarks that there are people to whom one owes so much that one can only repay them with ingratitude. The monarchy had discharged its debt to la Fayette.

As soon as la Fayette heard of the Chamber's decision he sent his resignation to the king, in the following terms :

"December 25th, 1830.

"SIRE,

"The resolution passed yesterday by the Chamber of Deputies with the assent of the king's ministers for the suppression of the office of commander-general of the National Guard, at the same moment as the law which is to be voted upon, shows the feeling of the two branches of the legislature, and, in particular, of the one to which I have the honour to belong. I should think myself wanting in respect towards it if I awaited further formalities before sending the king my resignation of those powers which his ordinance conferred upon me, as I do herewith. Your Majesty knows, and the correspondence of the staff will prove, at need, that their exercise has been no pretence up to the present time, as has been said to the Tribune. Your Majesty's patriotic solicitude will see to that ; and by the way, it is important that the anxiety caused by the parcelling out of the rural battalions, and fears that the useful institutions of the city artillery may be reduced to garrison or coast towns, should be allayed by means of the ordinances that the law allows to your Majesty.

"The President of the Council has kindly proposed to bestow the title of Honorary Commander upon me. He will feel himself, and your Majesty will judge, that these nominal honours are neither suitable to the institution of a free country nor to me.

"In returning to the king's hands, with respect and gratitude, the only ordinance which can give me authority over the National Guard I have taken care that the king's service shall not suffer thereby. General Dumas will take orders from the Minister of the Interior, and General Carbonnel will command the service in the city until your Majesty is ready to make fresh arrangements.

"I beg your Majesty to accept the cordial homage of my attachment and respect,

"La FAYETTE."

The next day he received the following letter from the king, a worthy counterpart of the letter to M. Laffitte:

"I have this instant received your letter, my dear general, and am as much pained as surprised by the decision that you have taken. I have not yet had time to read the newspapers. The Council of Ministers assembles at 1 o'clock. After that I shall be free, and shall hope to see you between 4 and 5 o'clock and persuade you to change your mind."

The king "had not yet had time to read the newspapers," the king "was surprised and pained by the general's decision," when this decision had been forced upon him by a decree of the Chamber. The letter was either a cool impertinence or a singular instance of distraction.

On December 26th, that is to say the next day, the following proclamation was published in the journals and posted up on the walls of Paris:

"Brave National Guards, my beloved countrymen, you will share my regrets on learning that General la Fayette has felt obliged to resign his office. I had hoped to see him at your head for a long while, animating your zeal by his example and by the memories of the great services which he has rendered to the cause of liberty. I feel his retirement

all the more because, only a few days ago, he took a glorious part in the preservation of the public order that you so nobly and effectually protected in the late disturbances. I have the consolation of thinking that I have spared no pains to prevent a loss that must be the cause of keen regret to the National Guard and of sincere sorrow to myself.

“LOUIS PHILIPPE.”

The Chamber had killed two birds with one stone. On reading the dismissal of la Fayette, Dupont (of Eure) sent in his resignation. This time no one contested his right to resign, on the contrary it was accepted in haste. Five days later, Lord Stuart, the English ambassador, paid his diplomatic visit on the occasion of the New Year and complimented the king on the adroit manner in which he had extricated himself from the embarrassments of the year 1830.

“Yes,” answered Louis Philippe. “Things have not turned out so badly.” Then, smiling and lowering his voice, “I have still two medicines to bring up and then it will be all over !”

These two medicines were Laffitte and Odilon Barrot, the only representatives of the revolution of July still in power.

Thus fell the memorable year 1830 into the yawning gulf of eternity.

CHAPTER LVIII

Fresh troubles—Laffitte resigns—The Casimir Périer Cabinet—The new programme.

THE year 1831 opened with fresh troubles. A service held on the anniversary of the duc de Berry's assassination served as a pretext for disturbances which lasted three days, resulting in the devastation of the church of Saint-Germain de l'Auxerrois, the despoiling of the archbishop's palace, and the disappearance of the *fleurs-de-lis* from the royal coat-of-arms. The devastation of the church and robbery of the palace were sacrileges, the disappearance of the *fleurs-de-lis*, publicly erased from the king's carriages, was a disgrace. Louis Philippe had already tried to make out that he was a Valois, not a Bourbon; this time it appeared he was neither the one nor the other.

These things came to pass under a new ministry, for the king had rid himself of his first medicine, M. Laffitte. This is how it came about that the owner of the forest of Breteuil resigned the presidency of the Council. The system of non-intervention had been proclaimed by the president from the Tribune in the following terms:

"France will not permit any violation of the principles of non-intervention, but she will also do her utmost to prevent any break of the peace when possible. If war should be inevitable, we must prove to the world that we have not desired it, but have had to choose between fighting and surrendering our principles. We shall be all the stronger if our arms are supported by the sense of our moral rights. We will keep up negotiations, but, at the same time, we shall be arming ourselves. In a short time we shall have, besides our forts, five hundred thousand

fighting men, well armed, well organised, well commanded ; a million National Guards will support them, and the king, if necessary, will put himself at their head. We will march with closed ranks, strong in our rights and principles. Should tempests burst over the three colours and the heavens fight for us, we shall not be answerable to the universe."

This declaration of principles, drawn up with the king's consent, was, of course, applauded loudly in the Chamber and more still outside the Chamber.

Suddenly the revolution of Modena broke out. The reigning prince who wished to make himself the sole king of Italy was associated with it, and the duc d'Orléans also. The revolution was put down and Austria resolved to intervene. In consequence of the proclamation, Maréchal Maison, our ambassador at Vienna, was ordered to present a formal declaration to the Austrian Cabinet forbidding an entrance into the Roman States. But the Austrian Cabinet replied by a brief note coming, not even from the Tribune, but from the lips of M. de Metternich :

"So far we have allowed France to put forward the principle of non-intervention ; but it is time she should understand that we do not mean to recognise it so far as Italy is concerned. We shall send our forces wherever insurrection rises. If our intervention leads to war, war it must be. We would rather take the chance of that than risk perishing in the midst of riots."

Maréchal Maison sent this note to M. de Sébastiani, Minister of Foreign Affairs. He added that there was not a moment to lose ; we must take the lead and send an army across the Alps. When the dispatch reached M. de Sébastiani, instead of communicating with M. Laffitte, the president of the Council, he sent it to the king, who said that M. Laffitte was not to be informed about it.

M. Laffitte read it in the *National* on the 8th ; it had reached Paris on the 4th.

This conduct on the part of a Minister of Foreign Affairs was incomprehensible. M. Laffitte asked for an explanation from M. de Sébastiani, who, pushed into a corner, had to confess that he had obeyed superior orders. M. Laffitte went straight to the king, who received him as he had done after the sale of the forest of Breteuil had been registered, and as he had received la Fayette after his dismissal by the Chamber ; that is to say with loud protestations of friendship. Then, as la Fayette insisted on the warlike programme which he had read to the Chamber, the king entrenched himself behind his title of constitutional monarch and told the president to consult with his colleagues upon the matter.

There was a council at 9 o'clock. M. Laffitte appeared at it ; every one voted for giving up the programme and keeping peace. M. Laffitte sent in his resignation, which was accepted without more words.

The Casimir Périer Cabinet was already formed and awaiting his resignation. It was constituted in a day as follows :

Marshal Soult took the War Office, M. de Sébastiani remained in the Foreign Office, Baron Louis went to the Treasury, M. Barthe was Minister of Justice, M. de Montalivet of Education, M. d'Argout of Commerce and Public Works, M. de Rigny went to the Admiralty.

We have all seen M. Casimir Périer. The sensitiveness of General Lamarque and the pride of M. Guizot were nothing to his. A tremendous wrath, ready at all times to overflow in floods of bitterness, filled the soul of this man, who only wanted to be a minister in order to avenge himself upon the people who had so often made the banker tremble. From the day of his nomination he was always on the point of sending in his resignation.

Casimir Périer was detested, and when he entered the Chamber, portfolio in hand, he saw few smiling faces. From there he went to the Palais-Royal, where it was worse still. The king's ante-chambers were at this time full of military men who hated the new ministry, by

instinct no doubt and because they guessed to what depths France would fall under his management. They turned their backs on the president of the Council, who went on his way to the king's apartments.

The king was awaiting him, surrounded by his family. Louis Philippe wore that charming smile which had deceived Laffitte, Dupont, and la Fayette. The queen was dignified but polite. As for Mme Adélaïde her manners were icy. Casimir Périer turned toward the duc d'Orléans; he was more than icy, he was disdainful. The minister turned pale, or rather yellow, and turning to the king asked for a private audience. The king went towards his private apartment, signing to the minister to follow him. Hardly was the door closed upon them than Casimir Périer cried, trembling with anger:

"Sire, I tender my resignation!"

The announcement was so sudden that Louis Philippe was astounded.

"Your resignation? What for?"

"Sire, enemies in the Chamber—enemies in the clubs,—enemies at court! It is too much! I cannot undertake to face so many enmities at once!"

The king begged and prayed, but all in vain. He was forced to call in his sister and son, and Casimir Périer left, appeased by their apologies. Thus, from the first interview the king had given way. There only remained the Chamber to dominate.

On March 18th the new minister mounted the tribune and gave out his political programme. From that moment there was no more circumlocution. Casimir Périer proclaimed this double principle:

"Peace at any price with allied powers."

"War to the death against revolution."

"French blood belongs to France alone!" he cried, and this wicked axiom was hailed with applause. You deceive yourself, poor statesman of a day! The blood of France, like the blood of Christ, belongs to the world, and the more freely she sheds it for other races, the more will her religion spread.

However, this egotistical banker had scornful words for Louis Philippe.

"He is a man," he said, "to whom a minister should never go without having his portfolio ready to throw at his head."

When the king had the *fleurs-de-lis* erased from his coat-of-arms he said :

"The coward ! He sacrifices his coat-of-arms because he is afraid ! I told him he should have done it the day after the revolution, but he stuck to it closer than the elder branch then !"

Thus Casimir Périer, who allowed the name of France to be erased from the list of great nations by the sword of Russia and the sabre of Austria, called the man a coward who allowed the people to erase the arms of Louis XIV from his carriages.

The results of this policy were the consolidation of Leopold's throne in Belgium and the abandonment of Poland and Italy to Russia and Austria. The Diplomacy of Europe spat in our face with the blood of three peoples. But from this time the government was easy about foreign affairs and the whole question lay between reaction and progress, or rather, between the dying monarchy and the growing republic.

The only difficulty of the Republican party, represented on the visible side by the "Society of Friends of the People," was historical ignorance. For them, France dated from 1789 ; their glance did not penetrate the cannon smoke of the Bastille. For them democracy was not a vast river having its source in the Communes ; a rivulet in the Jacquerie, a stream in the League, a river in the Fronde, a lake in the Revolution, destined to be an ocean when all the phases of kingly power should be exhausted, but not till then. No, it was a torrent which had suddenly spouted from the rock and, like the Rhône, had lost itself in the dark caverns of the empire. This ignorance, which perhaps increased the chivalrous side of their character, made them ready for blows like mediæval knights ; inspired them with a great desire for action and made them impatient and

uneasy. The prophet who foretold that their cause would triumph twenty, fifteen, ten years hence, would have been looked on as an enemy. No, triumph was nothing to them unless they triumphed to-day. To-morrow ! In the midst of troubles increasing every day, should we see to-morrow ?

CHAPTER LIX

Arrest and acquittal of the Republicans—The cross of July—The electoral law.

THE persecution began. Nineteen of us were arrested after the trial of the ministers. In all probability I should have been among that number if I had not at this time sent in my resignation to the king and published it in the newspapers. After that my arrest would have had the appearance of vengeance.

Among the prisoners were three of the leaders of the party, Godefroy Cavaignac, Guinard, and Trélat. No one could be braver, wittier, or more charming than Cavaignac ; he was the son of a member of the National Convention representing the people in 1795, and a brother of the general who was dictator in 1848. He had a mind both serious and original, and a brave and tender heart. I saw him often, knew him well, loved him much. It was his good fortune to die.

Guinard, a less attractive character than Cavaignac, was his equal in courage and spirit. Nothing could be finer than he, when he shook his lion's head disdainfully in the moment of danger. In his society one could express any idea that was passing in one's mind. The more perilous the scheme, the more sure was he to approve it. He lives a prisoner yet.

As for Trélat, I knew him but slightly. He entered public life in 1848 and showed an upright but limited mind, an honest heart and not much energy.

Their trial was a triumph for the Republican cause. The principles which they upheld, like all truth, shone out and became popular through persecution. They were acquitted and left the court amid the cheers of ten thousand of the populace, students and schoolboys,

who bore them in their arms to the door of Trélat's house. Guinard and Cavaignac there sought shelter from the ovation.

This was the first check to authority ; a second soon followed. The contest became hot. If the attack was brisk, the defence was obstinate, and every pretext for quarrelling was seized on by the government and accepted by the opposition.

The cross of July was the cause of the next fight. At the end of the revolution a law, dated December 13th, 1830, had instituted a decoration to be bestowed on the combatants who had distinguished themselves during the Three Days. The Commission of National Recompense was charged with drawing up a list of citizens who were to receive the cross. At this time the king, as duc d'Orléans, under the influence of Laffitte and la Fayette, was still seeking popularity. He wanted to receive the cross, and applied to the Commission, I think through M. de Rumigny. The Commission answered plainly that the cross had been instituted for those who had fought on the 27th, 28th, and 29th ; the duc d'Orléans had only returned to Paris on the night of the 30th, and consequently he could have no title to receive it.

Then the king decided that, if he could not receive it, he would bestow it. It was settled at the Palais-Royal that the cross of July should bear this device, " Given by the king," and should involve the formality of an oath. Also the ribbon, which according to the Commission's decision was to be red and black, the colours of blood and mourning, was changed to red and blue.

The device " Given by the king " was absurd. At the time when the cross was won there had been only one king in France, and he was the king against whom they fought. The oath was illogical. How could these men swear fidelity and obedience to a king, when, gun in hand, they had just proclaimed the sovereignty of the people ?

We decided to resist. A message from Garnier-

Pagès gathered us in the passage du Saumon. The question was put: "Shall we allow the 'Given by the king'? Shall we submit to the oath? Shall we accept the red and blue ribbon instead of the red and black?"

The two former propositions were negatived with one voice. The third was the subject of a lively discussion. It was decided at last that the colour of the ribbon was immaterial: the serious question concerned the oath and the inscription, and we adopted the blue and red ribbon in place of the other. At this moment several mètres of blue and red ribbon were thrown on to the president's desk. Every one cut off a piece, which he put in his buttonhole, and the meeting broke up in good order.

Several citizens were accused before a jury of wearing this decoration illegally, and were acquitted. The court acknowledged itself vanquished. The *Moniteur* published a list of those bearing the decoration, and there was no further question of the inscription or the oath. However, an order was given to throw ridicule on the decoration of July, but those who bore it were, unluckily, not the sort of men to put up with ridicule.

On March 24th, 1831, the law for the exclusion of Charles X and his family was passed. Then followed M. de Bricqueville's proposal to the effect that the law relative to the Napoleon family should be repealed. This was rejected. Then followed the electoral law.

Under the Restoration an elector had to pay three hundred francs in direct taxes and a thousand before being himself eligible for election. The ministry proposed to the Chamber to lower the limit of eligibility from a thousand to five hundred francs, and the limit of the electorate to two hundred. This law was adopted, only it went further than the ministry, excluding a certain number of citizens whom it was proposed to add to the electorate.

This law bore within it the seeds of the revolution of 1848. The Chamber, born in the midst of a tempest, prorogued on April 20th, was dissolved on May 31st, its tempestuous task finished.

The king seized the opportunity to take a holiday and make a tour in the provinces. The tyranny of Casimir Périer was becoming unbearable, but nevertheless he had to submit to it. He visited Normandy first, and then returned to Paris, which he left again on June 6th, 1831, for the departments in the east. The battlefield of Valmy was naturally included in the royal itinerary. Louis Philippe visited this site where every tree, every ravine, every hillock recalled the glorious *épopée* of his republican youth, forty years ago. At the foot of the pyramid raised on the battlefield to the memory of Kellermann, he found an old soldier who had lost his arm through a cannon shot at Valmy. He took off his cross and gave it to him.

At Metz a grave occurrence took place. It was at Metz that the first scheme of national association had been drawn up. The mayor, M. Rouchotte, the president of the royal court, M. Charpentier, the advocate-general, M. Voirhaye, and M. Dornes were the authors of it. In M. Casimir Périer's eyes the association was a crime and he had dismissed MM. Rouchotte and Voirhaye, to the great irritation of patriots. The municipal council's speech to the king showed resentment of this attitude.

"SIRE," it ran, "the events of July, an imperishable monument of the nation's will and of your devotion to the country, have consecrated the rights of the first citizen king to the fidelity and love of all Frenchmen. All the municipal councils of France have proclaimed it. But the Charter has left an important point in our home government unsettled; that is the heredity of the peerage. Let us hope that, in the next session, the legislature will erase a privilege, henceforth incompatible with our national customs, from our laws. Our sympathy goes out to the Poles, who are fighting for liberty with heroic courage. May your Majesty's influence secure a fate worthy of the great cause she defends to this generous nation!"

CHAPTER LX

The king and the National Guard—The “Happy Medium”—The French fleet at Lisbon—Belgium a kingdom—Labour war at Lyons.

It would be difficult to go more directly against the ideas of the king and his minister. Louis Philippe replied, therefore :

“ You speak of all that the municipal councils of France have proclaimed : they have proclaimed nothing. It is not their business to take part in, nor to deliberate upon, political subjects ; that right belongs to the Chambers. I do not therefore reply to that part of your speech. This applies also to what you have said about France’s diplomatic relations with foreign powers, upon which subject also the municipal councils have no right to confer.”

This was an unfortunate precedent for the National Guard, who followed the municipal council. M. Voirhaye was a captain. He approached the king with a written speech in his hand.

“ Are you the commander of the National Guard ? ” asked Louis Philippe.

“ No, sire,” replied M. Voirhaye. “ But I am here in place of the commander.”

“ Speak, then ! ”

The captain opened his paper and began to read :

“ SIRE,

“ Several times already since the revolution of July the National Guard of Metz has addressed your Majesty with expressions of its devotion to the throne of the citizen king and prayers for the institutions which support it. You will soon have another proof of affection from our ranks. Our flag bears the device, ‘ Liberty, Public Order.’

In our eyes these two ideas are inseparable. If order is the indispensable condition of liberty, has not experience proved that the best means of ensuring order is to satisfy the progressive needs of civilisation by liberal and popular laws? Among those laws the one most closely affecting the future of France will be a law which shall organise the second branch of the legislative power."

But the king had had too much advice for one day. At the end of his patience, he snatched the speech from the orator's hands and said drily :

"The National Guard should not concern itself with political questions. That is not its business !"

"Sire," said M. Voirhaye, "it does not give advice, it merely expresses a wish."

"The National Guard," replied the king warmly, "has no wishes to express ; deliberations are forbidden to it. You are no longer the organ of the National Guard, and I ought to hear no more about it."

And thus, three months after the principle of non-intervention had been proclaimed from the Tribune, the Austrians intervened, unchecked, in Modena and all the Roman States. Also, ten months after the protection of the liberties of France had been confided to the National Guards of the kingdom, they were not allowed to express a wish.

This fit of anger, on the part of a man usually so prudent, threw the whole town of Metz into a flutter. All the superior officers had been invited to dine with the king ; only one appeared. At this insult to royalty, Louis Philippe declared he would not remain another hour in the town and left Metz on the spot, in spite of pouring rain.

Metz was not the only town that he found in opposition. The civil tribunal of Belfort, represented by its president, had said to him :

"Wise laws and institutions fitted to the needs of the country are the first conditions of social prosperity. France already possesses the first essential elements of them in the Codes and the Charter, which will soon receive the legislative development they admit of."

The king replied :

“ I am no less anxious than you are that our institutions may be consolidated, but I confess I hear with astonishment that you speak of them as ‘ elements of institutions.’ This can only be an oversight and the rest of your discourse proves it. Our institutions are so far developed that what remains to be done appears to me as nothing compared with what has already been accomplished. It is these institutions which were defended in July and which the nation wishes to preserve as they were consecrated by the Charter of 1830.”

Some time ago the king had given out his programme, which was very different from the famous programme of the hôtel de Ville. It was on the occasion when the deputation from Gaillac had presented itself, in the month of August.

“ Abroad, France wishes to be independent of foreigners,” said the deputation. “ At home, independent of factions.”

The king replied :

“ The revolution of July should bear its fruit ; yes, certainly, but this expression is too often used in a sense which contributes neither to the national spirit, the needs of the century, nor to the preservation of public order. This, however, is what must guide our steps ; we must seek a happy medium equally far from the abuses of royal power and the excesses of popular power.”

From this moment the governors of July had its nickname. It was known as the Government of the Happy Medium.

Louis Philippe’s journey was accompanied by the commonplace enthusiasm that the presence of a sovereign always excites. Its unpleasant incidents left a degree of resentment in the king’s mind which, increasing with time, led to the repressive laws that became in their turn a weapon in the people’s hands in 1848.

France passed the rest of the year in listening to the cannon on the Vistula, in participating in the victories of Dwernicki, in taking up collections and giving balls

and benefit performances in aid of the unhappy Poles, condemned beforehand by European diplomacy and now showing to an astonished Europe the spectacle of martyrs voluntarily stepping into the arena.

Then, one fine day, came the news of a double loss. Diebytch and Constantin were dead; the official accounts said of cholera, but private accounts said by poison.

In the midst of all this, France was preparing for an expedition, but such was the sympathy felt for the Poles, that people turned their attention even from the banks of the Tagus to Poland. One of the finest feats of arms ever attempted by a French navy was accomplished all the same. Don Miguel was reigning at Lisbon, and, seeing our abasement before Russia, Austria, and England, began to hold us in contempt too. And if, diplomatically more polite than the duc de Modena, he had recognised us, it was only in order that our consul should witness the humiliations heaped on his countrymen. But the event in Algiers was the natural outcome of this. A last humiliation filled the cup of shame, already too full to overflowing.

Two Frenchmen were condemned for imaginary offences; one to be whipped in the public square of Lisbon, the other to deportation on the coast of Africa. The first was M. Bonhomme, a student at Coimbre; the second was M. Sauvinet, a merchant of Lisbon.

The French consul complained and got no answer; he threatened and the officials laughed in his face. He then left Lisbon. M. Rabaudy, a captain of the French navy, had orders to blockade the mouth of the Tagus with the small fleet under his command. His mission was to claim reparation and indemnity for the French subjects who had been maltreated or ruined by Don Miguel's orders, in the name of the government of Louis Philippe. England's permission was asked, and when obtained we resolved to give this little Caligula a lesson.

Towards the beginning of June, Admiral Roussin left Brest on the ship *Suffren* and went to take com-

mand of a squadron which, sailing from Toulon, was to join him at Cape Sainte-Marie. On June 25th he sighted Cape la Roque. On July 6th he rallied the squadron. It consisted of five vessels, two frigates, and two sloops. Rear-admiral Hugon commanded it. M. Rabaudy, who had just sent to Brest the sixth Portuguese vessel captured by him, joined this formidable expedition, which made a majestic appearance in the mouth of the Tagus on July 11th. The Tagus was considered impregnable from the sea. It will be recollected that for three hundred years European powers said the same of Algiers.

On July 11th, by 4 o'clock, the *Suffren* and the squadron it led had crossed this impregnable barrier, and an hour later the whole squadron was anchored six hundred yards from Lisbon. By the 14th it was all finished. France was avenged, reparation made, and the Portuguese fleet taken and sent to Brest.

Unhappily it was at about this time that France signed the treaty of twenty-four articles that made Belgium into an English province. The scandalous affair of the Gisquet muskets also took place at the end of the same year. Both the head of the Cabinet and Maréchal Soult were seriously compromised by it. As in all affairs of this kind there were two opinions. There was the judgment of the tribunal which condemned M. Marrast, the author of the article, to six months' imprisonment and to a fine of three thousand francs, and there was public opinion which condemned both ministers and contractor to a very different punishment. The judgment of public opinion is the one that has survived.

This year 1831 which had just passed was a prosperous one for England, Prussia, Austria, and Russia, if not for France. England had just made sure of Belgium, by putting Leopold I on the throne. Prussia had consolidated her power over the Rhine provinces, which now knew how little we valued them. Austria had proved that she no longer followed, but preceded, France in the ranks of the great powers. In spite of France's

proclamation of the principle of non-intervention, she had intervened at Parma, at Modena, and at Bologna. What would happen if she ever intervened at Milan? As for Russia, she had fairly slain Poland this time, and if she moved again it would only be like Enceladus, at the bottom of her grave.

Peace was established everywhere except in France. Cannon thundered at Lyons; after civil war came servile war. Poor muddy, smoky Lyons! A heap of riches and miseries where the wealthy dare not put their horses into harness for fear of insulting the poor; where out of the twenty-four hours of the day, eighteen are hours of noise and fatigue for forty thousand wretches!

Imagine a spiral composed of three stages: at the top 800 manufacturers, in the middle 8,000 to 10,000 managers; at the base, that is to say, supporting the whole weight, 40,000 working-men. Then, like hornets round a bee-hive, parasitic commission agents and providers of raw material. Imagine the commission agents living on the manufacturers, the manufacturers living on the managers, the managers living on the working-men. And, besides all this, industry attacked on all sides by competition; England producing in her turn and supplying Lyons by her withdrawal, Zurich, Bâle, Cologne, and Berne rivalling the second town in France.

Forty years ago, that is to say in the palmy days of the empire, a Lyons workman earned from four to six francs: he could then support his wife and the numerous family that improvident poverty always brings into the world, with ease. But, little by little, the workman's wage had sunk from four francs to forty sous; then to thirty-five, then to thirty, then to twenty-five. At last, at the time of which we write, a weaver of plain cloth earned eighteen sous in a day of eighteen hours. It was impossible to live on that. When these unfortunates found that there was nothing but hunger for them and their families, after eighteen hours of labour, a vast sob, the cry of a hundred thousand

sufferers, went up from the Croix-Rousse, as the industrial part of the city was called. This wail affected the two men who governed Lyons in very different ways. M. Bouvier Dumoland, the prefect, had had the opportunity of studying and pitying their misery in his civil functions—a misery the more terrible, because the sum of it increased day by day and no one knew how to stop it. General Roguet, the military commander, and a good and brave soldier, knew nothing about the social questions that the future held. In a complaint he only saw a breach of discipline, and in his eyes a breach of discipline, whether military or civil, was to be punished.

The workers demanded a tariff. General Roguet assembled the Trades Council to pass repressive measures, but, instigated by M. Dumoland, they discussed the tariff instead, and gave out their conclusions in the following terms :

“Considering that it is a matter of public knowledge that many manufacturers pay at too low a rate, we recommend that a tariff be drawn up and a minimum wage fixed.”

The basis of their tariff was to be discussed by twenty-two workmen, of whom twelve were chosen by their comrades, and twenty-two manufacturers chosen by the Chamber of Commerce. They met at the hôtel de la Préfecture on October 21st. But the manufacturers, less eager than the workmen, because the advantage of the latter would mean their loss, declared that, as they were chosen officially, they could not speak for their fellows.

CHAPTER LXI

Bayonets not bread—The people's short-lived victory—The troops arrive
—An address to the king.

It was decided, consequently, that the manufacturers should meet among themselves and appoint persons to act for them. The tariff was still adjourned, and, meanwhile, the working-people were dying of hunger. The third meeting, in which the existence of 40,000 wretches was to be debated, was fixed for October 25th.

At about 10 o'clock in the morning the crowd of workers gathered in the public square and waited to hear their fate. We have seen something of the kind since, but at that time the spectacle was unheard of. Among the 3,000 suppliants there was not a weapon, only one united prayer. Still, M. Bouvier-Dumolard was alarmed. A multitude, even if suppliant, is always formidable; 30,000 men who implore are capable of commanding.

The prefect advanced. "My friends," he said, "If you stay here, it will seem as if the tariff is imposed by violence. Go home, so that the conference may be free."

The 3,000 workers cried, "Vive le Préfet!" and withdrew.

The tariff was signed by both sides. The working-men had an increase of three or four sous. Three or four sous! and that meant the life of two children. They illuminated their poor windows joyfully and singing and dancing went on far into the night. It was innocent rejoicing, but all the same the manufacturers took it as an insult. Some of them refused to be bound by the tariff. The Trades Council condemned them.

On November 10th, 104 manufacturers joined to

protest against the tariff. They said they were not obliged to help workers who invented artificial wants for themselves. Artificial wants on eighteen sous a day ! The Sybarites !

This union of manufacturers, their protest against the council's decree, and a letter from the prefect, saying that the tariff was optional, not obligatory, alarmed the workers, who began to assemble, and, seeing that it was useless to call on the Trades Council, which was now beginning to regard the tariff as optional, they resolved to stop work and parade through the town, unarmed and imploring. The humbler the workers grew, the more insolent became the manufacturers. One of them received some men with whom he had business with pistols on his table. Another said, "If they have no bread in their stomachs we will give them bayonets !" It was very witty for a manufacturer, but anything but philanthropic.

General Roguet, whose ill-humour was increased by ill-health, had the law against riot posted up and the troops of the line had orders to stay in barracks.

On November 20th, under pretence of General Ordonneau's arrival, there was a review on the place Bellecourt. This was a threat, and unluckily the men who were threatened were at the end of their patience. On Monday, November 21st, 400 silk weavers gathered at the Croix-Rousse. Their syndics were at their head, armed with sticks only. Their idea was to go round the workshops persuading their comrades to stop all work until the tariff should be adopted. Suddenly sixty National Guards, a patrol, appeared at the end of the street. Did they act on orders, or merely on their own warlike impulse ? Some one cried : "Let's bayonet those rascals !" And they charged with fixed bayonets. The sixty guardsmen were disarmed in an instant and the weavers began their peaceable march. A column of National Guards marched against them and fired : eight of the workers fell dead or mortally wounded. Blood had been shed, and it was henceforth war to the death.

We know how people will fight for an idea : it is a very different matter when they fight for bread. In the evening the 40,000 workers were armed and marched under a banner inscribed with these words, the most sombre device ever raised by civil war : "Live working, or die fighting."

During the evening of the 21st and all day long on the 22nd the struggle increased. By 7 o'clock in the evening it was over and the soldiers were retreating before the victorious populace. At midnight, General Roguet, hoisted on to a horse and shaking with fever, left the town which it was impossible for him to hold any longer. Two hours later the prefect and the members of the municipality retreated in their turn, and gathering in the hôtel de la Préfecture, signed the following declaration :

"November 23rd, 1831, 2 a.m.

"We, the undersigned, collected in the hôtel de la Préfecture, declare and certify the following facts :

"(1) That in consequence of the fatal events which took place in the town on the 21st and 22nd of this month, all the military forces, the gendarmerie and the National Guard under the command of General Roguet, were obliged in two hours to evacuate the hôtel de Ville, the arsenal and powder-magazine which they still held, in order to avoid bloodshed, and to retreat from the town by the faubourg Saint-Clair.

"(2) That we, the undersigned, have likewise been obliged to leave the hôtel de Ville in the occupation of revolting troops who are in command at all points.

"(3) That at present the town is completely disorganised, insurrection rules supreme, and the laws and magistrates have no power.

Signed : DUMOLAND.
ROINET.
E. GAUTHIER.
DUPLAN."

But, as always happens after the first victories of the people, they were frightened at their own success and wanted to confide the weapon they had conquered

to safe hands. They loved their prefect and they came back to him. M. Dumoland was more powerful after the people's victory than he had been before.

On December 3rd, at noon, the prince royal, followed by Maréchal Soult, took possession of the city of Lyons with beating drums and flags flying. The workers were disarmed, the National Guard disbanded, and the town of Lyons declared in a state of siege. As for M. Dumoland who had saved the town, he was dismissed and ordered to quit it, ill as he was, if he only went two leagues and there waited till he was in better health.

The unhappy workers were reduced to their eighteen sous a day for their necessities and their artificial wants. And what was the king doing all this time? He was preparing a note in which he demanded a civil list of 18,000,000 francs from the Chamber, 1,500,000 a month, 50,000 a day; without counting 5,000,000 of income from his private fortune and 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 from industrial enterprises. But there were great rejoicings at court when it was understood that the revolt at Lyons had nothing to do with politics, and that the wretches only rebelled because they were dying of hunger.

And the Chamber? Oh, things were better still in that quarter. At M. Augustin Giraud's proposal they presented an address to the king, running thus:

"SIRE,

"We have heard with gratitude, and at the same time with sorrow, the frank and full reports which your ministers have given on the disturbances which have taken place at Lyons. We applaud the patriotic zeal with which the prince, your son, appeared among the Frenchmen whose blood was flowing, in order to stanch it. We hasten to express to your Majesty the unanimous hopes of the deputies of France that the government may *oppose these deplorable excesses with all the powers of the law*. Personal safety has been violently attacked. Property has been menaced at its source. Industrial liberty has been threatened with destruction. The voice of magistrates has not been listened to. These disorders must cease at once;

such attempts must be firmly put down. All France is wounded in this attack on the rights of all in the persons of a few citizens. She ought to give them a formidable protection. The measures already taken by your Majesty's government make us confident that the return of order will not be long delayed. The union between the National Guards and the troops of the line reassures all good citizens. Your Majesty can count upon the harmony of powers. We are happy, sire, to offer you, in the name of France, the united efforts of her deputies to re-establish peace wherever it has been disturbed, to stifle the germs of anarchy, to affirm those healthy principles upon which the very existence of the nation reposes, to maintain the glorious work of the revolution of July, and to secure force and justice to the working of the law."

The Chamber of Peers made a very similar address, and, supported by *the harmony of the two powers*, Louis Philippe entered bravely upon the year 1832, which was to bring him the war of la Vendée and the insurrection of June.

CHAPTER LXII

A civil list in debt—A king but no subjects—A lawsuit—A few conspiracies—Taking of Ancona.

WE have mentioned that Louis Philippe was at present busy with the civil list. Once already, in the time of M. Laffitte, he had slipped a note under the eyes of the commission with the object of increasing the allowance to 18,000,000 ; but this figure had so alarmed the commission that, in order to counteract the bad effect it produced, the king had written a confidential letter to the banker-minister in which he put down this exorbitant demand to the action of eager courtiers who had gone beyond his wishes. This *confidential* letter was read *in confidence* to the commission and the ill effect produced by the demand was removed.

But, now that the law concerning the peerage was passed, Lyons suppressed, and Louis Philippe well and duly declared king of the middle classes, and considered necessary to the safety of the State and the peace of Europe, he hesitated no longer to ask for the 18,000,000 which had already escaped him once. Louis Philippe asked 37 times more than Bonaparte, the First Consul, had done after his two magnificent campaigns in Italy and his campaign in Egypt, and 148 times more than the president of the United States gets. The moment was all the more inopportune because, on January 1st, 1832, the Charitable Board of the twelfth arrondissement had published the following circular :

“Twenty-four thousand persons on the registers of the twelfth arrondissement of Paris are in want of food and clothing. Many are begging for a few trusses of straw to lie upon.”

Let us see what some of the needs of the court at the Palais-Royal were, while 5,000 or 6,000 wretches of the twelfth arrondissement alone were begging for "a few trusses of straw to lie upon!" The king asked for 80,000 francs for the remedies necessary for his health. He wanted 3,773,500 francs for his personal housekeeping. He wanted 1,200,000 francs to keep his kitchen fire going.

It was a great deal of medicine for a king whose good health was proverbial; a great deal of luxury for a king who kept neither master of the horse nor chief huntsman nor master of ceremonies nor pages, but just a little court, half middle-class, half military. And finally it was a great deal of wood and coal for a king who possessed the finest forests of the country, partly by inheritance and partly acquired. It was true that the wood sold annually by the king, and which was enough to supply a tenth part of France, was calculated to be insufficient for the kitchen fires of the Palais-Royal.

Other things were calculated too. A civil list of 18,000,000 equalled a fifth part of the budget of France; equalled the sum contributed by the departments of the Seine, Seine-Inférieure and Nord, the three most thickly populated in France; equalled the sum paid in land taxes by eighteen other departments. It was four times larger than the sum poured into the State coffers in one year by the districts of Calais, Boulogne, and Artois and their 640,000 inhabitants in taxes of all kinds. It was three times as much as the amount brought in by the salt tax; twice as much as the ministry gained through the public lottery; half as much as the monopoly and sale of tobacco produced. It was half as much as the sum annually allotted to the upkeep of bridges, roads, ports, and canals, in which more than 15,000 persons are employed. It was nine times more than the budget of public education, with its prizes, grants to colleges and scholarships. It was twice as much as the expenditure of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has to pay 30 ambassadors and plenipotentiary ministers, 50 secretaries of embassies

and legations, 150 consuls-general, consuls, vice-consuls, interpreters, and consular agents, 90 head clerks, second clerks, under clerks, employés, office-boys, translators, servants, etc. It equalled the pay of an army of 55,000 men, officers of all ranks, subalterns, corporals, and soldiers : a third more than the pay of the entire staff employed in the administration of justice ; and finally a sum sufficient to give employment to 61,643 agricultural labourers.

It was M. Cormenin who, under the name of Timon the Misanthrope, made all these calculations which forced the middle classes to reflect, enthusiastic as they were for their king. Then, as if ill-luck dogged this fatal civil list, M. Montalivet, who was charged with finding good reasons for passing it, thought fit to say in the Chamber : " If luxury is banished from the palace of the king it will soon be banished from the houses of *his subjects*."

An immense explosion followed the words.

" Men who make kings are not the subjects of the kings they make ! " cried M. Maréchal. " There are no subjects in France ! "

" There is a king, however," replied M. Dupont. " And for thirty years he has supported every reactionary movement."

" There are no longer any subjects ! " cried M. Leclerc-Lasalle.

" Order ! Order ! "

" I don't see the point of the interruption," said M. Montalivet.

" There are only citizens in France ! " repeated M. de Ludre.

" If luxury is banished from the palace of the king it will soon be banished from the houses of his subjects," repeated M. de Montalivet.

" It's an insult to the Chamber ! " cried M. Laboisière. And then every one shouted, " Order ! " and rose to his feet. The president, unable to keep order, was forced to ring his bell and put on his hat, thus showing that the session was at an end.

All this was more serious than it appeared. It was an attack on the redoubtable bourgeoisie that had made Louis Philippe king of France.

On the same day 167 members, under the auspices of M. Barrot, signed a protest against the word "subject."

The commission agreed to the royal demand in part, but reduced the figure to 14,000,000. Up till now the civil list was being paid at the rate of 18,000,000. The sums already touched were acquired. A dowry was allotted to the queen in case of decease and an annual sum of 1,000,000 was allotted to the duc d'Orléans. But this triumph had its humiliating side. The debates in the Chamber on the word "subject," M. Cormenin's letters, M. Dupont's blame, the scandal of pretensions, the raillery of Republican newspapers, all combined to take the place of the slave of antiquity who followed in an emperor's triumphal procession crying: "Cæsar, remember that thou art mortal!"

Then, the future of 1832 was dark and stormy. The heirs of the prince de Condé brought a lawsuit, a terrible lawsuit in which all those questions which had already been settled by justice and science were ruthlessly opened afresh; a lawsuit in which the revered name of the queen was coupled with the worse than unpopular name of Mme. de Feuchères. Certainly the lawsuit was won by Mme. de Feuchères and the court, but a victory of such a kind can inspire but dismal rejoicings.

And then new conspiracies appeared; the mysterious conspiracy of the Notre-Dame towers, the Considère conspiracy; the Royalist conspiracy of the rue des Prouvères, the Poncelet conspiracy. Then the *Tribune* offered proofs that if Louis Philippe had not served against France it was not for want of the will to do so, produced his letters to the Spanish Junta, and reprinted his Tarragon proclamation. Then appeared a new edition of his youthful journal, in which he congratulated himself upon M. Collot d'Herbois' kind behaviour to him and avowed that he had contributed to M. Marat's journal *The Friend of the People*. And then,

suddenly, came a letter by Carrel, which might as well have been signed Thrasea or Cocceius Nerva for its spirit of antique heroism. It dealt with the illegal arrests of journalists.

“Such a régime,” said the illustrious writer, “shall not be called liberty of the press with our consent. So monstrous a usurpation will not succeed, we should be to blame if we endured it. The ministry must be made to understand that a single man of spirit, having the law on his side, can stake his life with equal chances not only against seven or eight ministers, but against those interests, great or small, which may have become attached imprudently to the destiny of any minister. The life of a man killed at a street corner in the disorder of a riot is a small consideration; but the life of a man of honour murdered in his own house by the satellites of M. Périer while resisting in the name of the law is a very different matter. His blood would cry aloud for vengeance! Let the ministry dare to play this stake and it will not win any part of it, perhaps. A mandate on pretext of flagrant offences cannot be legally issued against writers of the periodical press, and every writer who has a sense of his dignity as a citizen will oppose the illegality with law and force with force. It is a duty, come what may!

“ARMAND CARREL.”

Here was one of those gigantic duels which pleased the heroic imagination of the illustrious writer; but it was in vain that he touched the ministry's shield with point of pen or sword. The ministry did not accept the challenge.

In the midst of all these events a report was spread that preoccupied all generous spirits. Commander Gallois, by an admirably bold stroke, had just seized Ancona, and the tricolour flag was reflected in the waters of the Adriatic. But, little by little, this news was reduced to its true proportions: it was stripped of that enterprise that was scarcely conceivable in view of the timid proceedings of the last two years. Commander Gallois, who should have obtained the permission of the Pope before acting, had acted without permission. The

Holy Father, instead of being grateful for our intention, was furious, and Cardinal Bernetti had cried :

“ Never, since the Saracens, has such a thing been attempted against a pope ! ”

Besides, the following letter, written by Commander Gallois to his brother, Colonel Gallois, was circulated among Republicans and made it plain that the government still held to the plan of the happy medium, which indeed, it had never for an instant intended to give up.

“ MY DEAR AUGUSTE,

“ While you are thinking of me at Toulon, I am writing from Ancona, to which I have just led a division of two frigates and a vessel of ninety guns, transporting the sixty-sixth regiment of the line, in a fortnight. I had orders to await a delegate of M. de Sainte-Aulaire, the French ambassador to Rome here, but as he did not arrive I judged it best to disembark without him, which we did by night, scaled the rampart and broke one of the doors of the marine offices. You would have liked to see your brother going at 3 o'clock in the morning with a company of grenadiers to take the Pope's legate in his bed. He seemed more upset at being roused from his sleep than by the taking of the town, a fact he had not been aware of. We begged him to excuse 'the great liberty.' The garrison was disarmed without resistance and not a shot fired. The fortress capitulated. The secret was so well kept that we were within five leagues of Ancona before any one knew where we were bound, not even the commander of the Sixty-sixth, who pretended afterwards that the expedition was under his orders although he had written to me as 'commander of the French forces.' This little passage of self-conceit nearly led to throat-cutting, but at last General Cubières, coming from Rome to take command, managed to reconcile us.

“ I have no news from France yet. I wrote by express to M. Bertin de Vaux, junior, who is under M. Sébastiani, and sent him a telegraphic dispatch which he is to forward to Paris by the Lyons telegraph. I think the government ought to be grateful to me for having taken the initiative on my own responsibility ; it can disown me or accept the performance and its consequences, as it chooses. All the inhabitants of Romagna are friendly to us, and want the papal government to be improved a little. It is time

that these poor people had a little liberty, for up till now they have been oppressed continuously.

"I hope by now your wounds are healed, my dear brother, and I may have the happiness of knowing you are in France, even if I may not embrace you.

"Your loving brother,

"GALLOIS.

"Commanding the naval division at Ancona."

All the honour of the expedition belongs, therefore, to Captain Gallois and to Colonel Combe, who, a little later, died so bravely before the walls of Constantine.

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

N/S 2 vols W.H.S.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

H&SS
A
825
V.1

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 10 08 10 04 017 3